

10 SMASH FEATURES

SEPT. 3 • 1964

DAREDEVIL



"The Greatest Name in Comics"

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DAREDEVIL



The Greatest Name in Comics

PRESENTS

- 1 DAREDEVIL** **ADVENTURE!** **Pages 1-13**
Slams his deadly locomotive into the strange "Cave of The Hypnotic Butler" and rescues from certain death a breath-taking beauty. A spine-chilling mystery examined with suspense.
- NIGHTRO** **Pages 14-18**
When the awesome deities of the dark found death without clue or trace he plunged to the center of a fiendish insurance racket. The amazing story of "The Suicide Circle." One of the most hair-raising stories ever printed in a comic magazine.
- STEEN** **Pages 19-23**
The wildest number of all time rates its ugly head and casts a shadow of dark tragedy over the life of Harold. Read how he turns his ill luck into a hammering against cruel crime and criminals.
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The world's worst villain hatches a new diabolic scheme and brings into action the greatest battle of all time. Cunning strategy, breathtaking excitement, and sudden death. Don't miss this.
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The world's most dashing undercover agent, operating with catlike shrewdness secretly taps the enemy's communication lines to prevent a deadly invasion. A war story that will hold you spellbound.
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America's modern Joan of Arc needs all her wit and courage to stamp out a flu epidemic. As she fights the dread disease she explodes a vast sabotage plot, becomes the heroine of the army.
- FICTION!**
- I SAW THE CLAW BATTLE DAREDEVIL** **Pages 44-46**
An astounding story by one who saw and lived to tell of The Claw's destructive attack on New York City. A story well worth reading.
- REAL AMERICAN No. 1** **INDIANS!** **Pages 48-53**
The brave terror again rides the night to save his beloved people. The crooked bosses on the reservation get a stiff lesson from the champion of justice for an oppressed people.
- 9 WHIRLWIND** **SPORTS!** **Pages 54-60**
If you want real two-fisted action swing into this tale—the fight of the century between Whirlwind and "Gangster the Governor," monster of the north. As Whirlwind blazes his way to the top of the fight game he meets the hatred of big time fight promoters. Why?
- 10 DASH DILLON** **Pages 61-64**
Life at Yale University gets mighty exciting. Rocketeer's wicked cure bet on the Yale football game. Dash Dillon reverses a run which runs the gangsters out of town.

SEE INSIDE

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No other magazine has all these features. DAREDEVIL gives you high adventure, breath-taking thrills, hair-raising exploits found in no other magazine.

EDITORS

Charles Biro

Bob Wood

DAREDEVIL

The Greatest Name in Comics

THE CASE OF THE KILLER
WHO HATED
DEATH!!

BY
BIRO

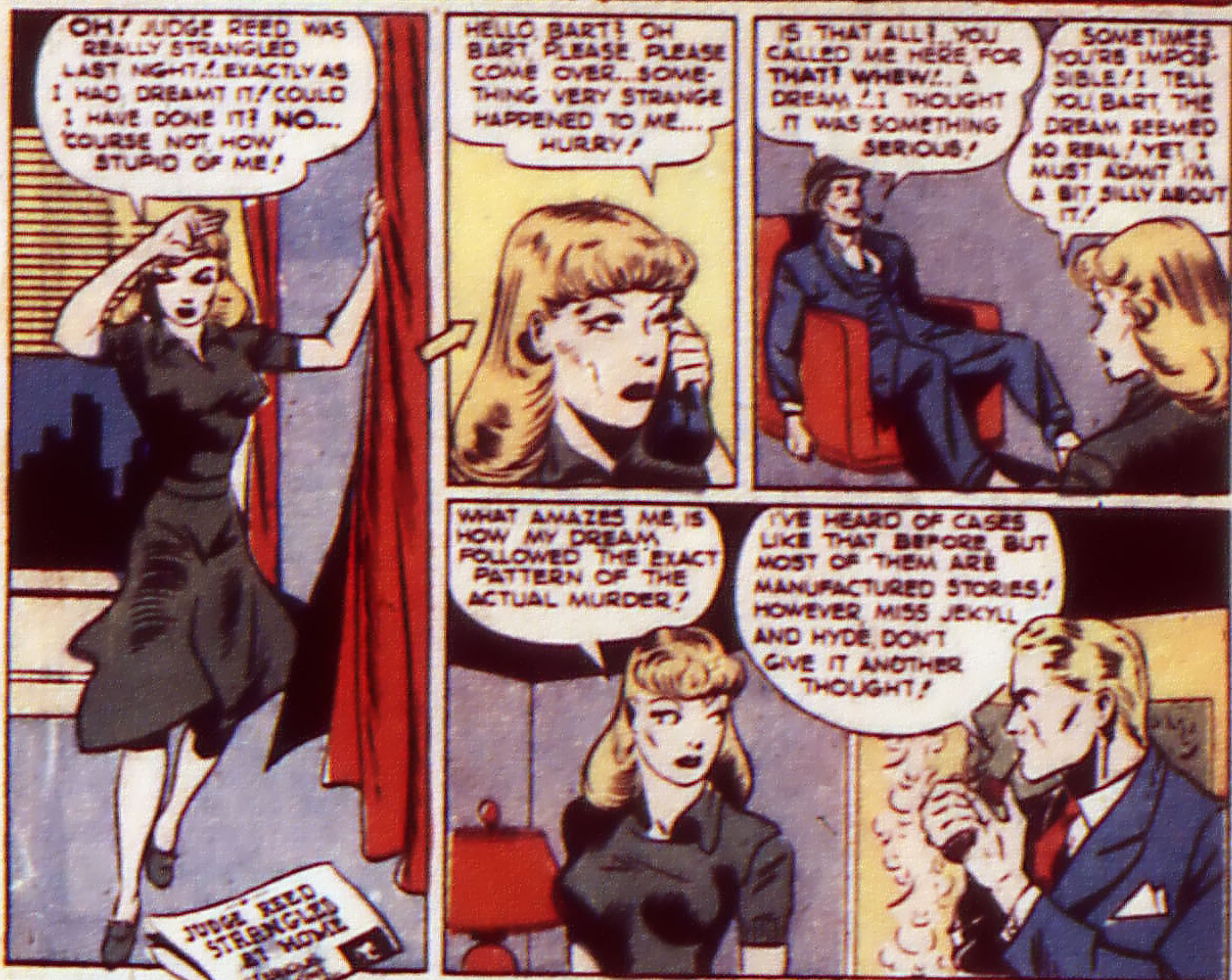


STRANGE AND WEIRD TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF THE HUMAN MIND, AND ITS MANY MYSTERIES—TALES OF HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES THAT REALLY BECAME FACTS, OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE TWO SIDES LIKE DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, WHO BY DAY WERE PEACEFUL MEN, BUT AT SUNSET, THEY BECAME VICIOUS MONSTEROUS KILLERS. BUT NONE CAN RIVAL THE WILD FANTASY THAT WILL UNFOLD WITHIN THESE PAGES. ... SO DIM THE LIGHTS AND LOCK YOUR DOORS WELL, FOR THIS MONSTER MIGHT STRIKE AT EVEN **YOU!**

TONIA, COME IN! RATHER LATE FOR A SOCIAL CALL, SO I PRESUME ITS IMPORTANT!

TONIA! CUT IT OUT! H... UGH... GLUG... UL...







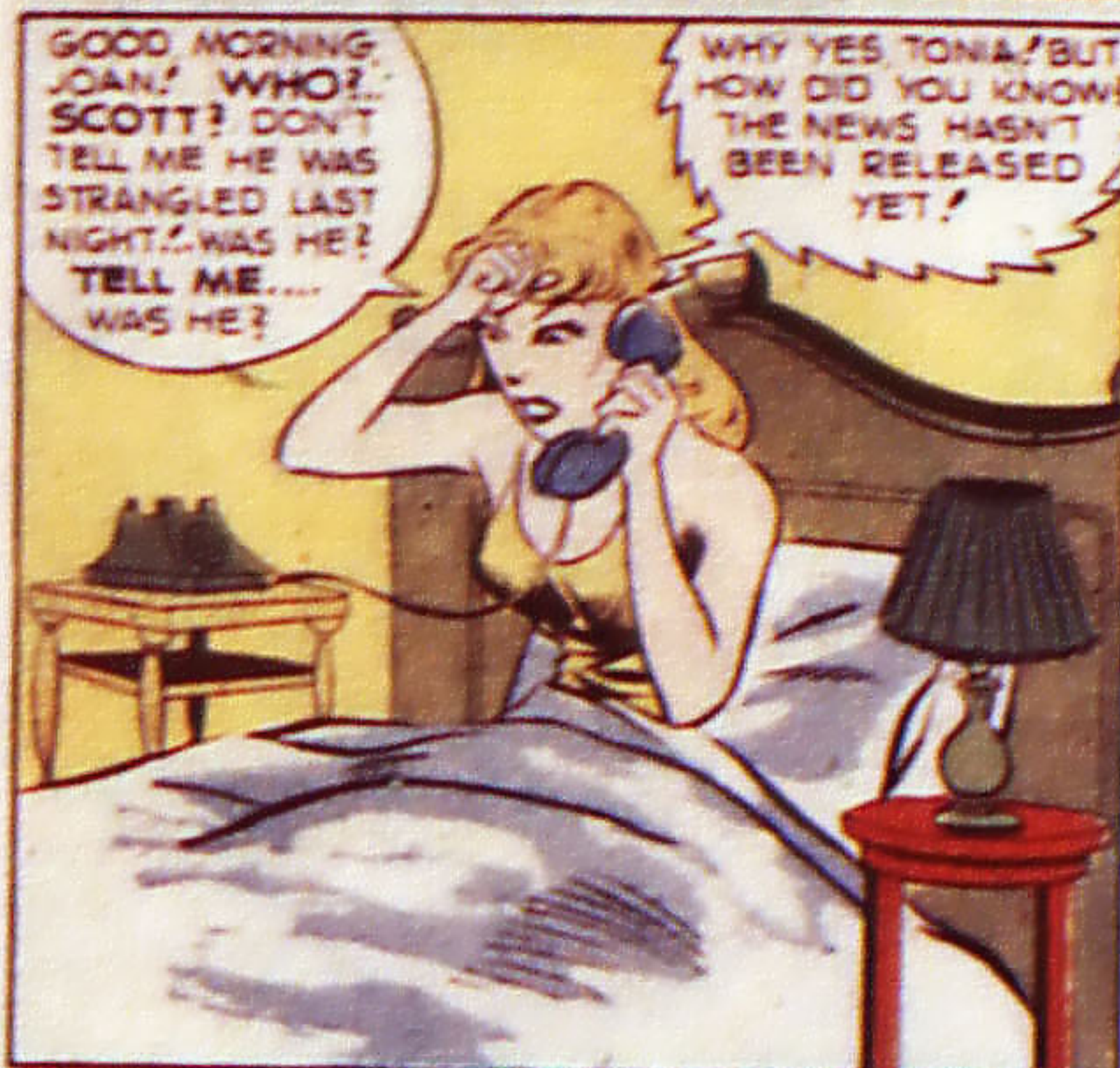
SAY! WHAT
IS TH...UGH
DON...UGH!
ARRRRRR!

ONCE AGAIN TONIA SAUNDERS AWAKENS
AFTER A TROUBLED SLEEP...



THAT AWFUL
DREAM AGAIN! THIS
TIME IT WAS POLICE
CHIEF SCOTT... OH
THERE'S THE
PHONE...

RRRRING
RRRRING



GOOD MORNING,
JOAN! WHO?
SCOTT? DON'T
TELL ME HE WAS
STRANGLED LAST
NIGHT... WAS HE?
TELL ME...
WAS HE?

WHY YES, TONIA! BUT
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
THE NEWS HASN'T
BEEN RELEASED
YET!

TONIA HUNG UP!
THAT'S STRANGE SHE
SEEMED TO KNOW ALL
ABOUT IT, AND JOHN
JUST CALLED FROM
THE PAPER!

SHE'S BEEN
ACTING VERY
STRANGELY THESE
LAST FEW DAYS!
I CAN'T MAKE
HER OUT!



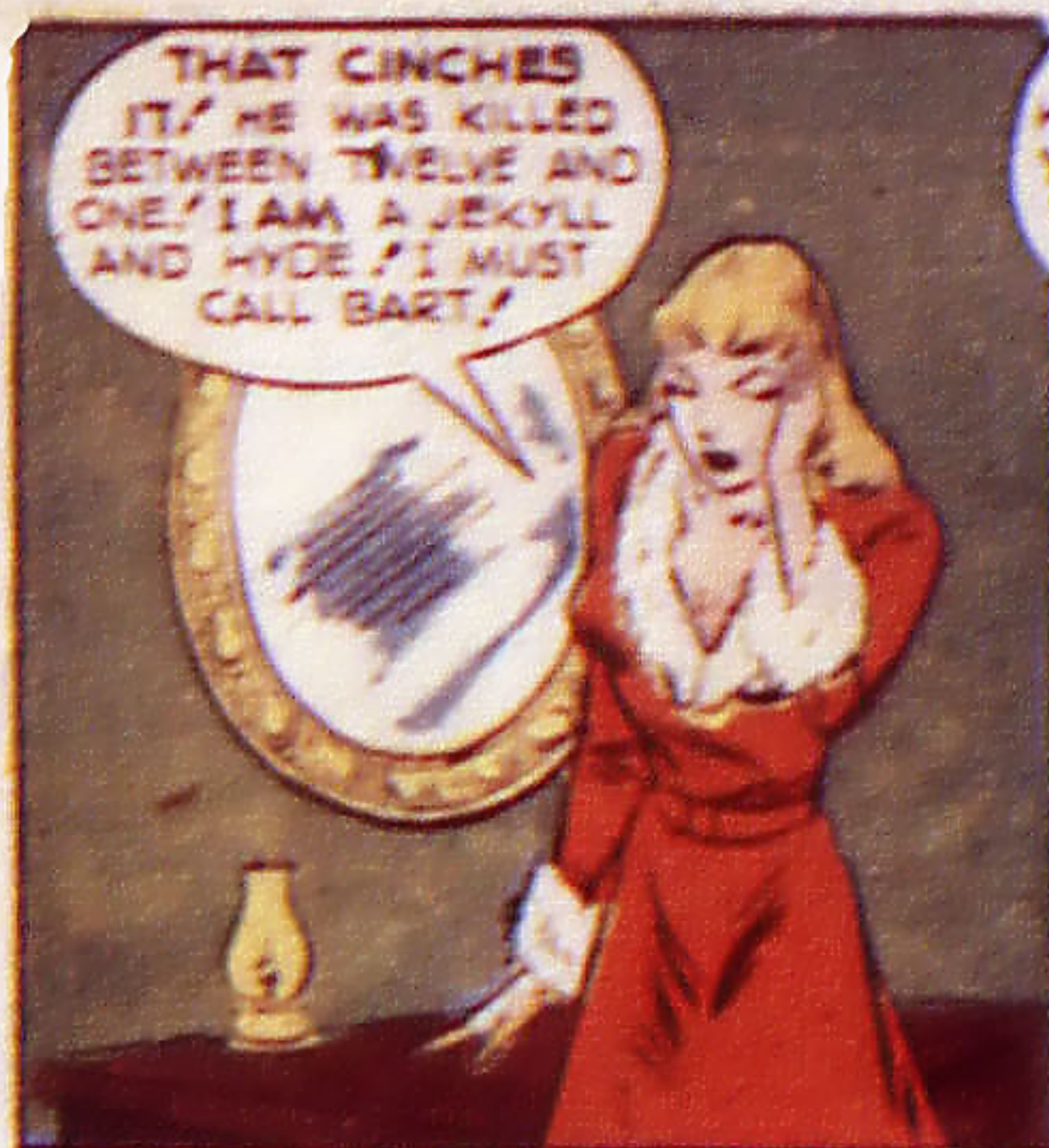
PARKS!
PARKS!
COME HERE
QUICKLY!



DID YOU HEAR
ANYONE MOVING
ABOUT THIS
MORNING?



NO ONE EXCEPT YOUR-
SELF, WHEN YOU WENT
OUT AT MIDNIGHT AND
CAME BACK AT AROUND
ONE... IS THAT
ALL, MAM?



THAT CINCHES IT! HE WAS KILLED BETWEEN TWELVE AND ONE! I AM A JEKYLL AND HYDE! I MUST CALL BART!



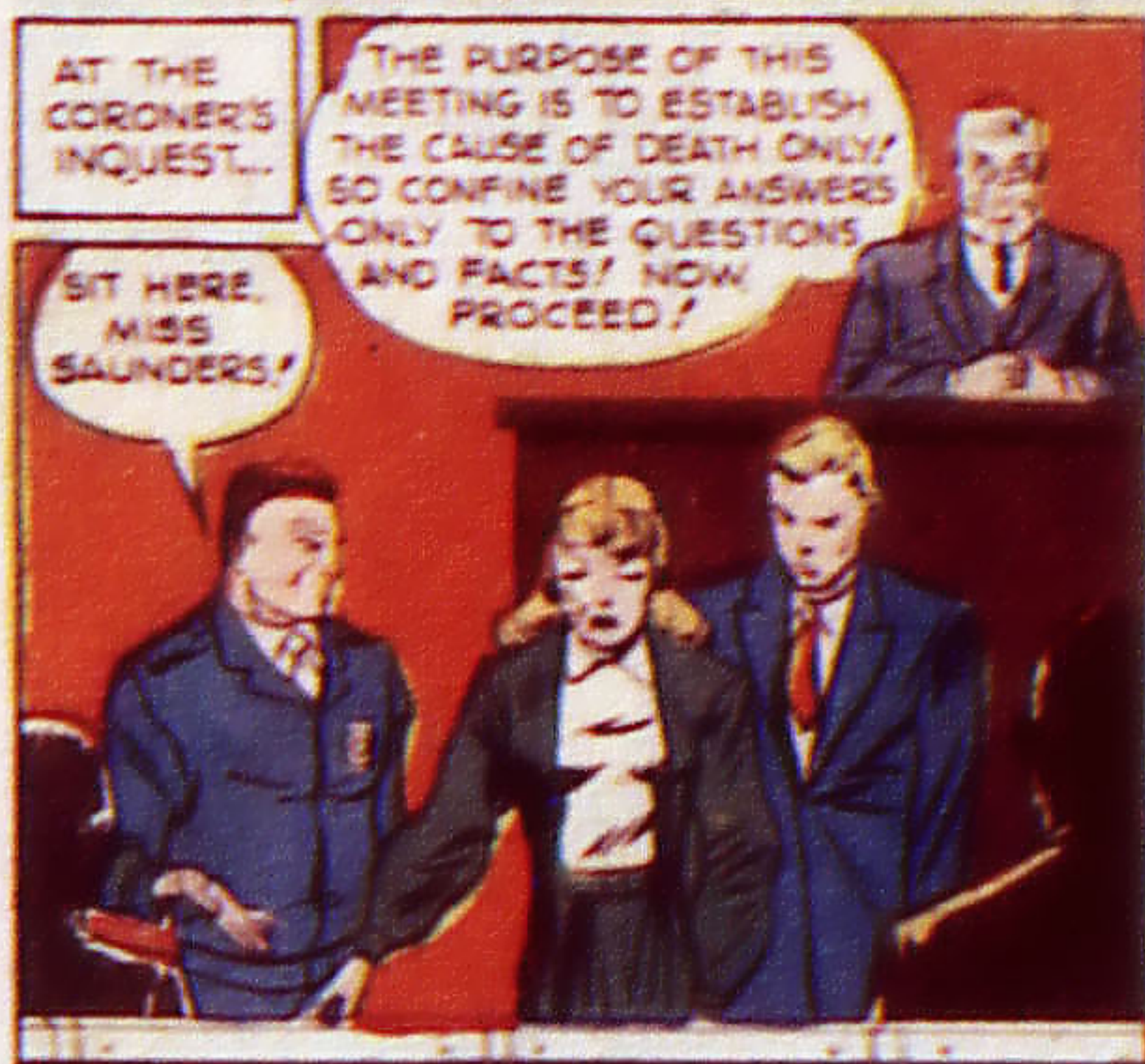
THANK HEAVEN I HAVEN'T DREAMT ABOUT YOU, BART! I'VE GOT TO GIVE MYSELF UP BEFORE I KILL ALL OF MY FRIENDS!

NONSENSE! YOU'RE DOING NO SUCH THING!



IT'S TOO CLEAR IN MY MIND TO BE A DREAM!

THERE'S THE CORONER'S INQUEST THIS NOON! LET'S HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS CASE!



AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST...

SIT HERE, MISS SAUNDERS!

THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING IS TO ESTABLISH THE CAUSE OF DEATH ONLY! SO CONFINE YOUR ANSWERS ONLY TO THE QUESTIONS AND FACTS! NOW PROCEED!



YOU WERE THE MAID AT THE HOME OF THE DECEASED! PLEASE TELL THE COURT EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!

OH, YEAH, SURE! SOME DAME CALLED ABOUT MIDNIGHT SAYING SHE'D BE COMIN' OVER! THE CHIEF LET HER IN BUT I GOT A SQUINT OF 'ER!



WILL YOU DESCRIBE HER THE BEST YOU CAN?

OH, YEAH, SURE! SHE WAS BLOND AND PRETTY... I'D SAY SHE LOOKED LIKE...

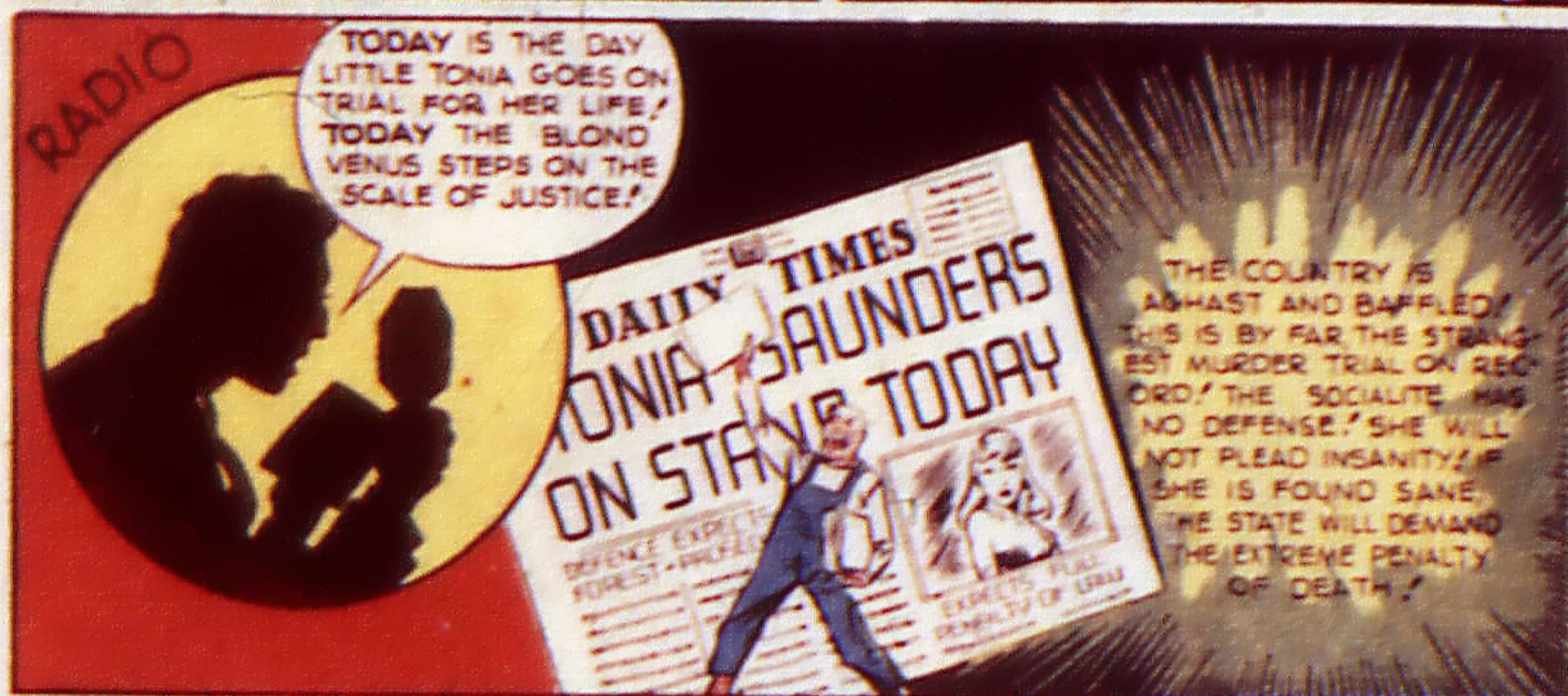
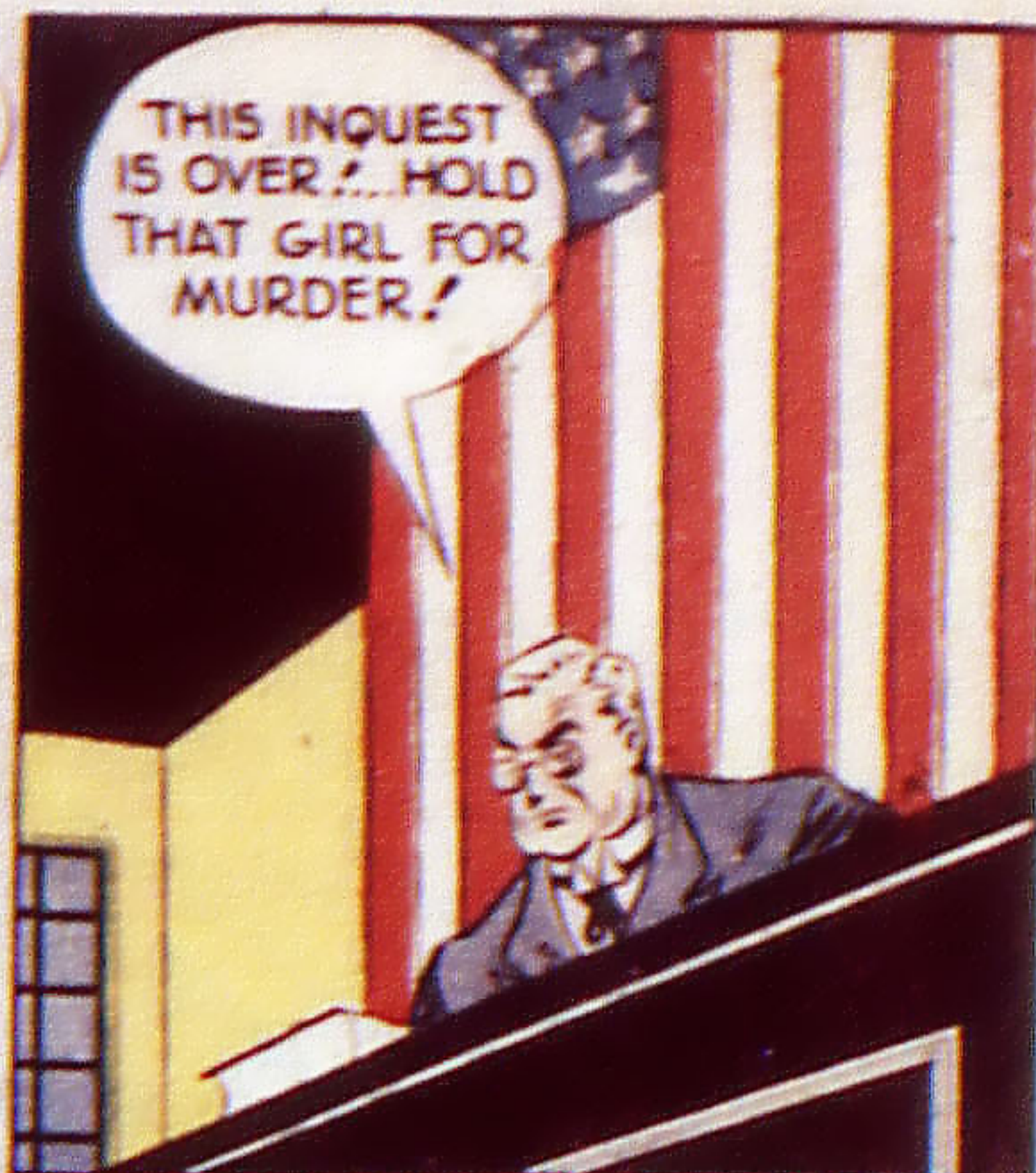


MISS SAUNDERS SITTING THERE, BUT THAT'S DUMB! SHE AND THE CHIEF WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS!

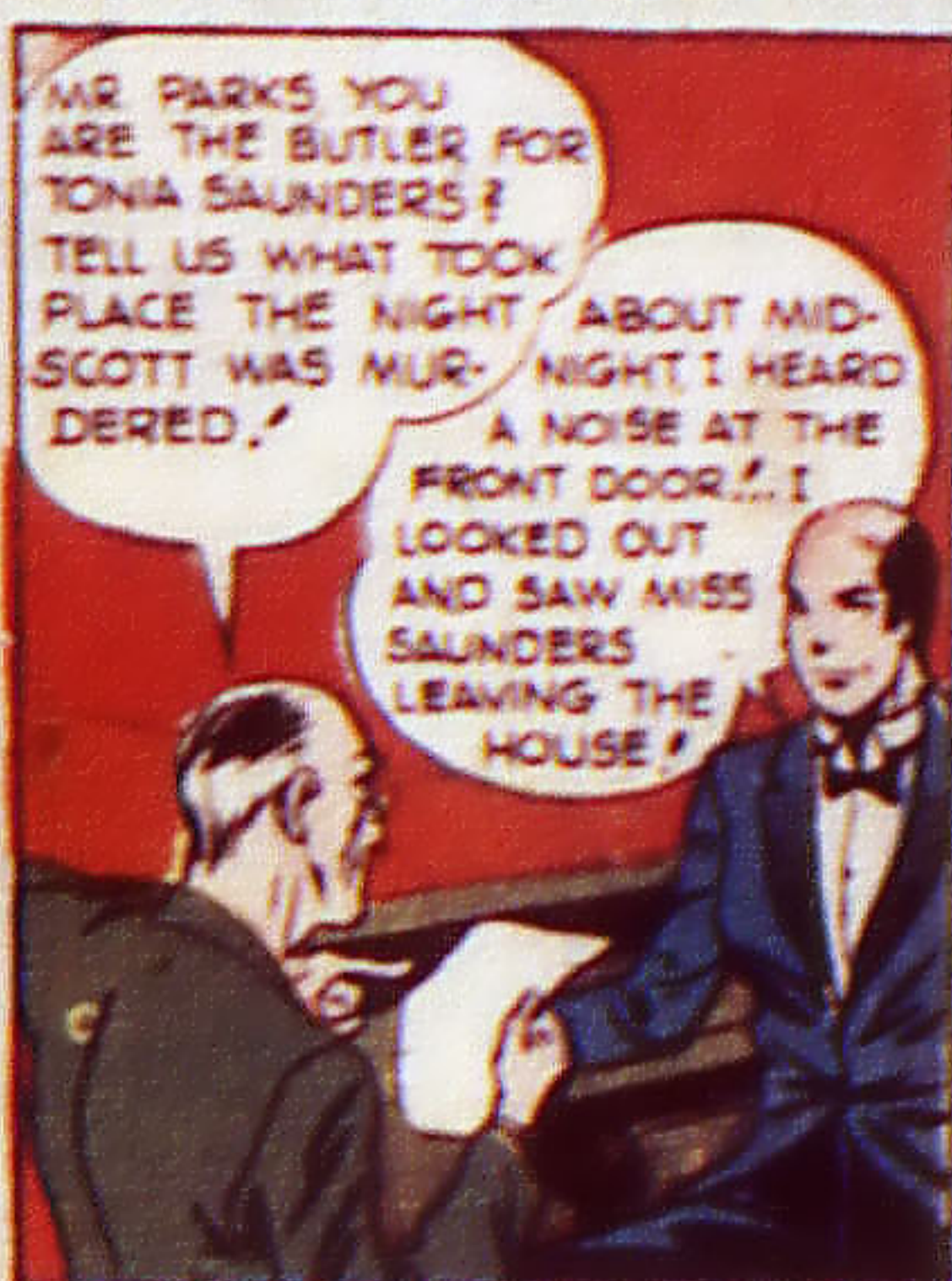


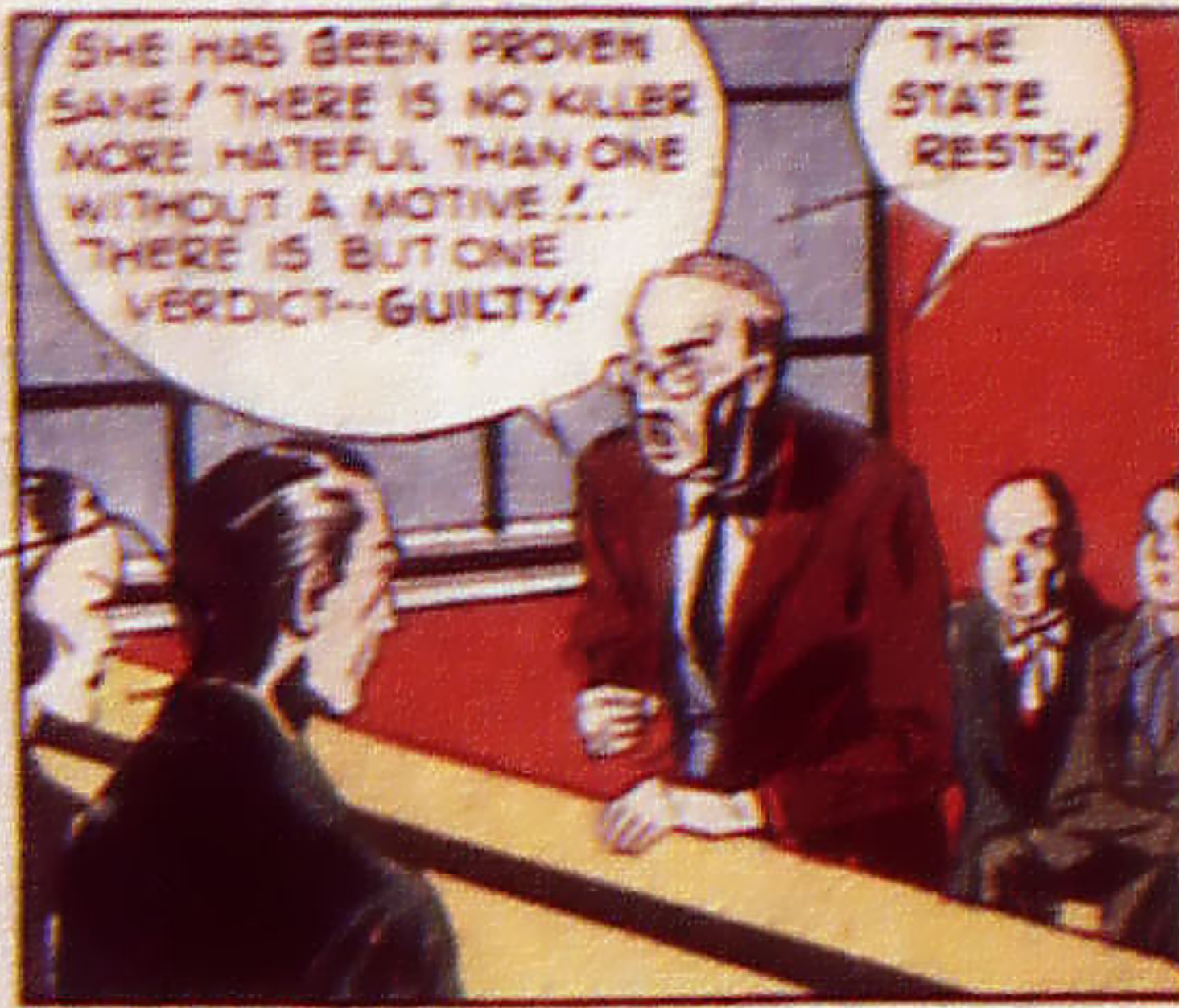
WHAT'S DUMB ABOUT IT? THAT WAS ME YOU SAW! IF THE COURT PLEASES, I CONFESS TO THE MURDERS!

TONIA, DON'T!

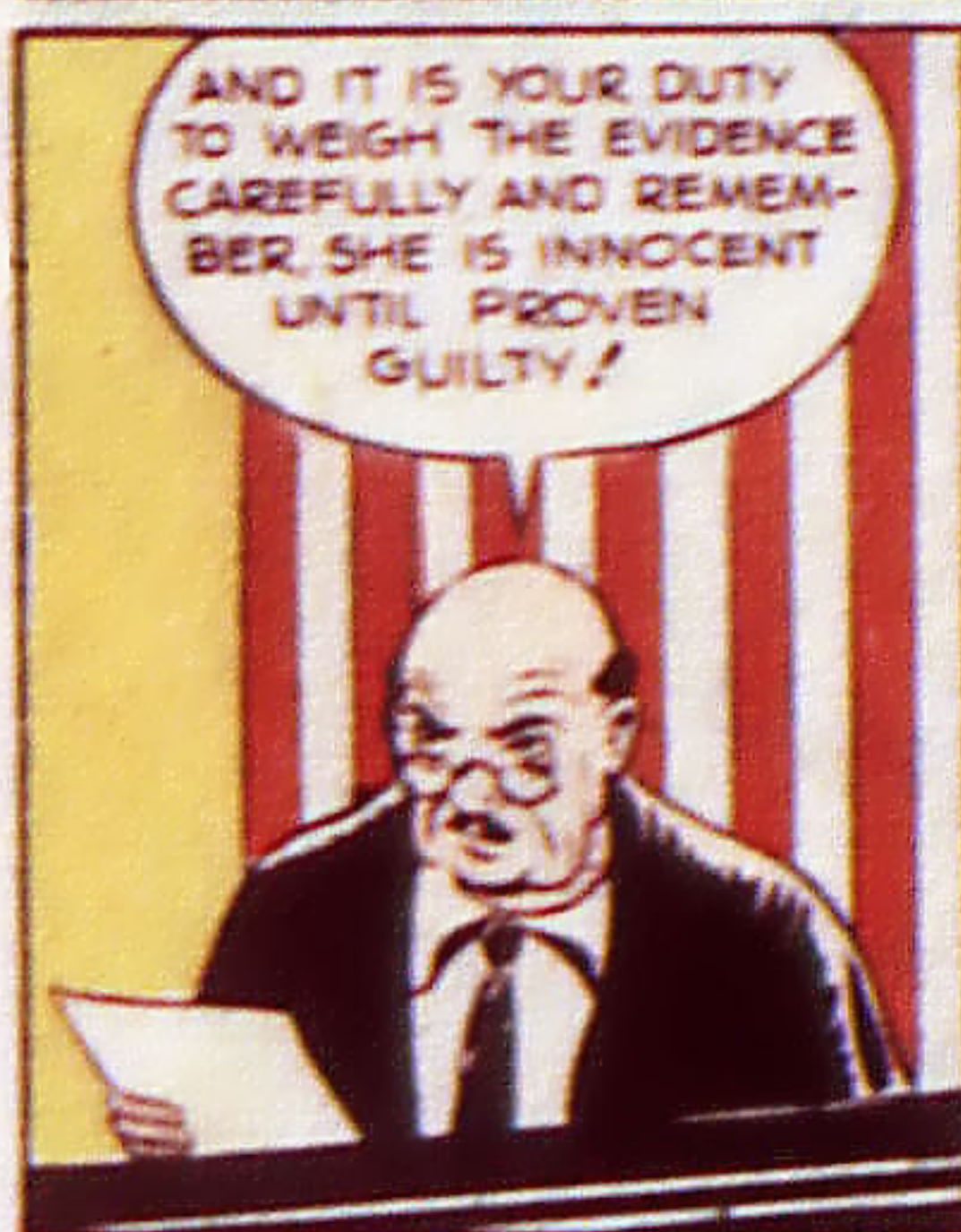


THE CASE OF THE STATE VERSUS TONIA SAUNDERS FOR THE MURDER OF POLICE CHIEF SCOTT....

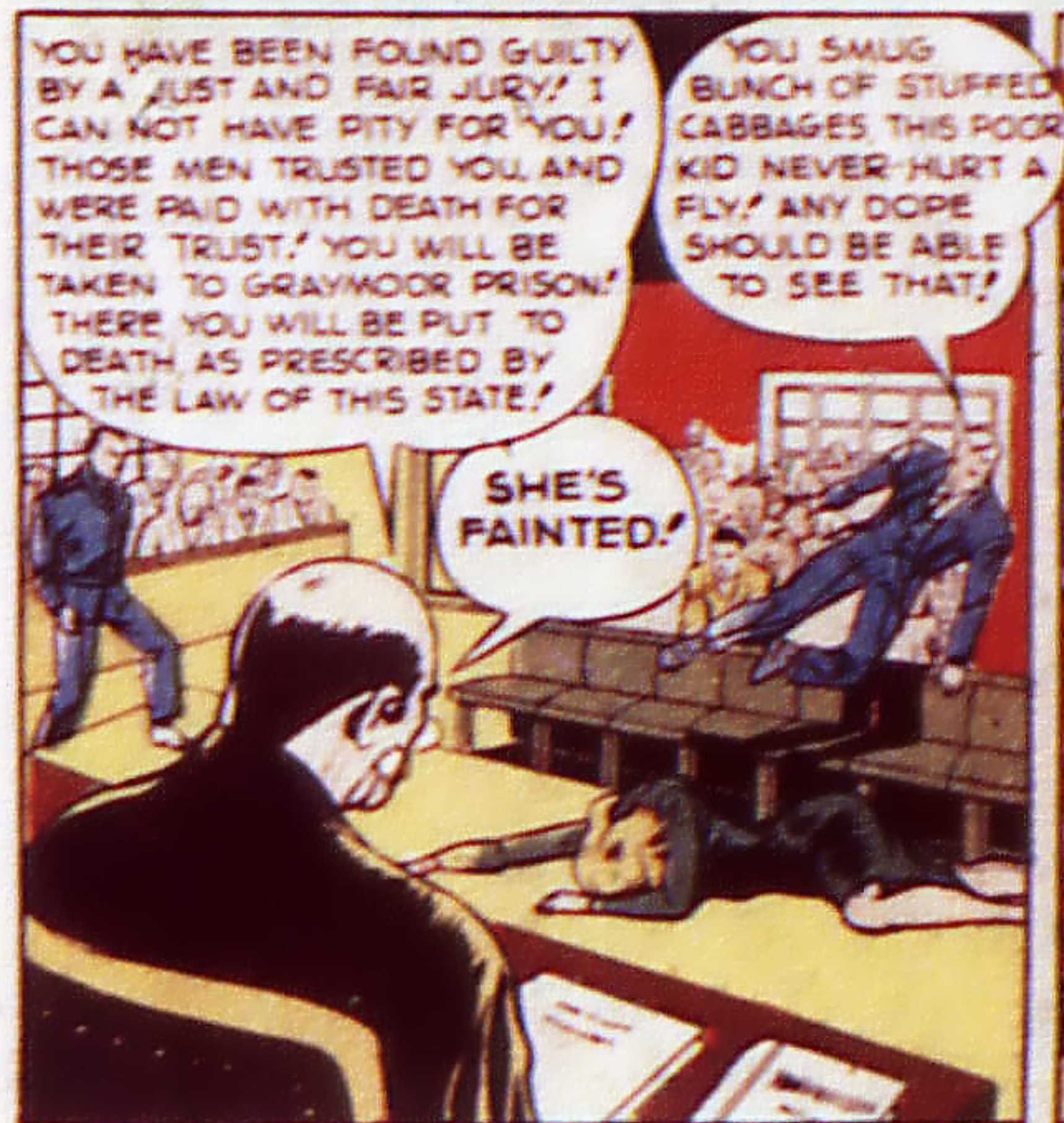
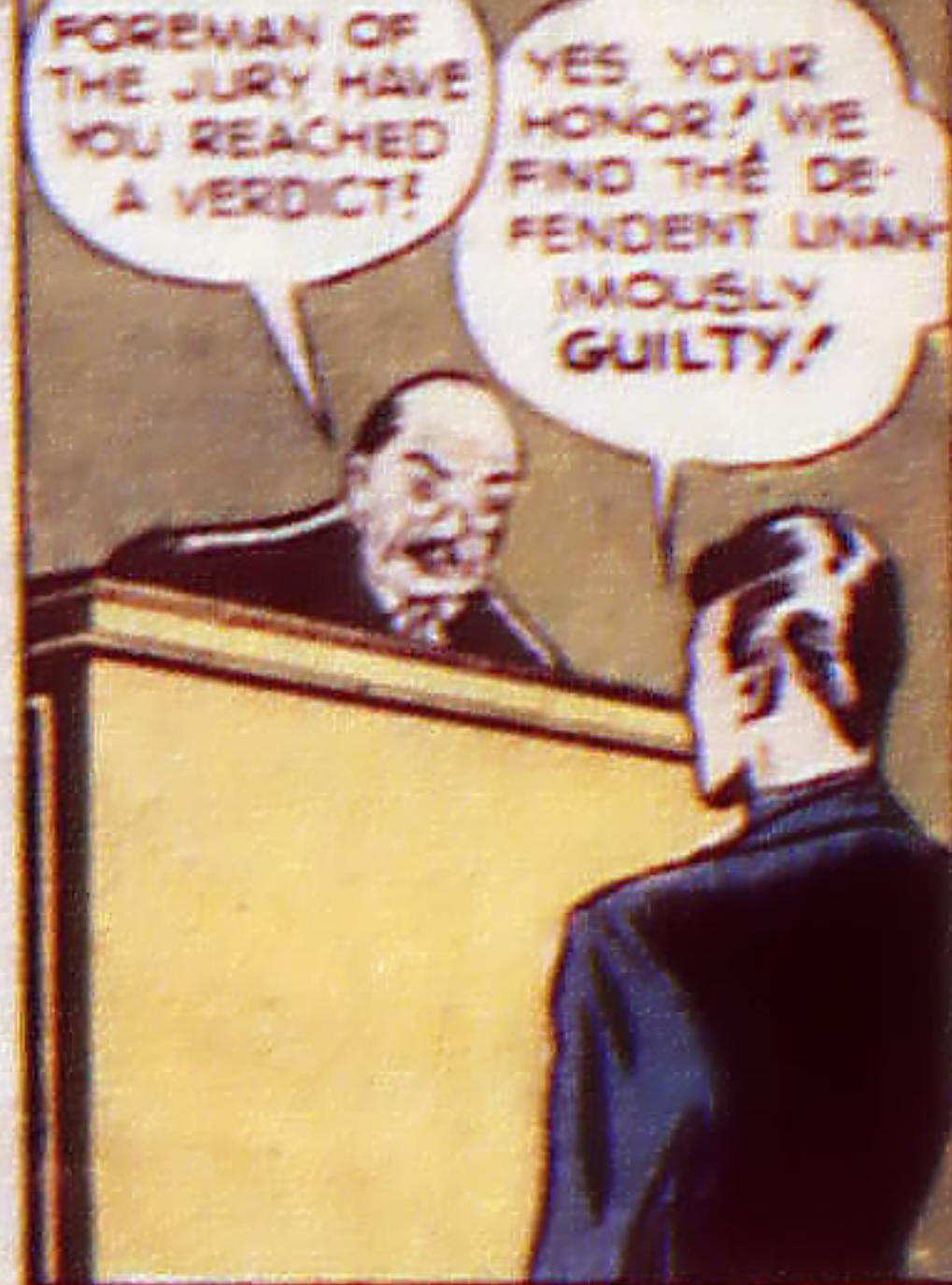


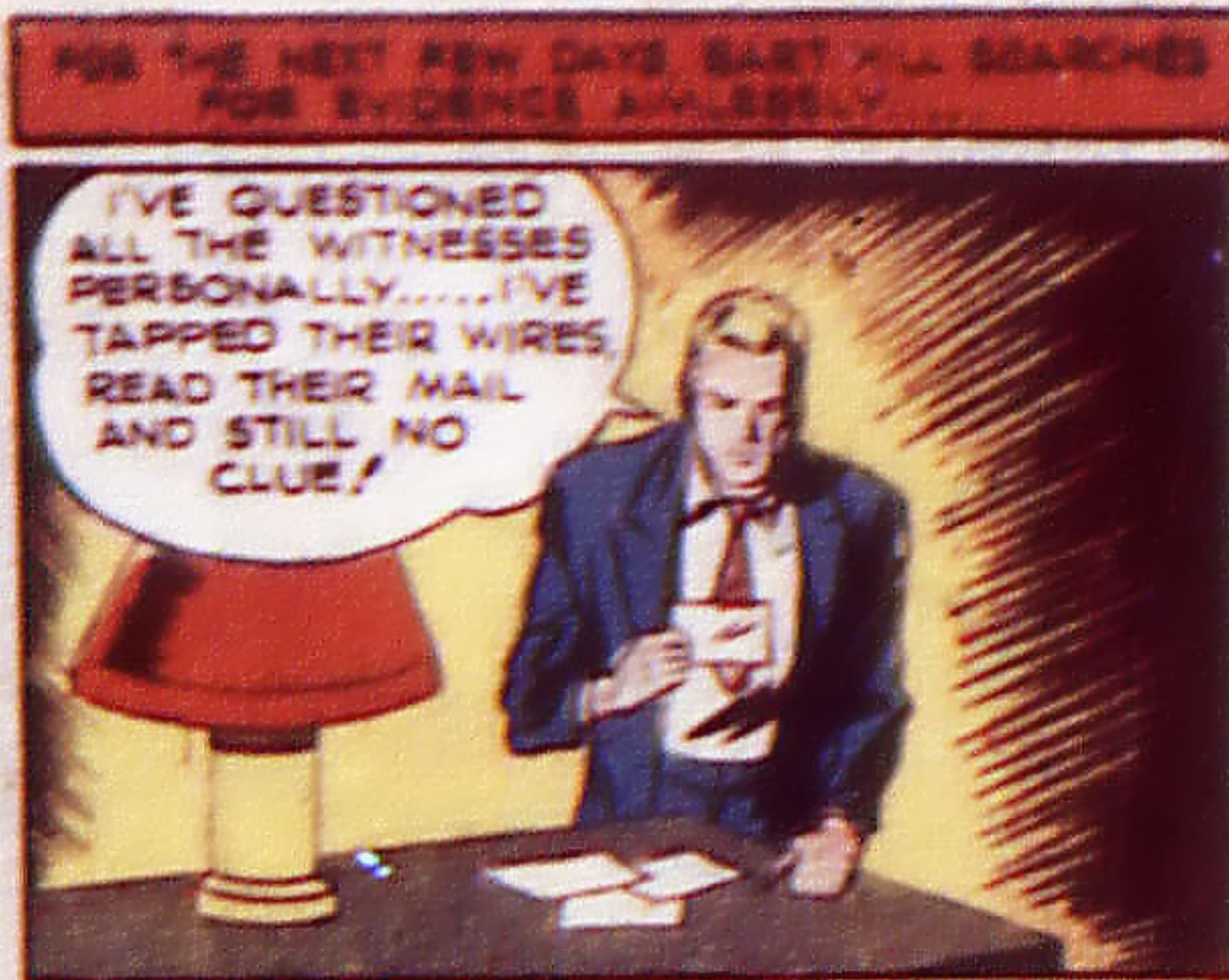


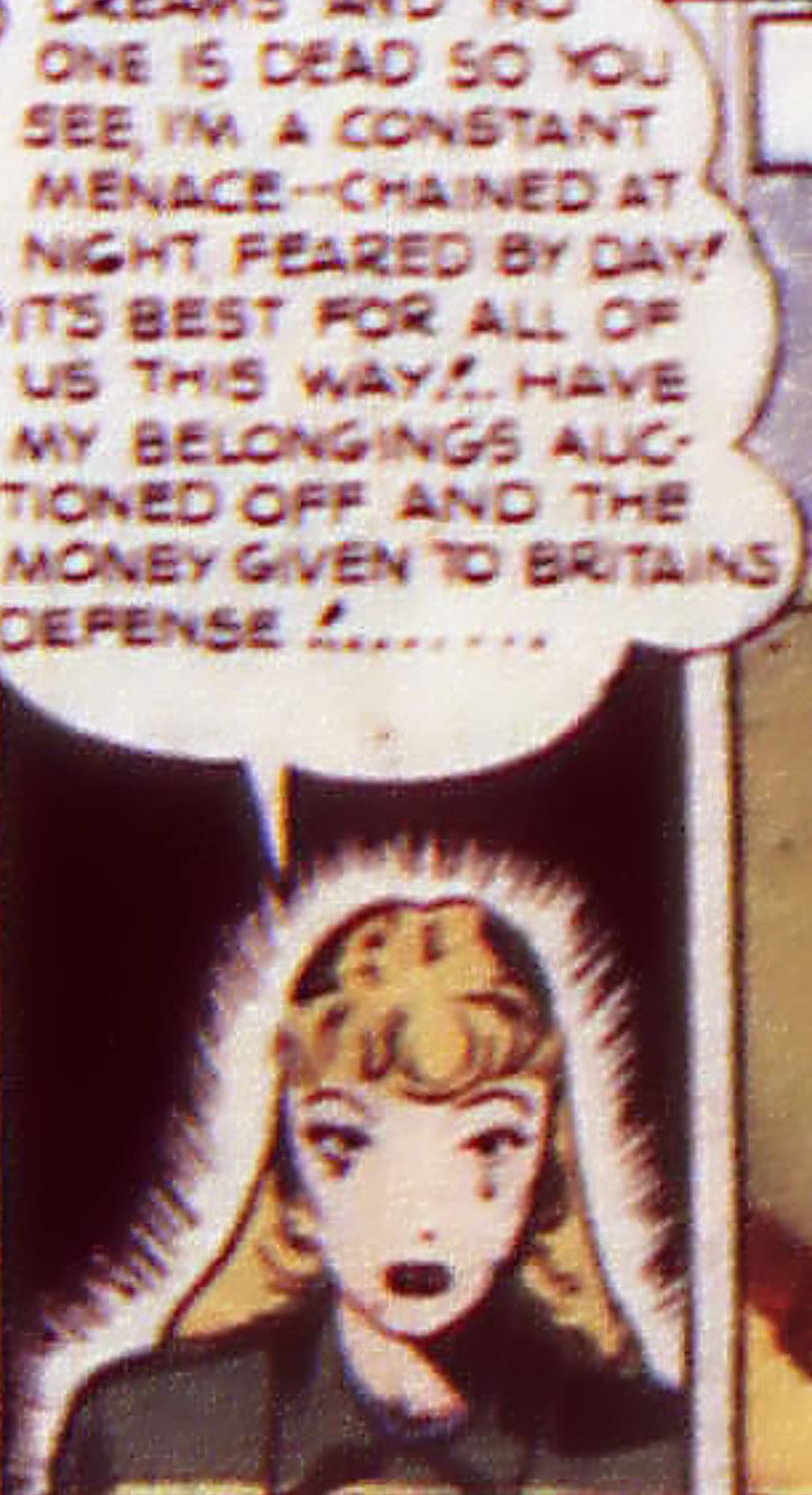
THE COURT IS ON EDGE AS THE JUDGE CHARGES THE JURY....

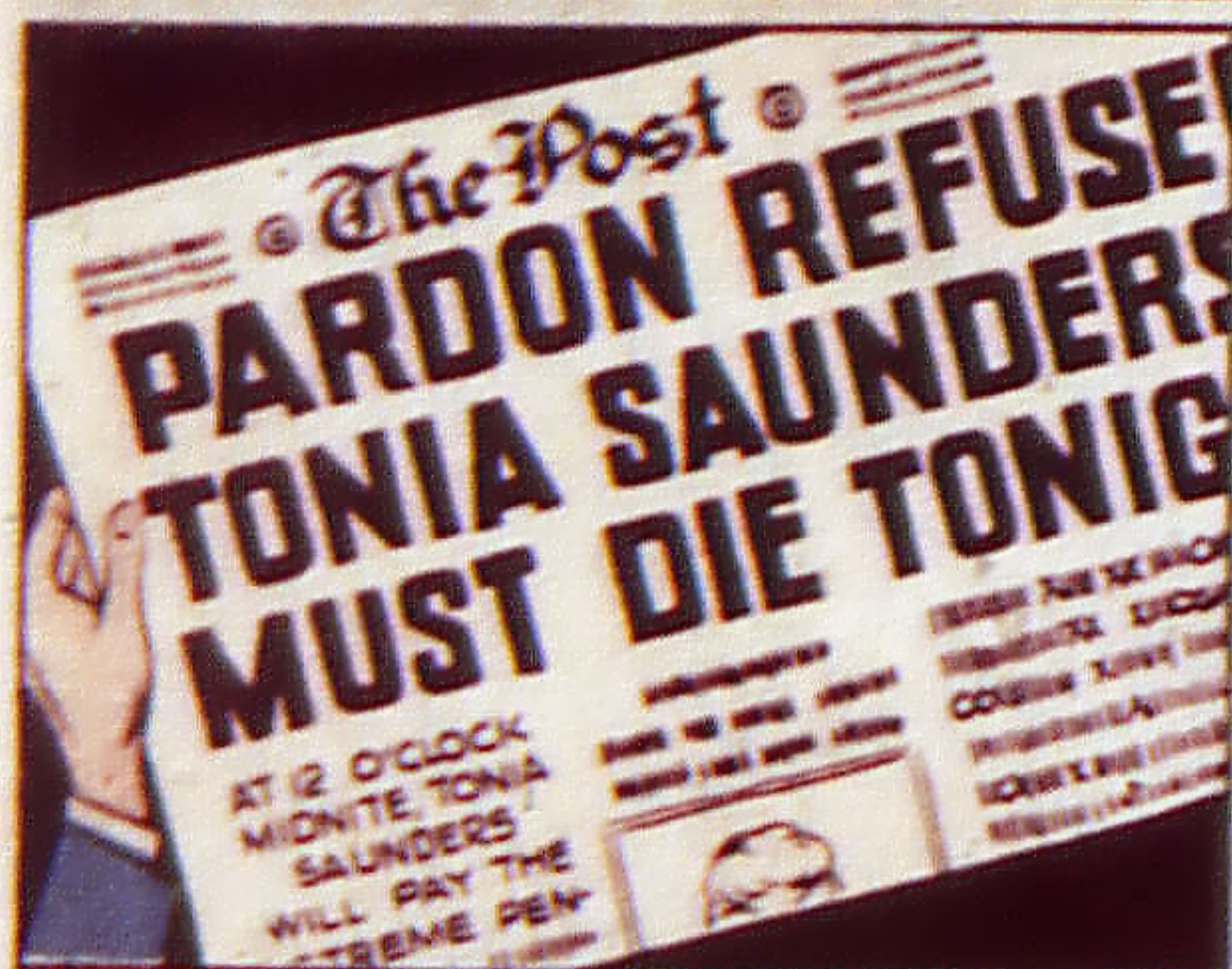


THE JURY IS OUT ONLY FIVE MINUTES.... THEN...





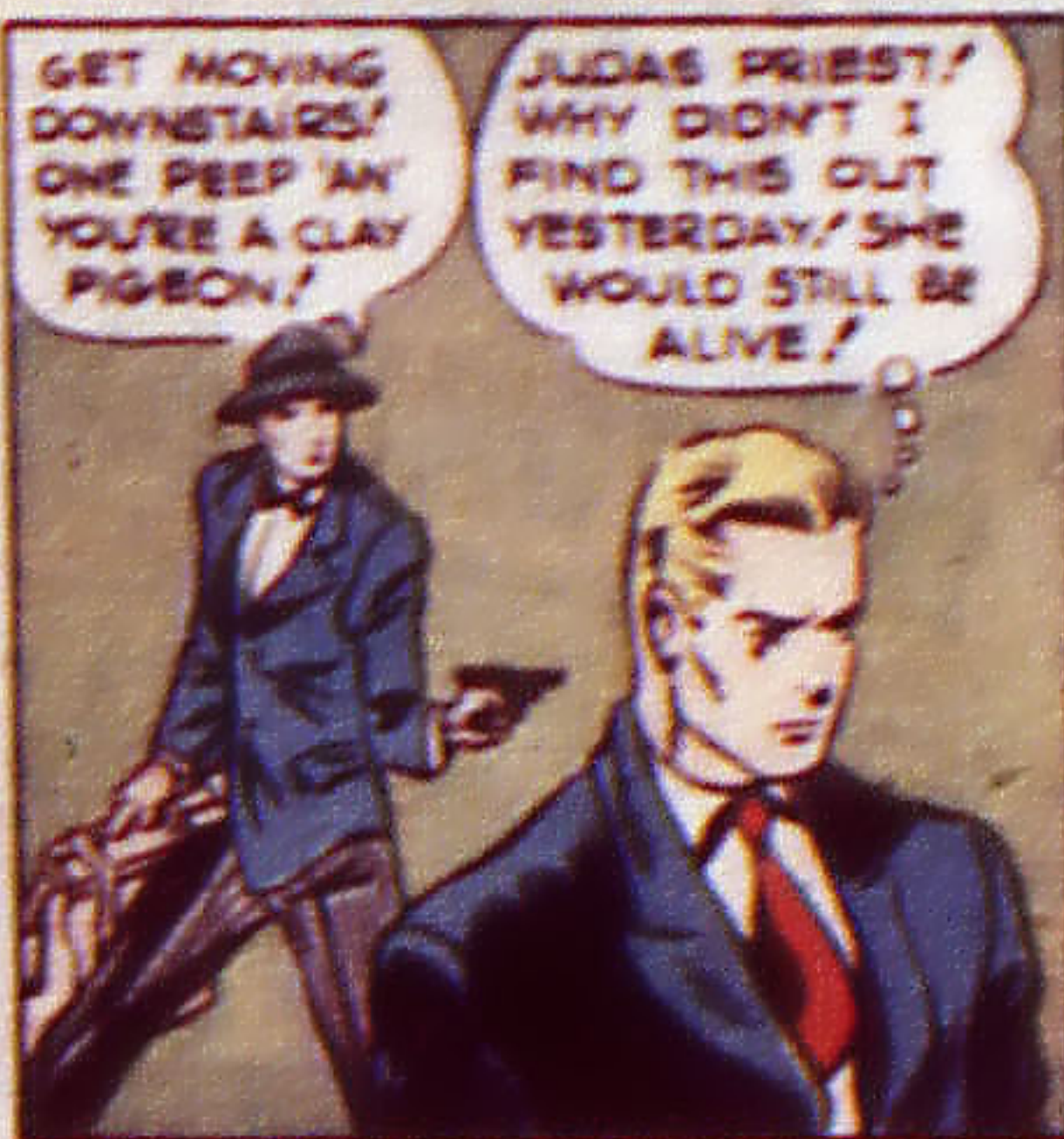


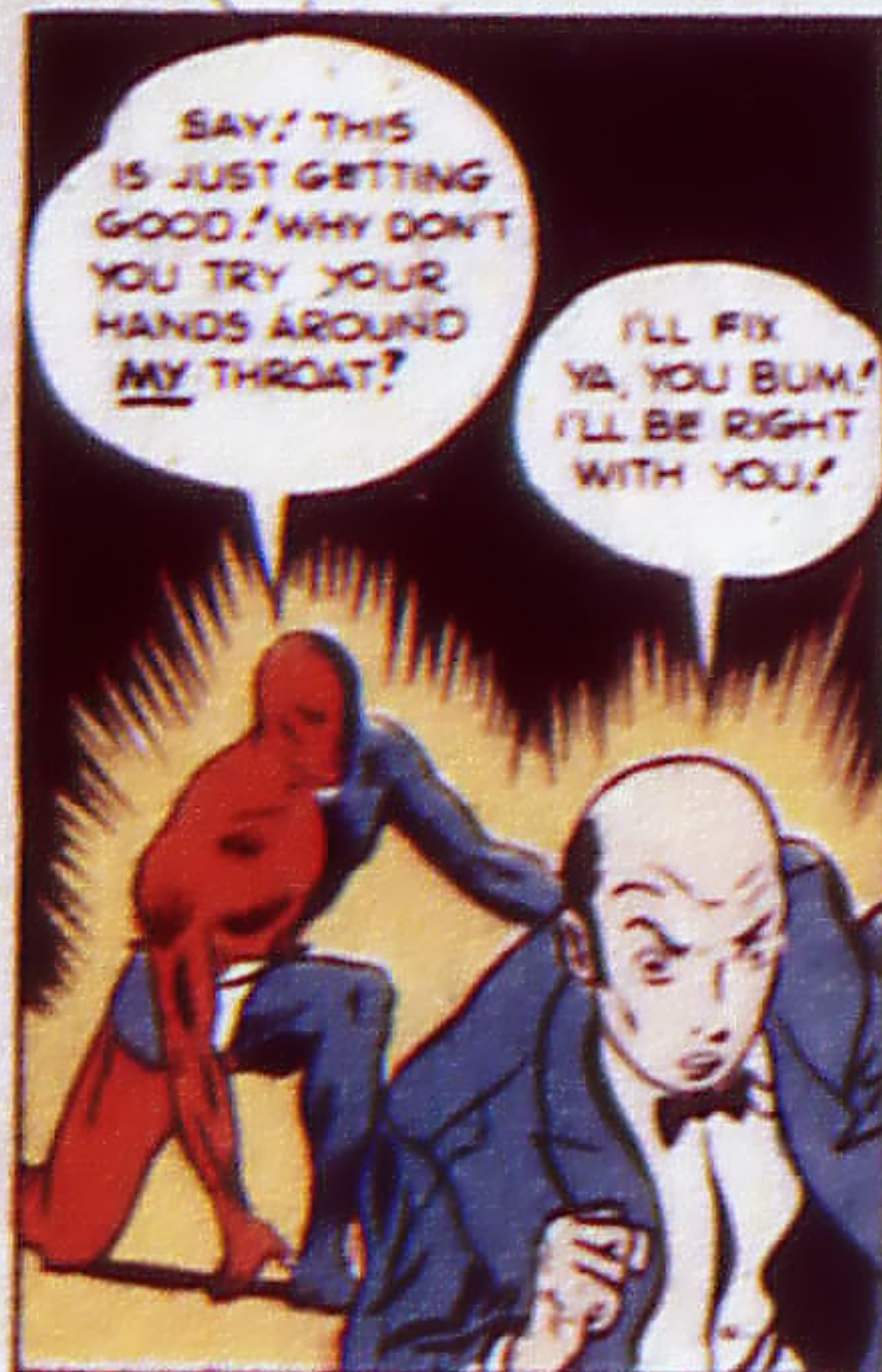
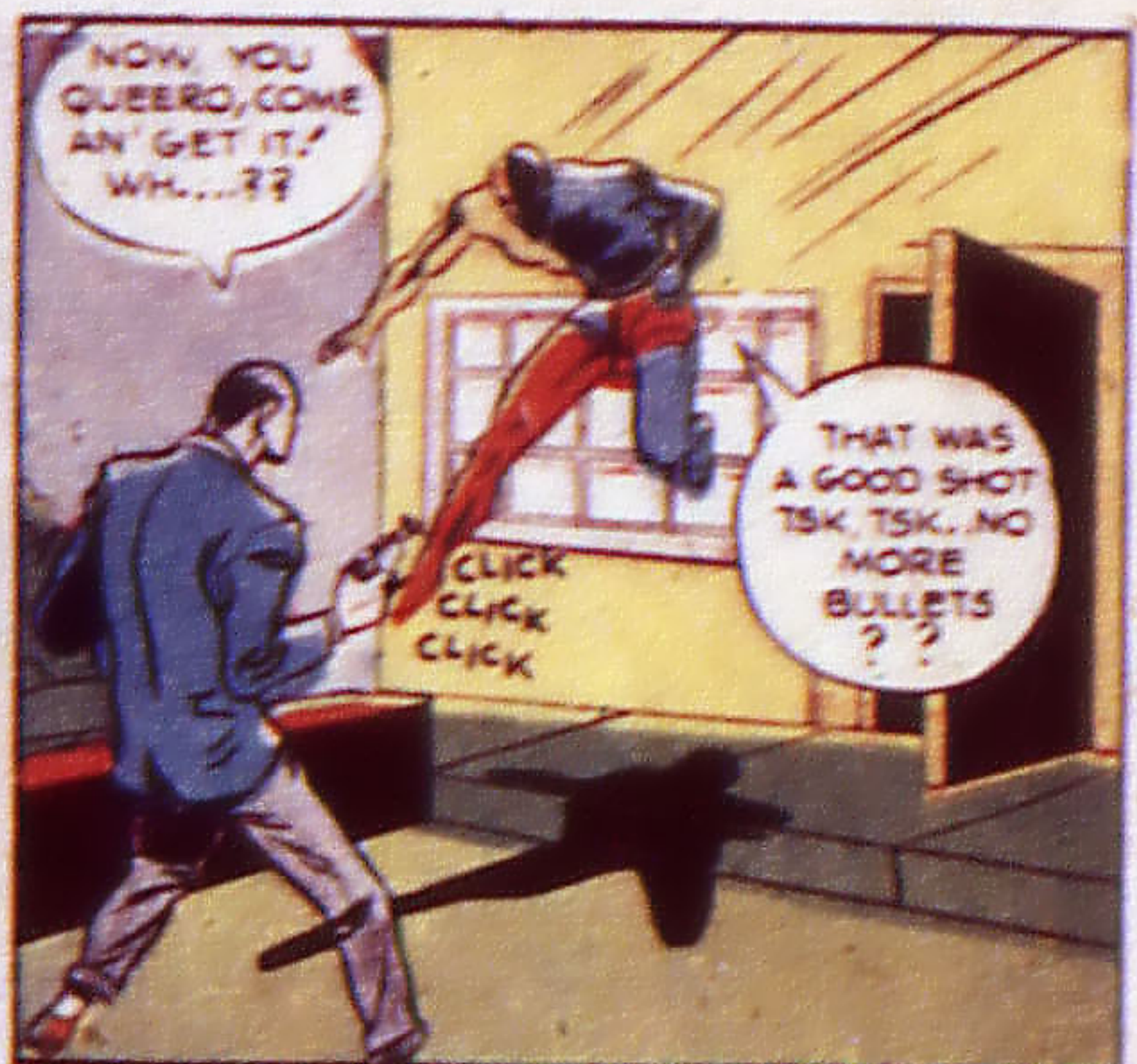


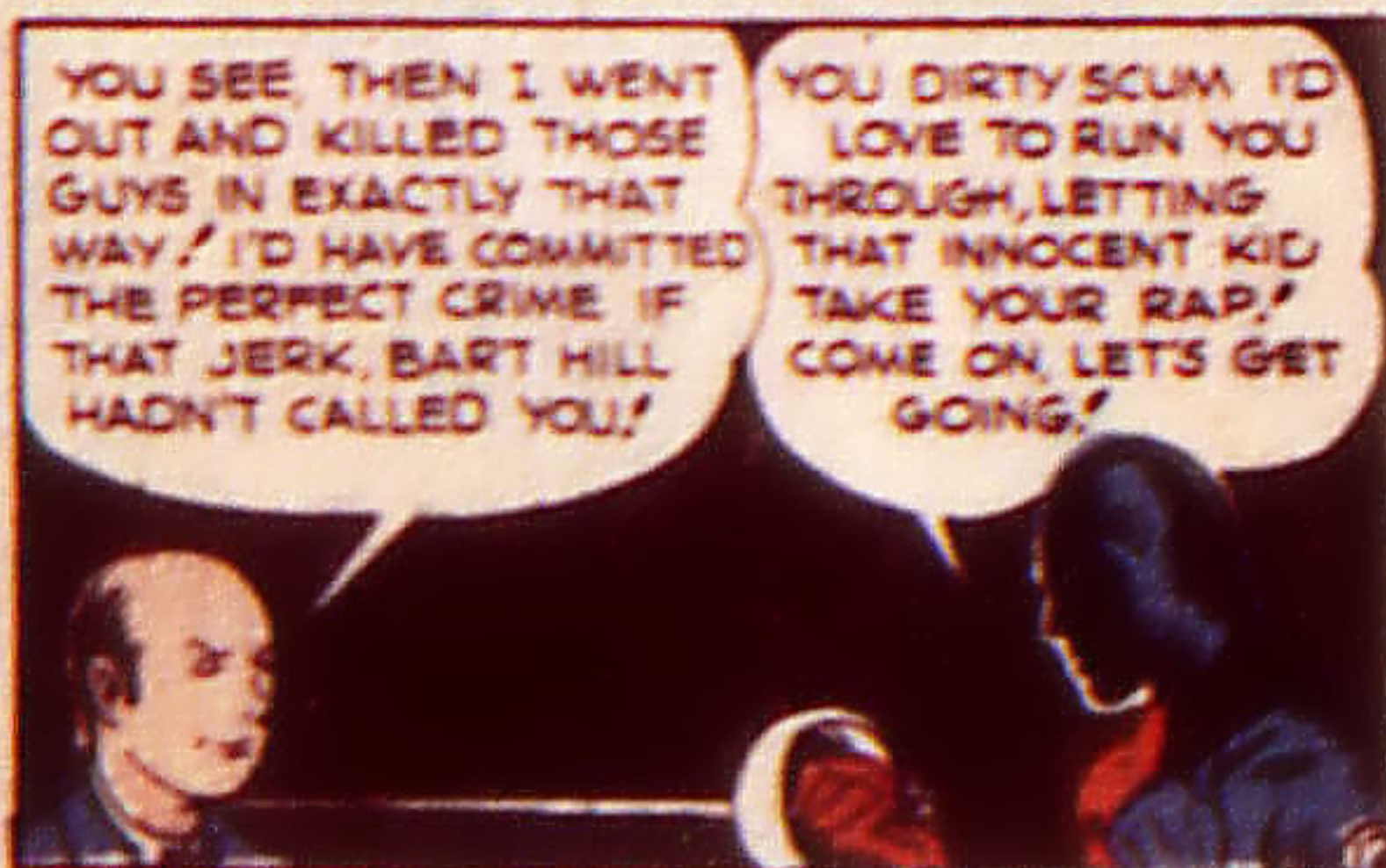
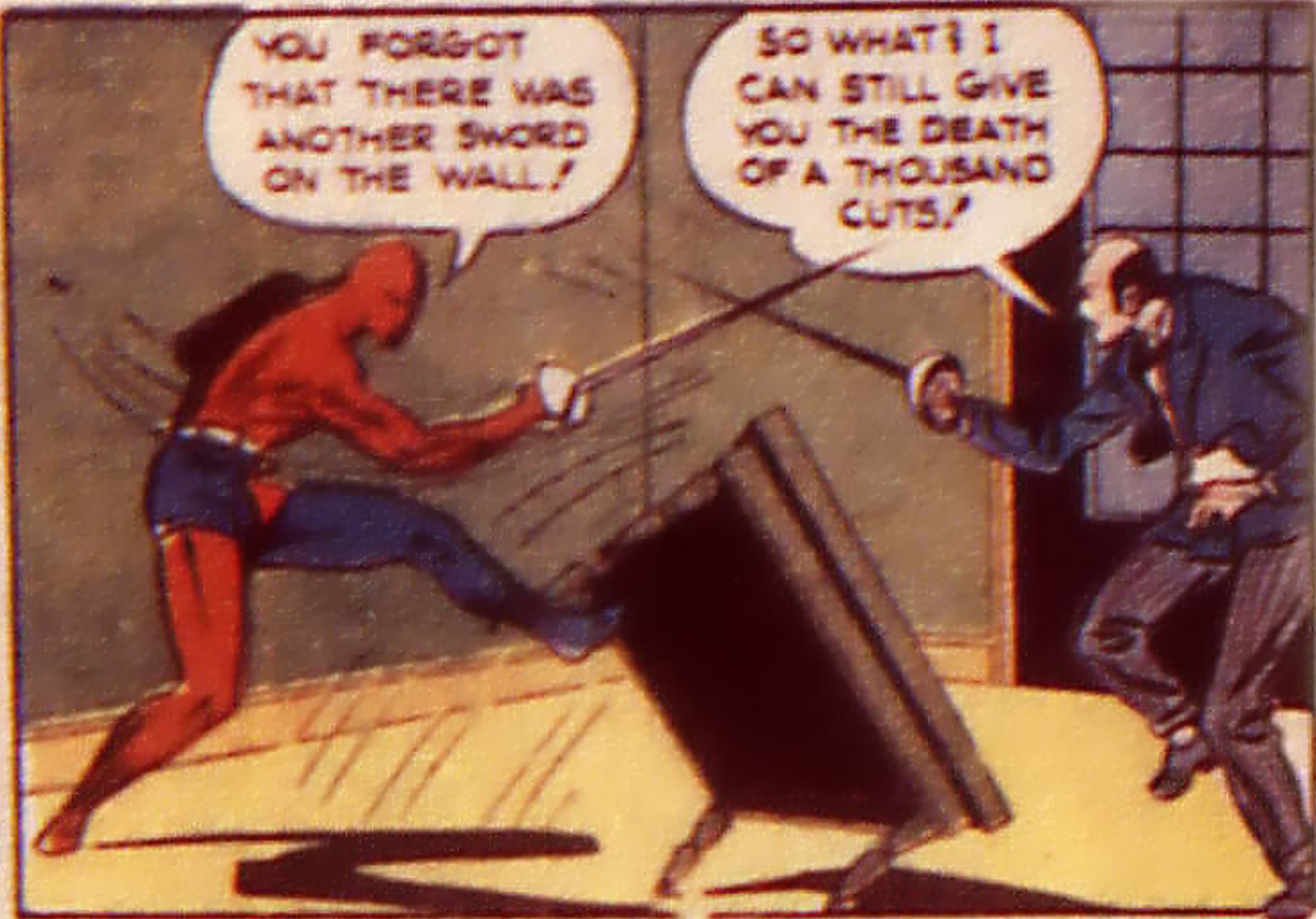
THE ZERO HOUR AND BART HILL IS BY HIMSELF, WITH GRIEF....

THE NEXT MORNING, WITH A HEAVY HEART BART CHECKS THE ESTATE....









GREYMOOR HAS A DISTINGUISHED, BUT A RAGING VISITOR IN GOVERNOR LARKIN...

I'M GOING TO GET A NEW WARDEN IN HERE--A GUY WHO KNOWS WHAT TIME IT IS!

IF YOU WANT MY RESIGNATION, YOU CAN HAVE IT AS OF TODAY BUT I CAN'T BLAME THE EXECUTIONER, FOR I'D HAVE DONE THE SAME THING!

GET THIS, GOVERNOR, I'VE PULLED THE SWITCH ON A HUNDRED AN SIXTY ONE OF 'EM, BUT I'D BE FRIED MYSELF BEFORE I'D HOT SEAT TONIA SAUNDERS!

ANYONE WITH AN OUNCE OF RESPECT FOR THE LAW WOULD HAVE PULLED THAT SWITCH. YOU'RE NO EXECUTIONER...JUST A KILLER WHO HATES DEATH! WHAT'S THAT COMMOTION?

HEARD YOU WERE HERE, GOVERNOR? I CAME TO TRADE YOU A LIVE TONIA SAUNDERS FOR THE DEAD ONE!

DAREDEVIL! HE'S GOT HER!

IT'S A HE, A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR, BUT HERE'S HIS SIGNED CONFESSION!

GOVERNOR, YOU'VE KILLED AN INNOCENT GIRL! THIS LITTLE DOCUMENT FINISHES YOU IN POLITICS!

YOU'RE WRONG, MY MAN. THAT LITTLE DOCUMENT WILL GET ME ANOTHER TERM! BRING IN THE DEAD TONIA, BOYS!

TONIA! YOU'RE ALIVE!

DAREDEVIL!

I HAD A DREAM ABOUT YOU LAST NIGHT--BUT IT WAS VERY VERY SWEET, MR. DAREDEVIL!

YES SIR, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY AT THE CAPITOL, YOU'RE THE BEST WARDEN I HAVE IN THE STATE! HERE, HAVE A CIGAR!

THANKS! NOW, ABOUT THAT NEW JOB I WAS SPEAKING OF, GOVY!

BIRO

NEXT MONTH

DAREDEVIL IN THE SPORT OF DEATH!

NIGHTRO

The Streamlined Robinhood -

By Jimmy Reynolds



DEEP WITHIN THE SINISTER GLOOM OF GANGDOM TWO OVERLORDS OF CRIME SEE A NEW FIELD OPEN BEFORE THEM - A SCHEME WHICH CAN DO JUSTICE TO THEIR CRAFTY MINDS AND RUTHLESS SUPREMACY - AND SO BEGINS THE STRANGE TALE OF A GIGANTIC BUSINESS ENTERPRISE WHICH MIGHT WELL BE CALLED

The **SUICIDE CIRCLE --**



IN THEIR DOWN TOWN OFFICE, CHRISTY SILVERA AND PETE POULOS, TWO OF THE CITY'S CLEVEREST, SLICKEST AND MOST UNSCRUPULOUS RACKET MEN, TALK -

IT'S A NATURAL. I TELL YOU - LOOK AT THE HAND? NOT A RIDGE ON IT? I COULDN'T LEAVE A FINGERPRINT IN CEMENT?

ALRIGHT? SO YOU BURN YOUR HAND - SO THE DOC GRAFTS SOME SKIN ON IT - SO YA HAVEN'T A FINGERPRINT - SO WHAT?

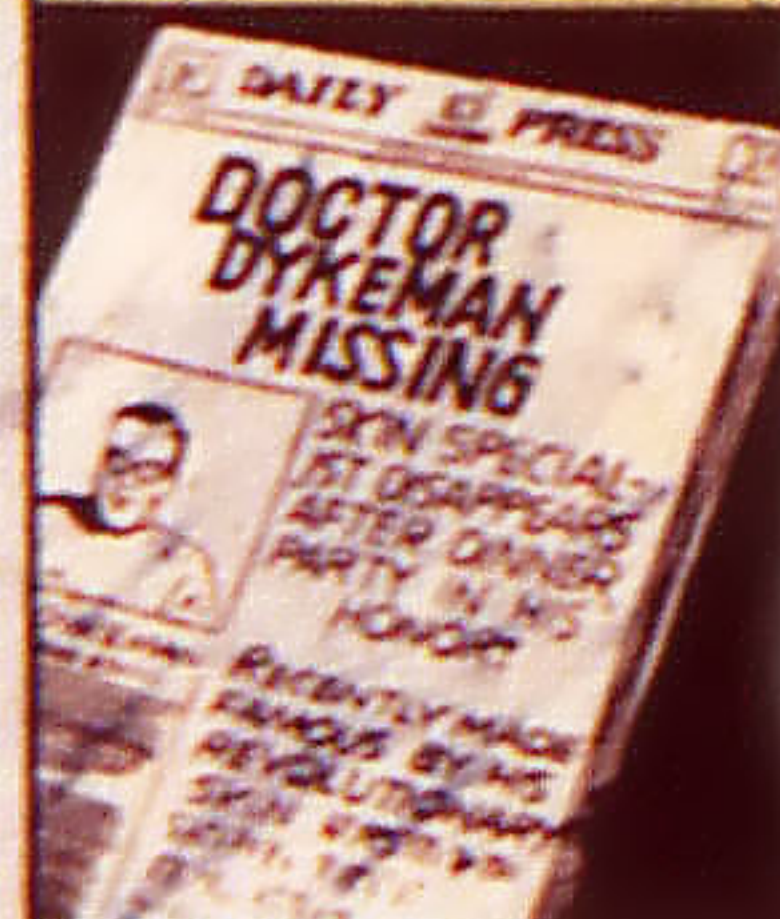


SO WHAT? DON'T YOU EVER READ THE PAPERS, DOPE-DOC DYKEMAN IS NO DUMB MEDICO - HE'S JUST INVENTED SOME NEW PROCESS FOR GRAFTING SKIN WHICH CAN BE SLAPPED ON THE FINGERS IN LESS THAN AN HOUR - WITH OUR NEW BUSINESS STARTING - JUST THINK WHAT THE BOYS COULD DO IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE FINGERPRINTS TO WORRY ABOUT?

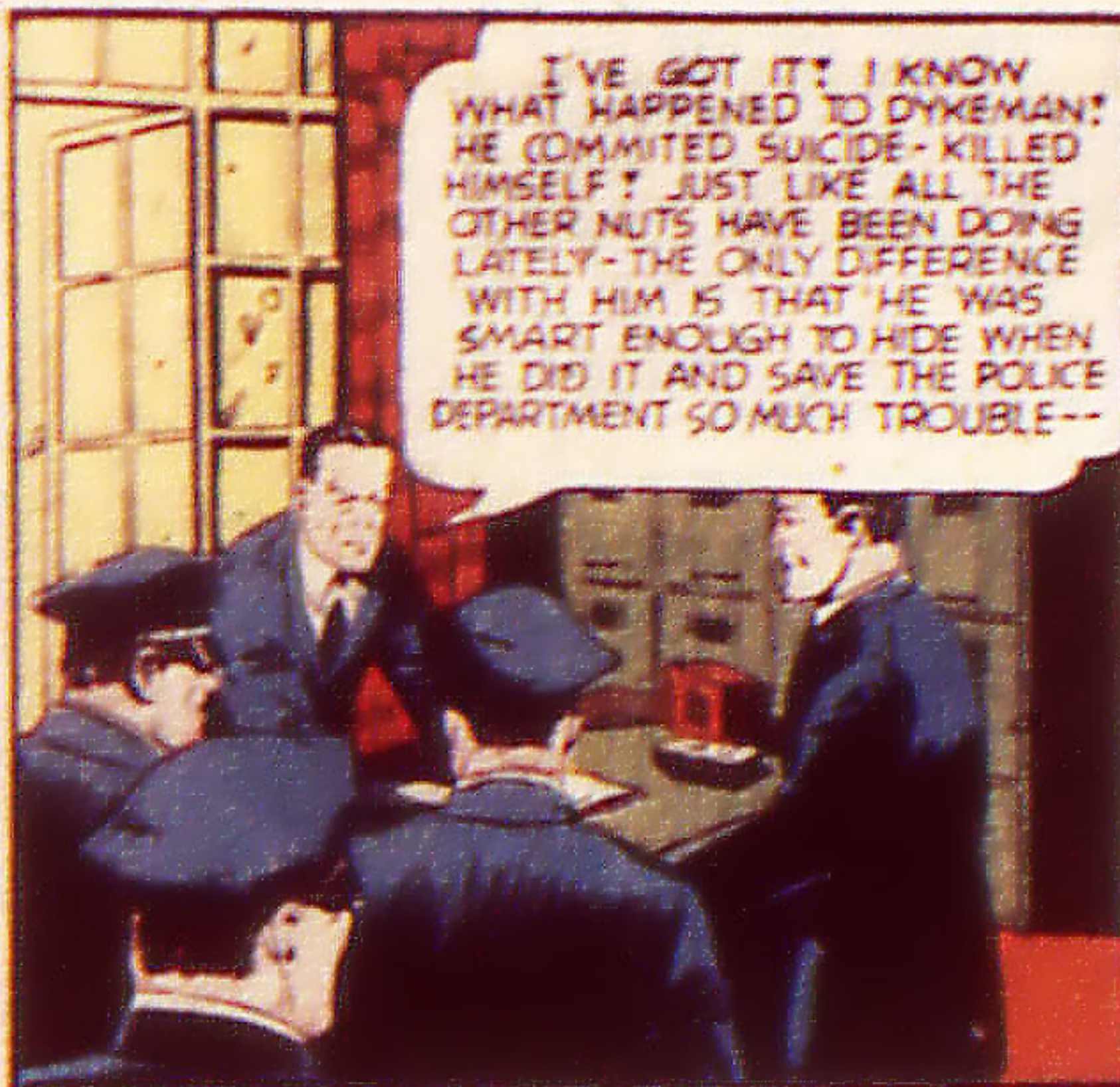
SAY-Y-?



AND SO AN IDEA IS BORN - AND FROM THAT IDEA SPRINGS A PROCESSION OF TRAGEDY WHICH OPENS ITS BLAZING BEGINNING THE VERY NEXT DAY --



A
WEEK--
TWO
WEEKS
PASS--
STILL NO
WORD FROM
DR DYKEMAN
THEN
SUDDENLY
AUTHORITIES
FIND
THEMSELVES
FACING A
NEW AND
DANGEROUS
SITUATION--

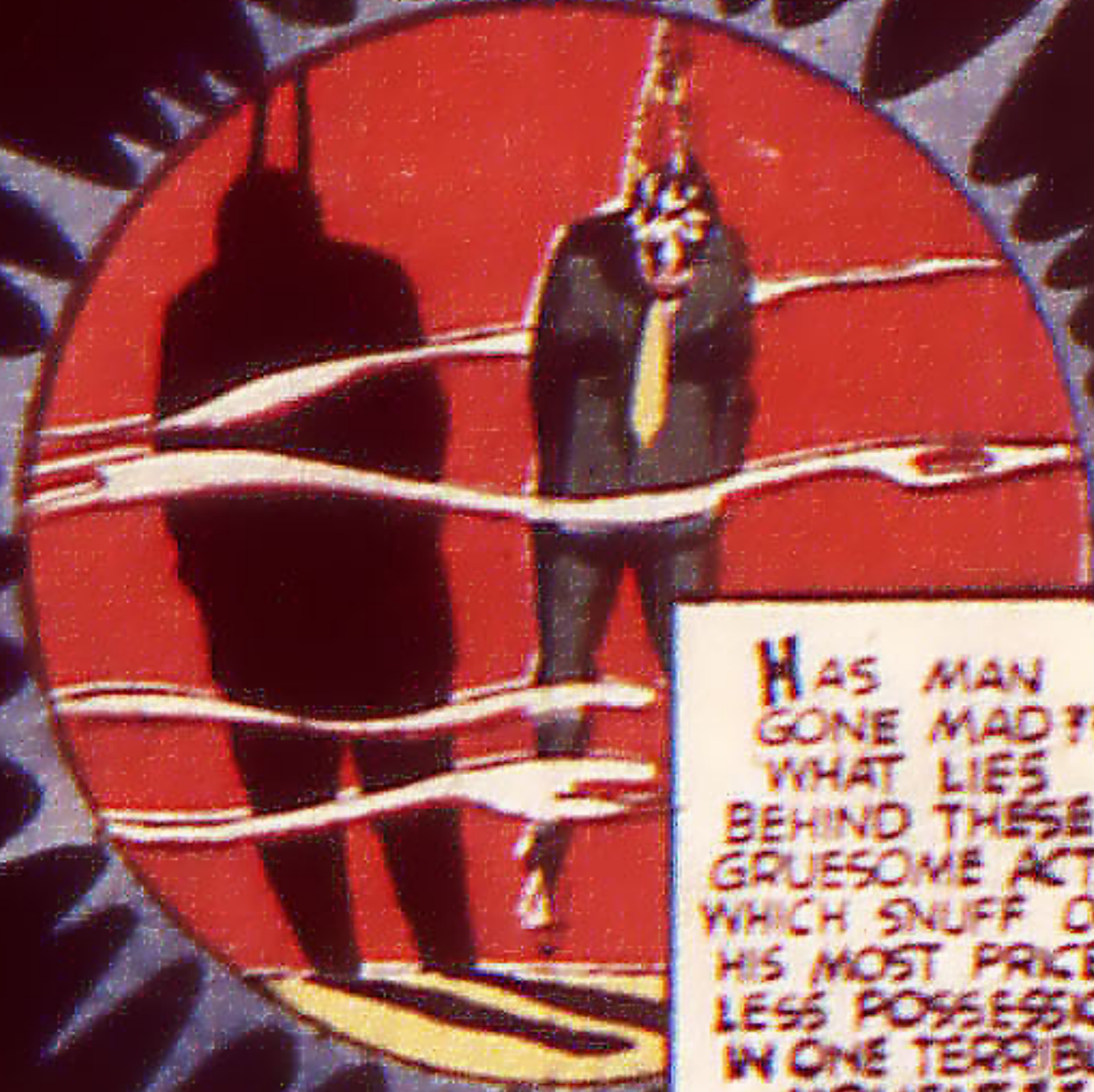
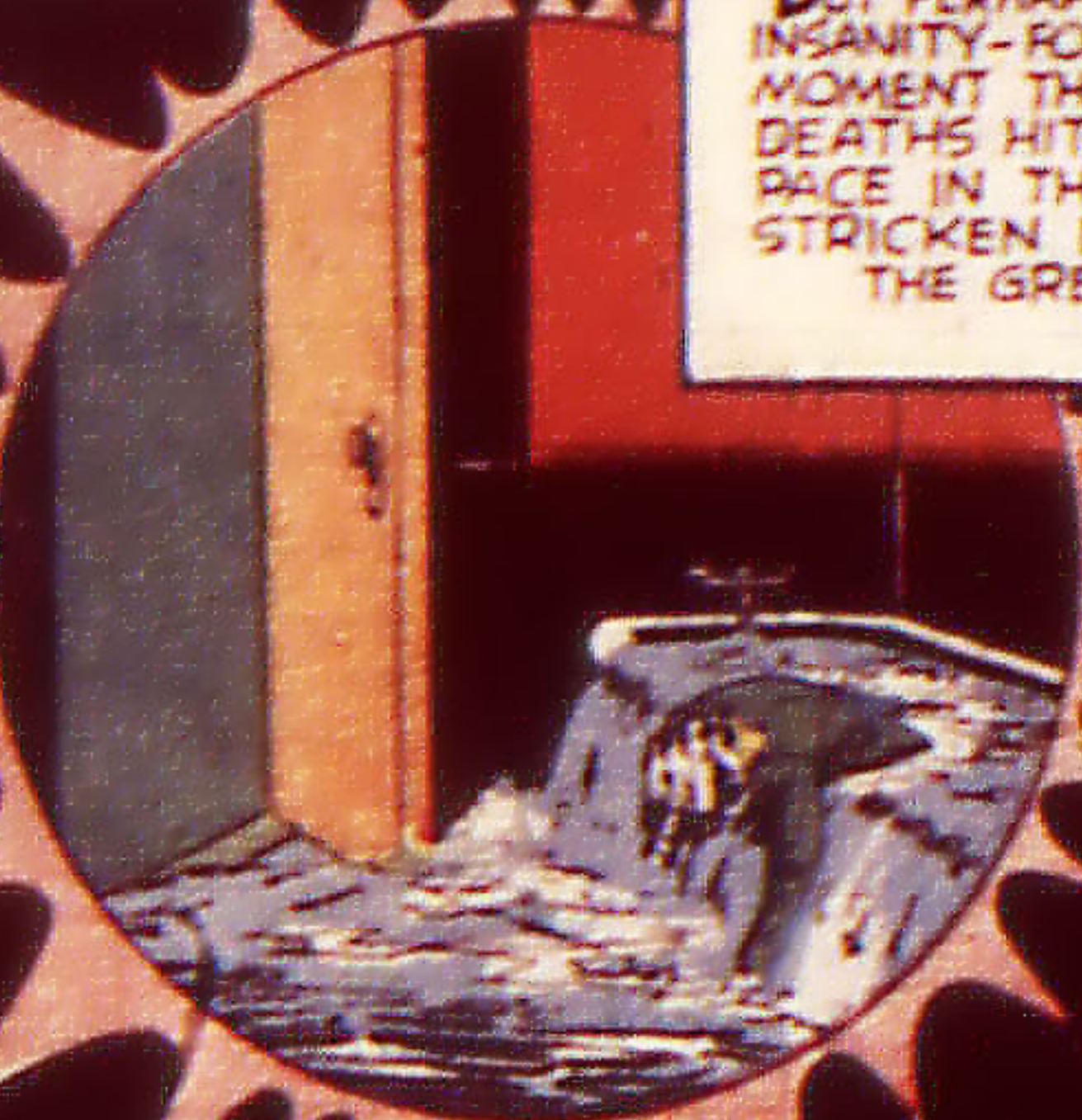


I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED TO DYKEMAN!
HE COMMITTED SUICIDE-- KILLED
HIMSELF! JUST LIKE ALL THE
OTHER NUTS HAVE BEEN DOING
LATELY-- THE ONLY DIFFERENCE
WITH HIM IS THAT HE WAS
SMART ENOUGH TO HIDE WHEN
HE DID IT AND SAVE THE POLICE
DEPARTMENT SO MUCH TROUBLE--

LOOK AT THIS --
SUICIDE! SUICIDE! SUICIDE!
HAS EVERYONE GONE
WACKY? IS IT MASS
INSANITY OR SOMETHING?--
THE COUNTRY IN A BIG
DEFENSE BOOM, EVERYONE
MAKING MONEY HAND OVER
FIST-- SO THEY START
LEAPING OUT WINDOWS--
TURNING ON GAS AND
SHOOTING
THEMSELVES--



BUT PERHAPS IT IS MASS
INSANITY-- FOR AT THIS VERY
MOMENT THE WAVE OF
DEATHS HITS A FASTER
PACE IN THE POVERTY
STRICKEN DISTRICTS OF
THE GREAT CITY--



HAS MAN
GONE MAD?
WHAT LIES
BEHIND THESE
GRUESOME ACTS
WHICH SNUFF OUT
HIS MOST PRICE-
LESS POSSESSION
IN ONE TERRIBLE
MOMENT??

MEANWHILE NIGHTRO LISTENS TO THE STARTLING REPORTS AT HIS HOME A HOLE WHICH IS ALWAYS IN DARKNESS-- FOR AMAZING AS IT MAY SOUND WITHOUT HIS SPECIAL GLASSES NIGHTRO CAN SEE ONLY IN THE NIGHT--

THE POLICE ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN THE SUDDEN WAVE OF SUICIDES WHICH HAVE BEEN OCCURRING FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS--

HMM-PECULIAR-- THIS RUN OF AMERICAN HARI KARI-- AND THEY ALL SEEM TO CENTER AROUND THE TENEMENT DISTRICTS-- THE PEOPLE THERE ARE THE LEAST LIKELY TO COMMIT SUICIDE-- I THINK THIS SITUATION NEEDS LOOKING INTO!



WITH EYES PIERCING THE DARKNESS, NIGHTRO TUNES IN HIS SPECIAL SHORT WAVE POLICE RADIO--

THERE HASN'T BEEN A SUICIDE FOR EIGHT HOURS-- IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR ANOTHER ONE IF ---



-- CALLING CAR 23 -- GO TO 42ND STREET -- INVESTIGATE ANOTHER DEATH THERE --

THAT'S HITTING IT! COME ON, LET'S GO BLACKIE! IT'S ONLY FIVE BLOCKS AWAY!



THROUGH A SECRET EXIT IN HIS APARTMENT, THE RESPECT-ACLED NEMESIS OF CRIME LEAVES WITH HIS SEEING EYE DOG TO MATCH WITS AGAINST THIS STRANGE WAVE OF SELF-DESTRUCTION--



WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THE POLICE THERE!

AND MINUTES LATER, RUSH UP THE STAIRS AT 42ND STREET--



LOTS OF LIGHTS ON THE THIRD FLOOR MUST BE UP THERE!



W-WHAT D-DO YOU WANT?

UGH! GAS!

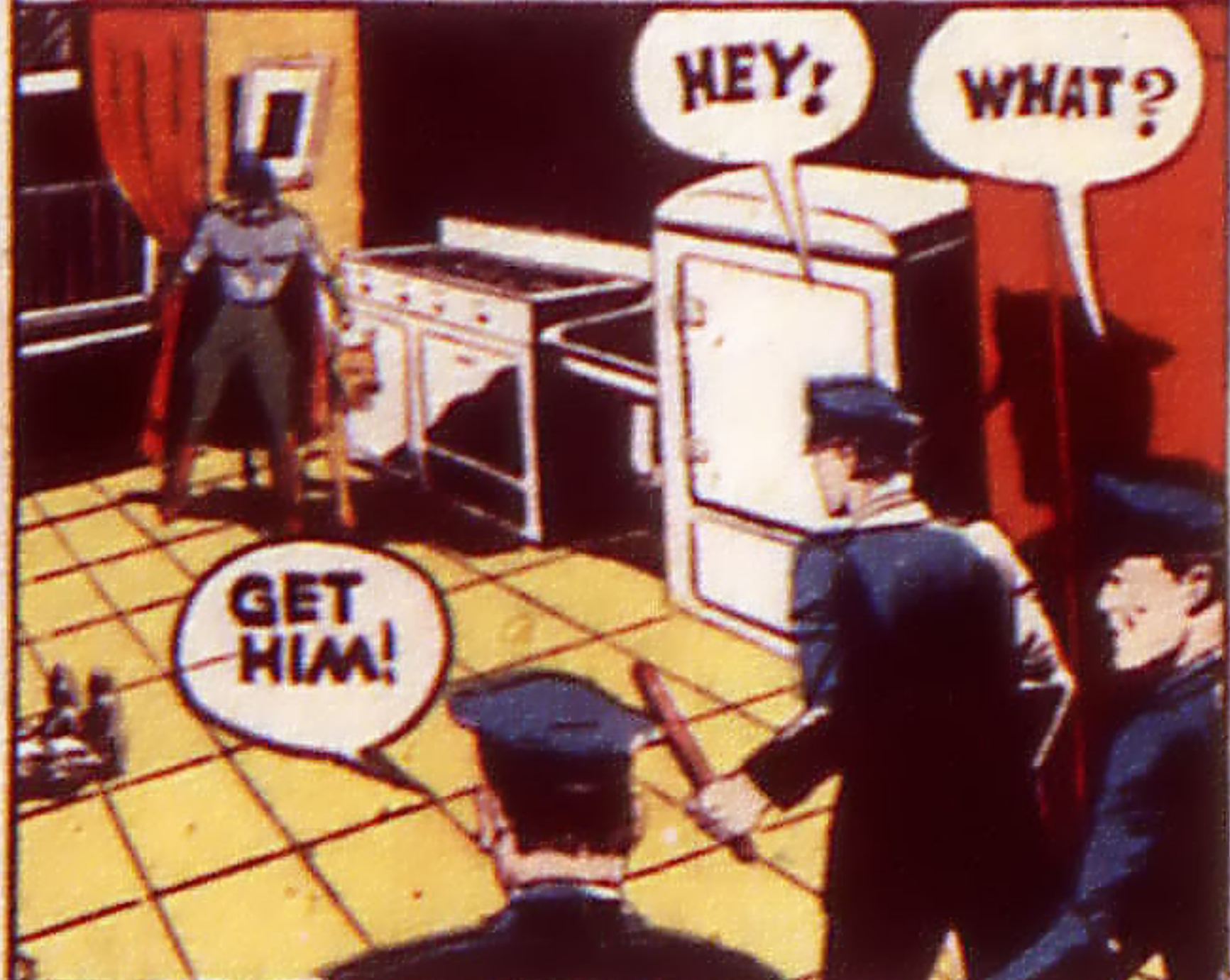
SORRY TO INTRUDE, FOLKS-- BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THESE SUICIDES AND I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS-- PERHAPS A FEW FINGERPRINTS WILL HELP ME!



WHAT?? THERE'S NO PRINTS ON THESE JETS!!



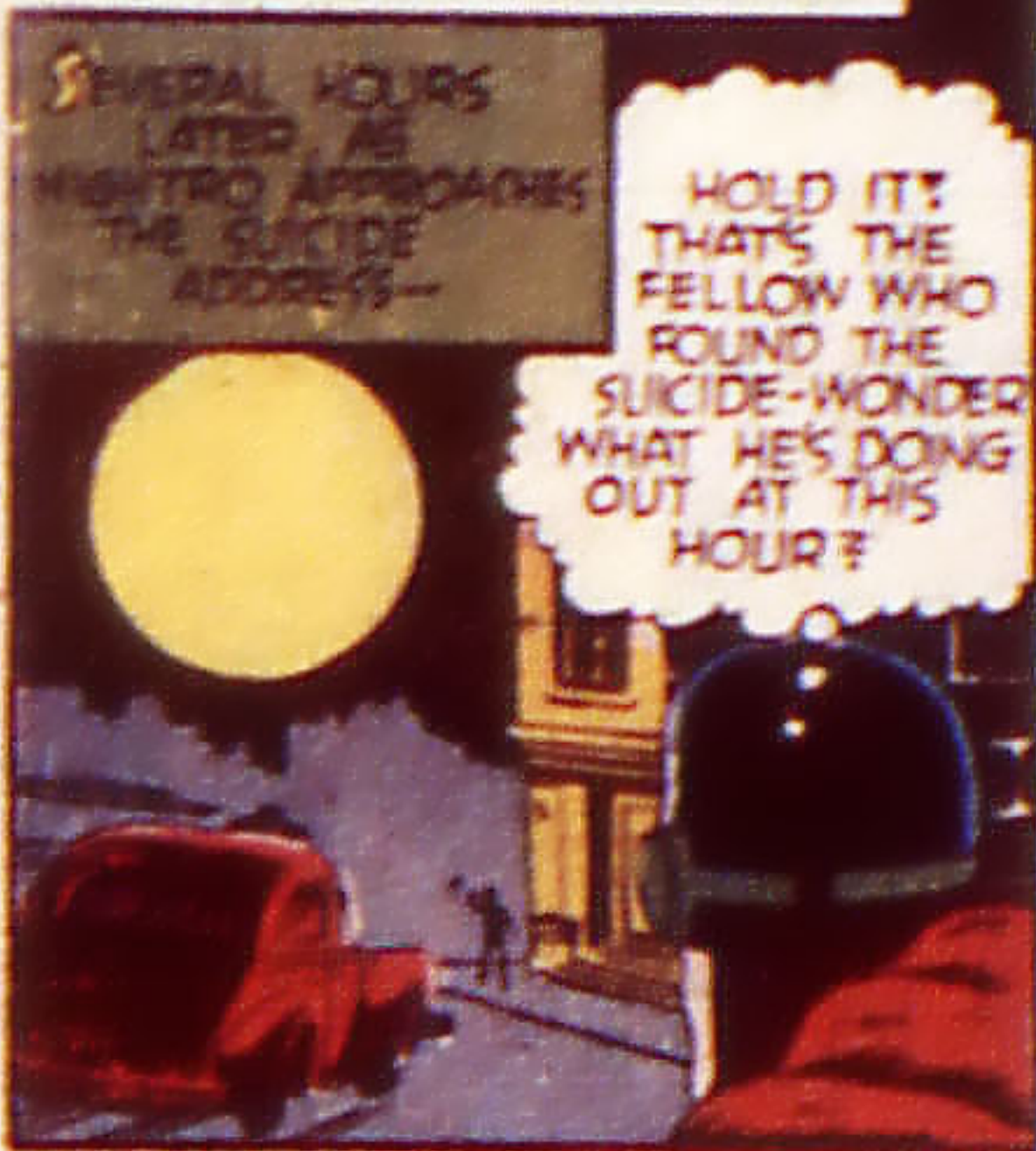
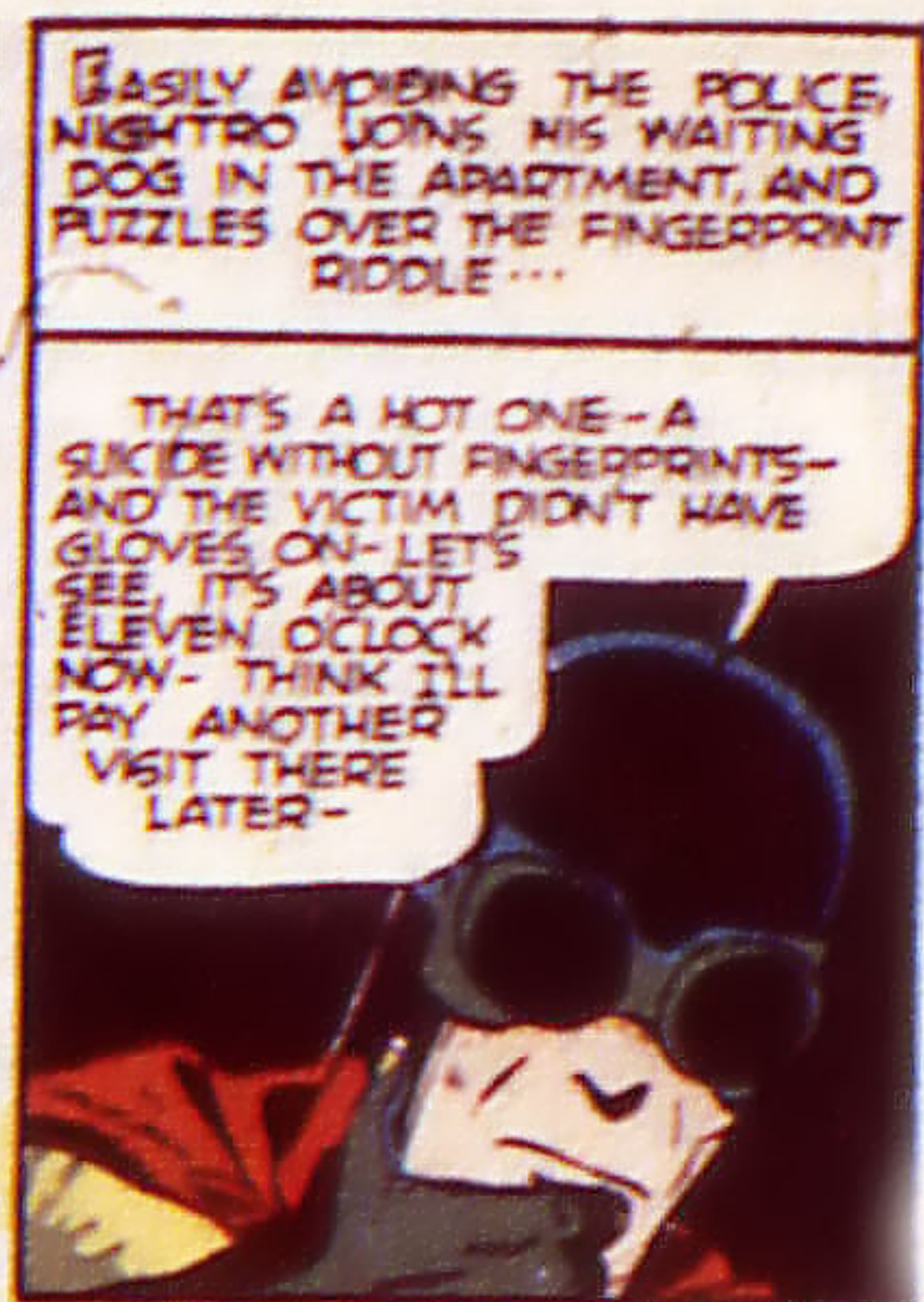
BUT AT THIS MOMENT, THE FORCES OF THE LAW BURST INTO THE APARTMENT WITH CUSTOMERY ABRUPTNESS--



HEY!

WHAT?

GET HIM!





THEY CALL
ME
NIGHTRO!



THERE GOES
SKUNK
NUMBER-TWO!

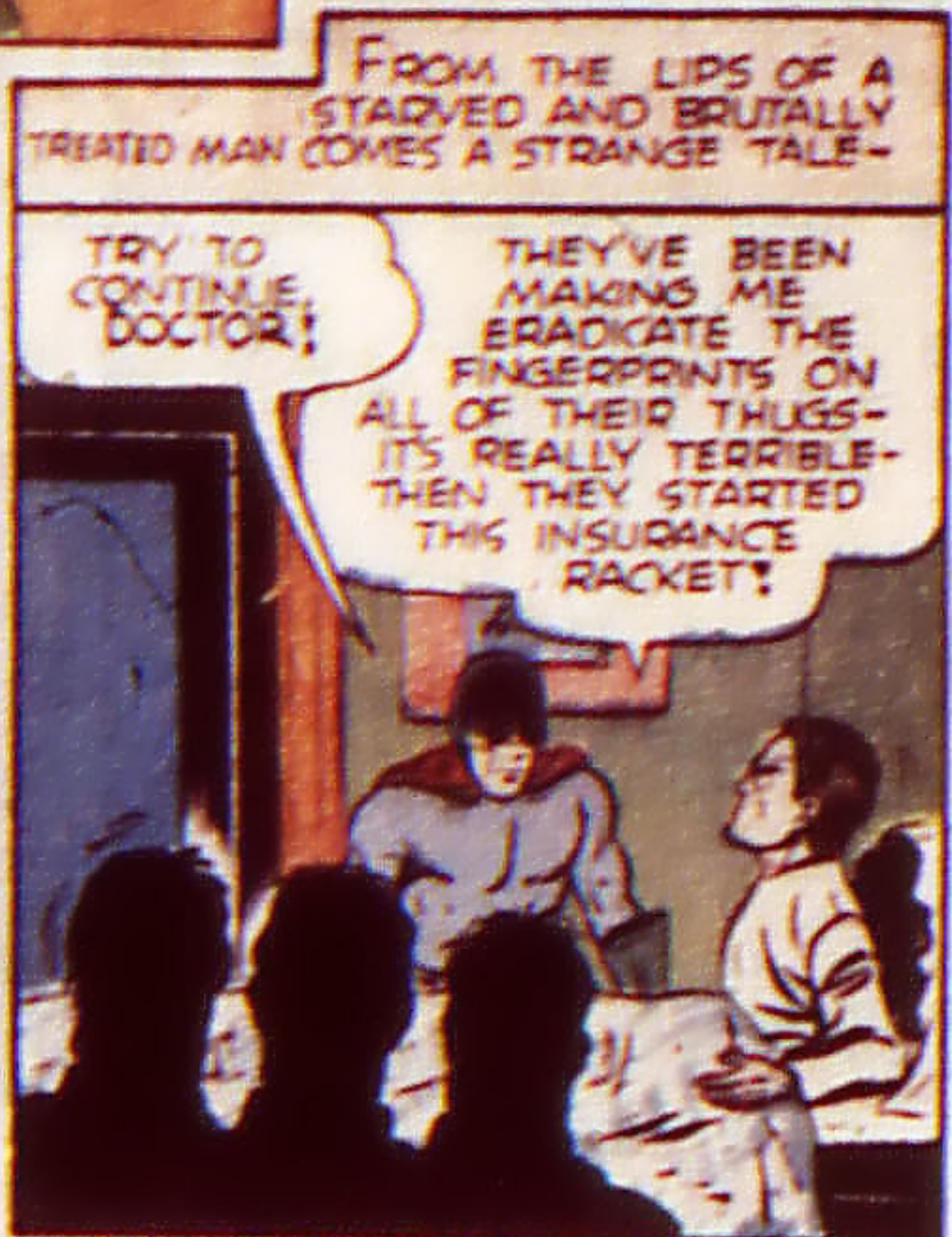


YOU
JUST LOST
BY A
NECK,
CHUM!



AS FOR YOU!
I SHOULD SNAP
YOUR NECK.
YOU SNIVELING
MURDERER--
WHERE'S THE
DOCTOR?
QUICK!

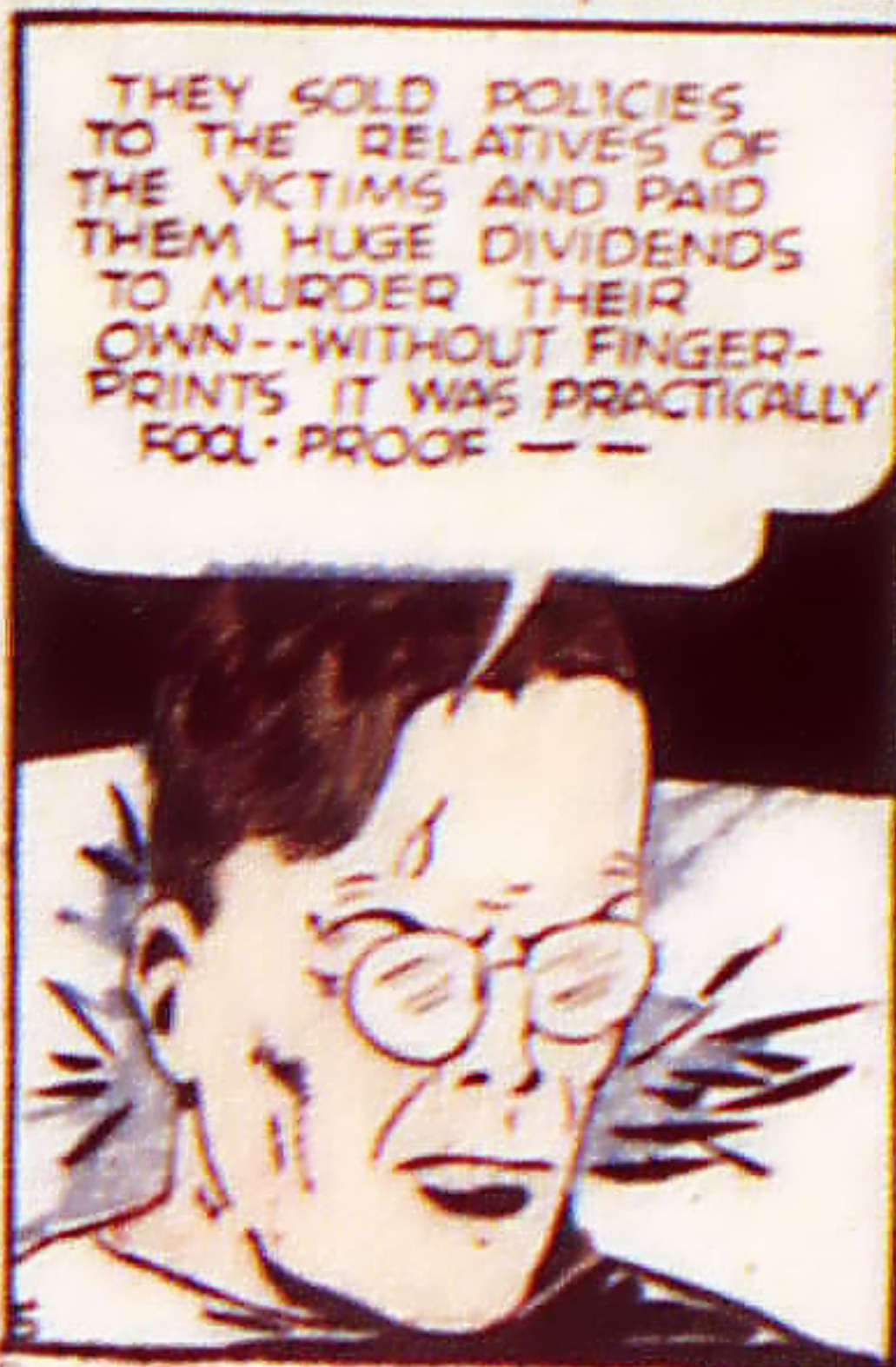
D-DONT-
HES IN
THE
BED-
ROOM!



FROM THE LIPS OF A
STARVED AND BRUTALLY
TREATED MAN COMES A STRANGE TALE--

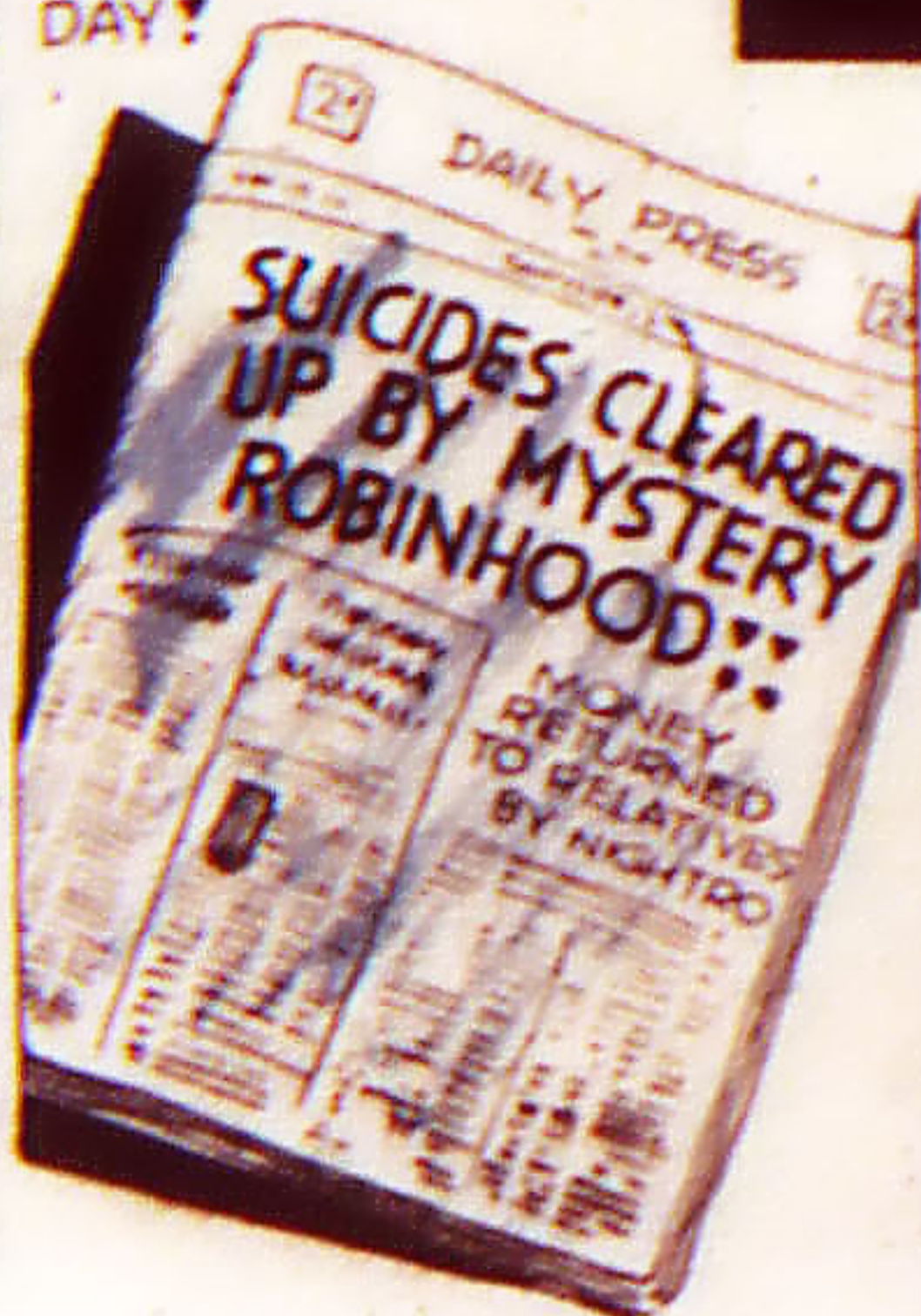
TRY TO
CONTINUE,
DOCTOR!

THEY'VE BEEN
MAKING ME
ERADICATE THE
FINGERPRINTS ON
ALL OF THEIR THUGS--
IT'S REALLY TERRIBLE--
THEN THEY STARTED
THIS INSURANCE
RACKET!



THEY SOLD POLICIES
TO THE RELATIVES OF
THE VICTIMS AND PAID
THEM HUGE DIVIDENDS
TO MURDER THEIR
OWN--WITHOUT FINGER-
PRINTS IT WAS PRACTICALLY
FOOL-PROOF --

NEXT
DAY!



AND SO AGAIN, NIGHTRO,
MYSTERIOUS DENIZEN
OF THE DARK, CRACKS INTO
CRIMES STRONGHOLD--
BUT SOON A SINISTER
FIGURE IS TO RISE UP AND
TAX TO THE LIMIT,
EVEN THIS MIGHTY
NEMESIS OF CRIME, WITH A
NEW AND DEADLY POWER!

DON'T
MISS
NEXT MONTH'S
DAREDEVIL
COMICS!

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE SUPERSTITIOUS, THE EDITORS ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION IN THE READING OF THIS MATERIAL....FOR WHO CAN SAY WHAT TRUTH MAY LIE BEHIND THE FEAR THAT HAS FOLLOVED THIS NUMERAL DOWN THROUGH THE AGES....

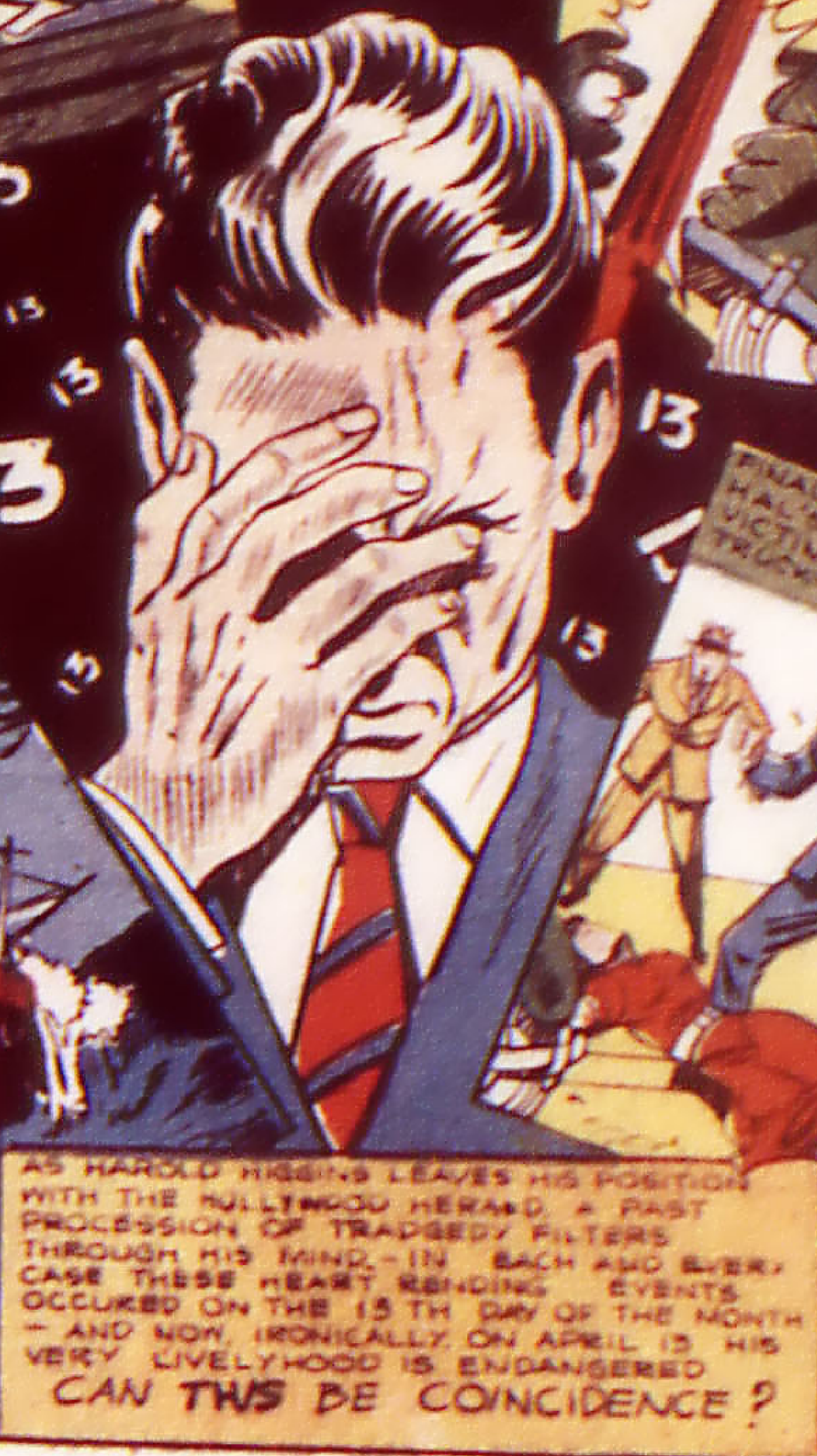
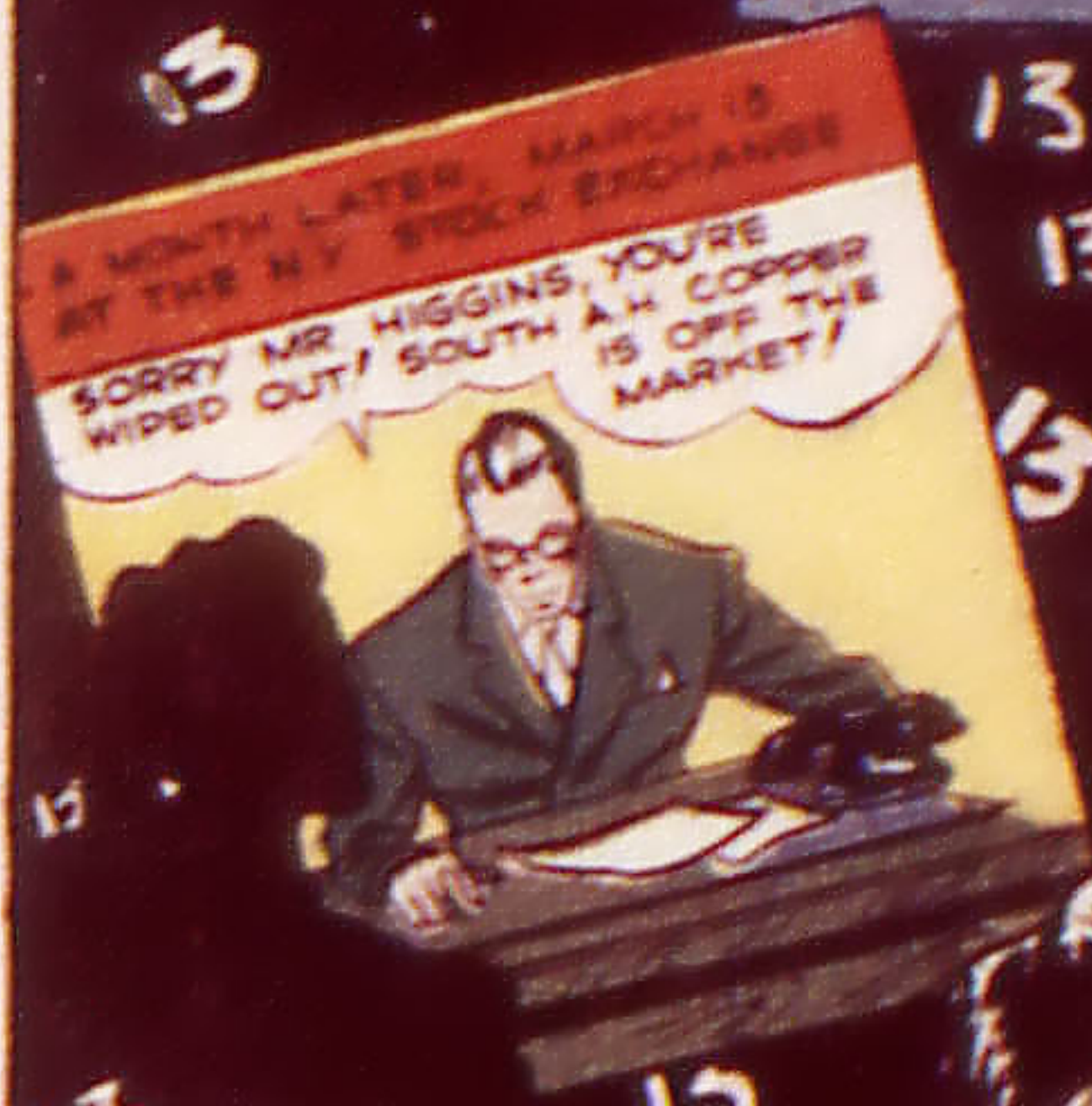
'13' THE NEMESIS NUMBER OF ALL TIME REARS ITS UGLY HEAD AND CASTS A SHADOW OF TRAGEDY OVER THE LIFE OF HAROLD HIGGINS--BUT FROM THIS EVIL DIDGET AN IDEA IS BORN, AND FROM THAT IDEA SPRINGS A STARTLING FIGURE, WHO IS SOON TO TURN THIS NUMBER OF ILL OMEN INTO A BOOMERANG AND CRUCIFY THE CROSS-ROADS OF CRIME WITH A CAMPAIGN OF JUSTICE, WHICH BRINGS TO ALL THE UNDERWORLD, THE FEAR OF "13"

BERNIE KLEIN
AND
DICK WOOD

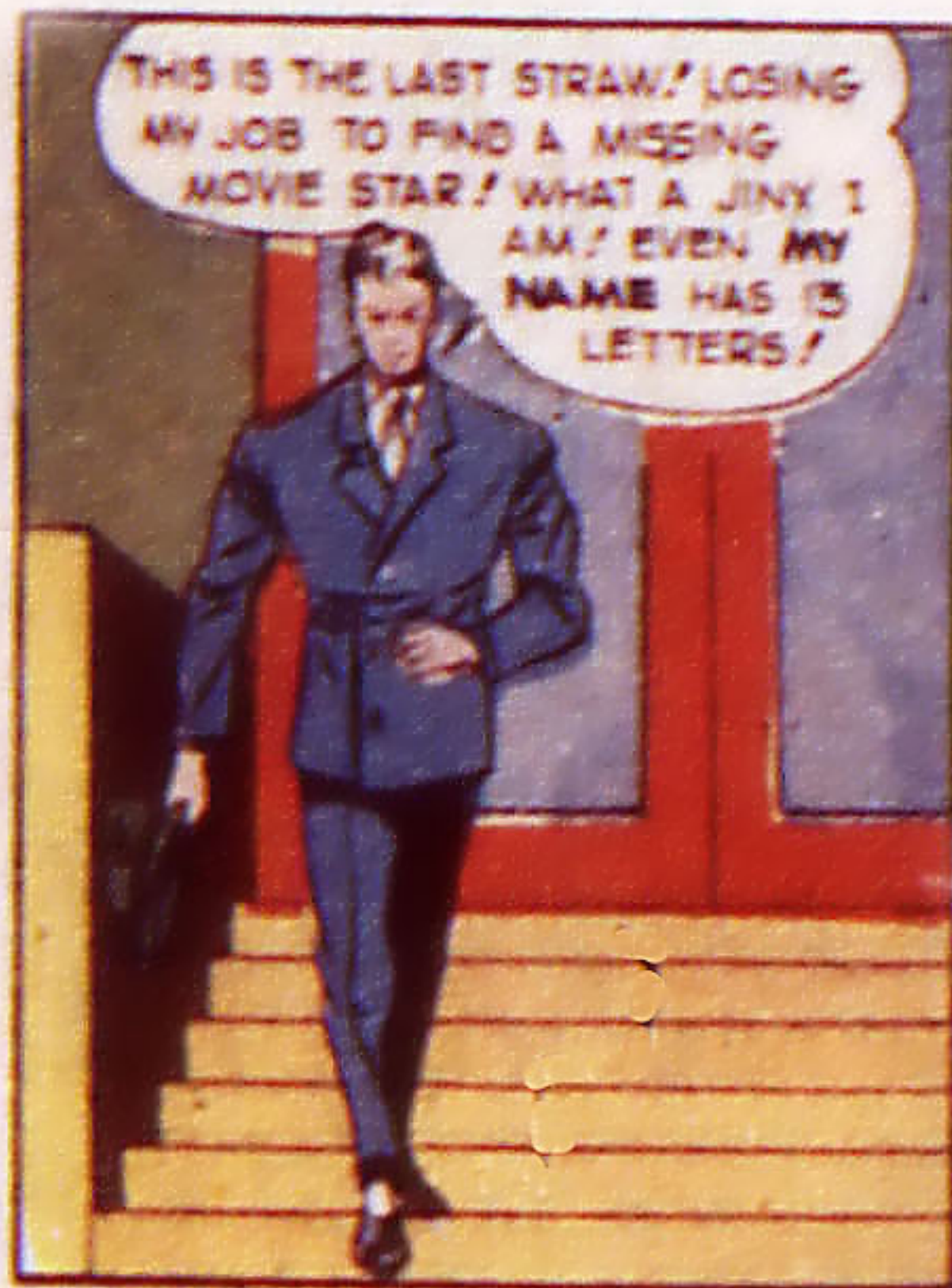
IN THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD, A CINEMA STAR DISAPPEARS--AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE HERALD, MANAGING EDITOR, CLYDE ROUSSOS, FIRES AN EMPLOYEE.....

SO WHAT - IF LARRY MILLER IS LOST? I TOLD YOU AH LING HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! YOU'RE FIRED!





AS HAROLD HIGGINS LEAVES HIS POSITION
WITH THE HOLLWOOD HERALD, A PAST
PROCESSION OF TRAGEDY FILTERS
THROUGH HIS MIND - IN EACH AND EVERY
CASE THESE HEART RENDING EVENTS
OCCURED ON THE 13 TH DAY OF THE MONTH
- AND NOW, IRONICALLY, ON APRIL 13 HIS
VERY LIVELYHOOD IS ENDANGERED
CAN THIS BE COINCIDENCE?



AND A MOMENT LATER EMERGES AS THE DREADED SYMBOL OF BAD LUCK--13!

IT'S TIME I STARTED DISHING OUT BAD FORTUNE --AND THOSE SLY FOUR FLUSHING VERMIN ARE A GOOD DUET TO START WITH!



MEANWHILE IN THE CELLAR OF AH LING'S HOME...

IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE MILLER! A PALTRY TEN THOUSAND WILL SAVE YOU DISGRACE--AND--



YOUR LIFE!... YOU'RE FILTHY WITH MONEY!

OKAY, KEEP YOUR GOLD ROMEO! I'LL GIVE YOU A REAL PICTURE SEQUENCE TO PLAY! GET THE WHIP, FONG!

NOW BE CAREFUL, AH LING!

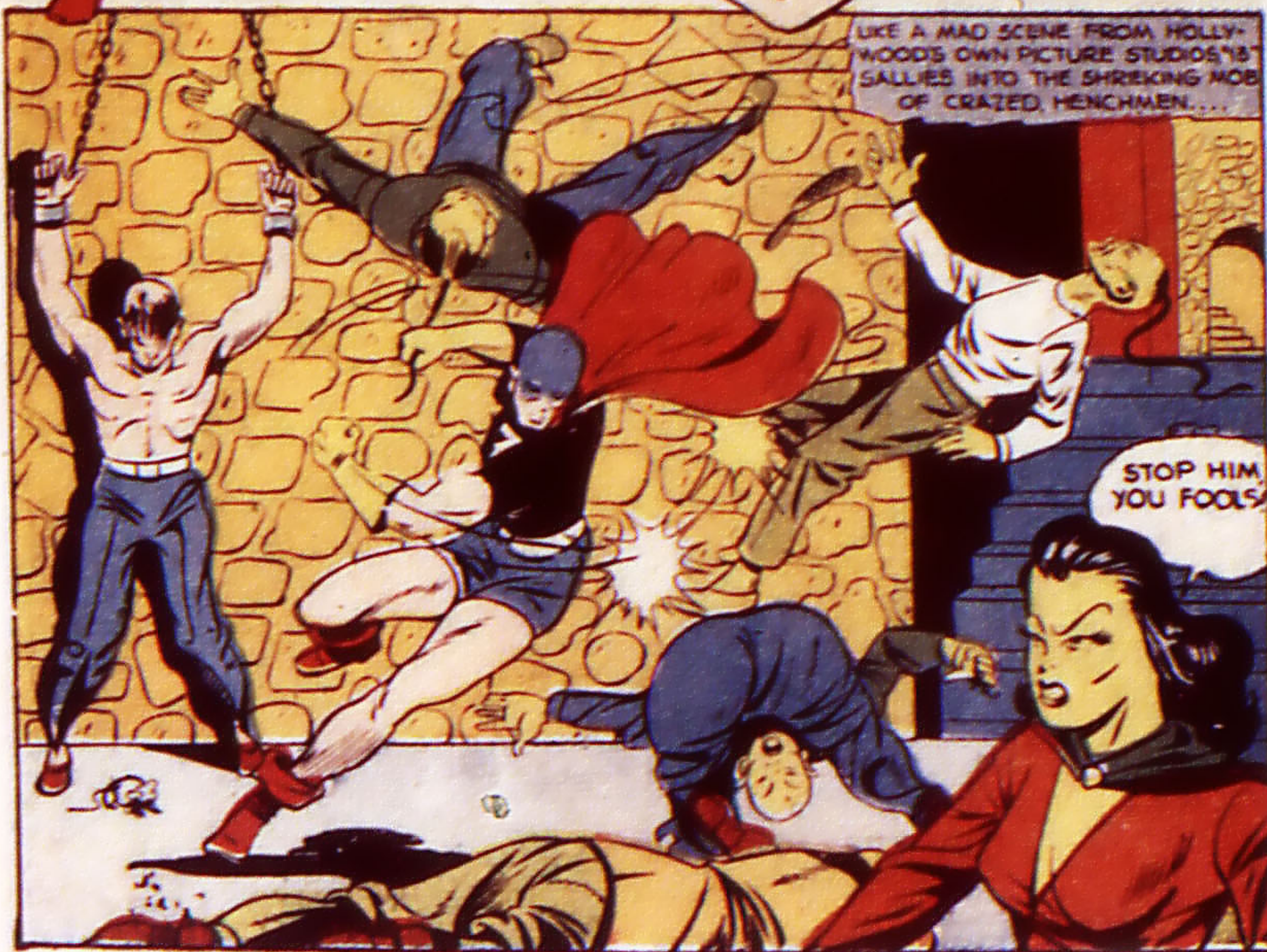


SUDDENLY FROM THE SHADOW OF THE DARKENED STAIRCASE A TALL FIGURE STALKS INTO THE CHAMBER--

13



DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THAT WHIP, BOYS! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE EXERCISE YOU NEED!



LIKE A MAD SCENE FROM HOLLYWOOD'S OWN PICTURE STUDIOS! SALLIES INTO THE SHREKING MOB OF CRAZED HENCHMEN...

STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS!



I COULD ALMOST GO FOR THAT ONE MAN BUTZKRIEG MYSELF, BUT RIGHT NOW, AH LING HAD BETTER TAKE A FAST TRIP!



A. AND TO THINK I THOUGHT THEM FRIENDS!

EASY! OH OH THERE GOES MISS HOLLYWOOD!



WICH B. BOY!

WITH A FLIP OF HER FOOT, AH LING SENDS THE PLANK SPINNING OFF THE PIER, LANDING....



OOPS!

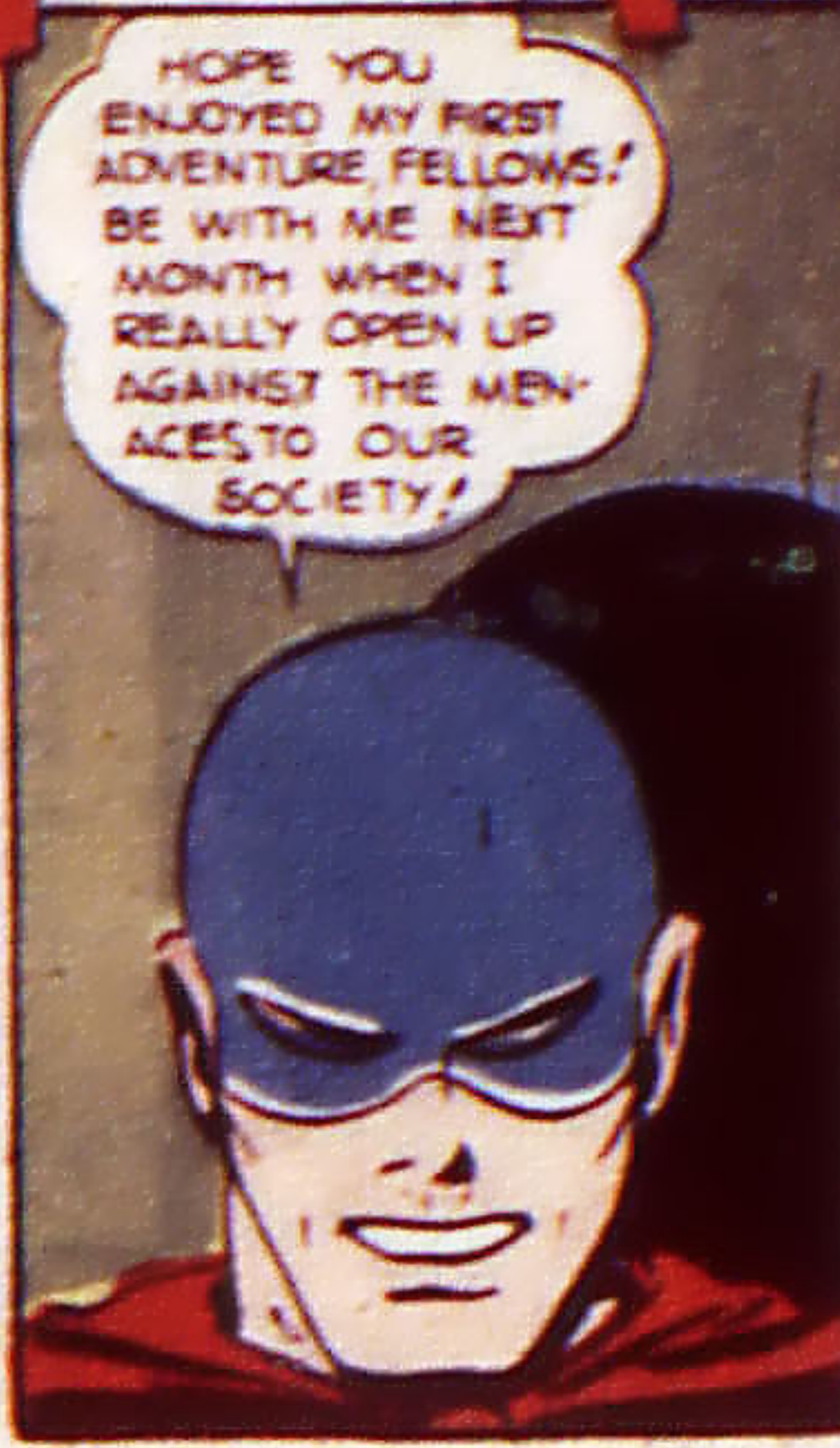


THERE SHE GOES--TRICKED HALF OF HOLLYWOOD AND MADE A FOOL OF ME! BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN!



IT'S AMAZING! LOOKIT, MIKE! ALL WE FIND IS A CALENDAR AND THIS EDITOR GUY TRUSSSED UP WITH SIX CHINESE!

'13' AYE, THAT'S A FUNNY ONE!



HOPE YOU ENJOYED MY FIRST ADVENTURE, FELLOWS! BE WITH ME NEXT MONTH WHEN I REALLY OPEN UP AGAINST THE MEN-ACE TO OUR SOCIETY!

WILL
THE

CLAW

RULE
AMERICA?

MINE!!
MINE!!
IT SHALL
BE
MINE!!

LAST MONTH:

FOLLOWING THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ENTIRE TRAINLOAD OF 2000 ARMY MEN ENROUTE FOR MANEUVERS, AN ULTIMATUM WAS RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT FROM THE CLAW.THE WORLD'S WORST VILLIAN HAD KIDNAPPED THESE MEN, AND HIS DEMAND FOR THEIR SAFE RETURN WAS COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE COUNTRY'S GOLD SUPPLY.....THE CLEVERNESS OF BILL HOPKINS, A RAILROAD ENGINEER, WHOSE BROTHER WAS AMONG THE MISSING MEN UNCOVERED THE CLAW'S HIDEOUT..... BUT..... FOLLOWING HIS ULTIMATUM BEING SPURNED BY THE GOVERNMENT, THE CLAW HYPNOTIZED HIS CAPTIVES THROUGH A VERY CLEVER MOVIE WHICH HE PUT ON-----AND NOW--

"The Battle of the Centuries"

BOB
WOOD

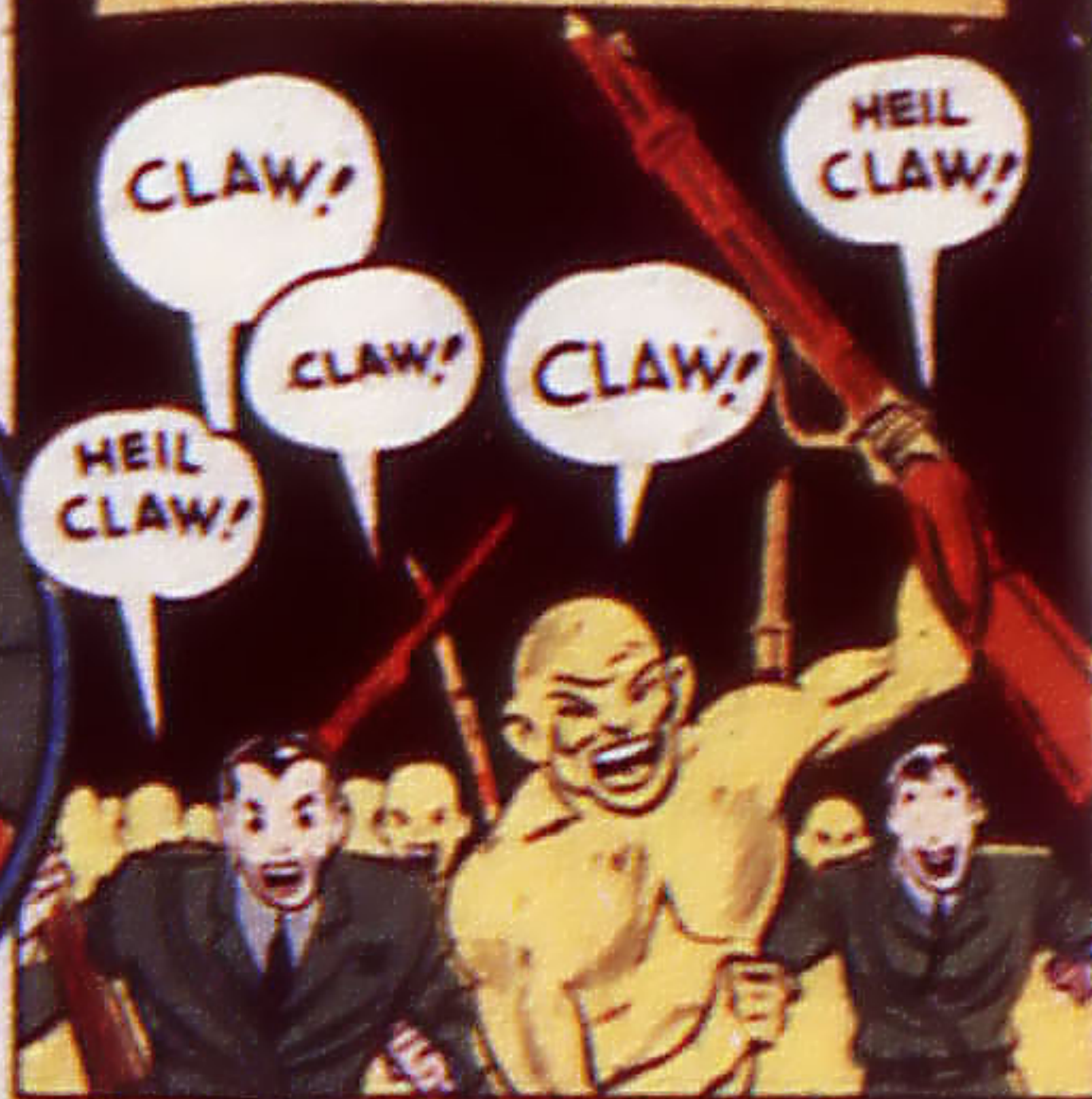
DEEP IN A MOUNTAIN IN MIDWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA THE CLAW IS HOLDING CAPTIVE THE 2000 KIDNAPPED (HYPNOTIZED) SOLDIERS-----

IT IS NOW THAT THE GREATEST MILITARY ENCOUNTER OF ALL TIME IS ABOUT TO OCCUR. BEING HYPNOTIZED THE CAPTIVES ARE ONLY CAPABLE OF DOING AS THE CLAW SO CHOOSES. THEREFORE AS A DETACHMENT OF U.S. ARMY MEN BURSTS INTO THE CLAW'S LAIR, THEY FIND THEMSELVES CONFRONTED NOT ONLY WITH THE CLAW'S MEN, BUT WITH 2000 OF THEIR MEN READY TO STRIKE AT THE CLAW'S COMMAND AND DO BATTLE WITH THEM....

DYNAMITE! SOME-ONE'S BLASTING THROUGH. MOBILIZE FAST! WE MUST FIGHT!!



WITH THESE WORDS THE COMBINED FORCES OF THE CLAW RUSH FORWARD-----



CHARGE! GET THE CLAW!

HEY! LOOK! WHAT'S WRONG? OUR OWN MEN ARE COMING FOR US!



MEANWHILE BILL HOPKINS SPES HIS BROTHER, DICK, CHARGING INTO BATTLE WITH THE CLAW'S MEN!

GREAT SCOTT! IT... IT CAN'T BE! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



BEFORE THE HYPNOTIZED DICK HOPKINS CAN DO ANY DAMAGE BILL STOPS HIM WITH A FLYING TACKLE!



ENRAGED UNDER THE CLAW'S HYPNOTIC SPELL DICK LEAPS TO HIS FEET WITH MURDER IN HIS EYES... SEIZING A KNIFE, HE STARTS FOR HIS BROTHER.....

KILL! KILL!

DON'T DICK! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



SORRY DICK!



AS THE BATTLE RAGES BILL BEARS DICK AWAY FROM THE CONFLICT.

I'LL FIND SOME HIDDEN SPOT AND GET HIM AWAY FROM THIS MESS! THEN FOR THE CLAW!



DEPOSITING HIS BROTHER
IN AN OUT OF THE WAY
SPOT BILL RETURNS TO THE
SCENE OF THE BATTLE...

THANK HEAVENS
HE'S SAFE....NOW
TO JOIN THE
FESTIVITIES!



MEANWHILE...

FIGHT!
FIGHT!
KILL!



BILL IS STARTLED AS HE WITNESSES
THE MOST ASTOUNDING SPECTACLE
EVER WITNESSED BY MAN....

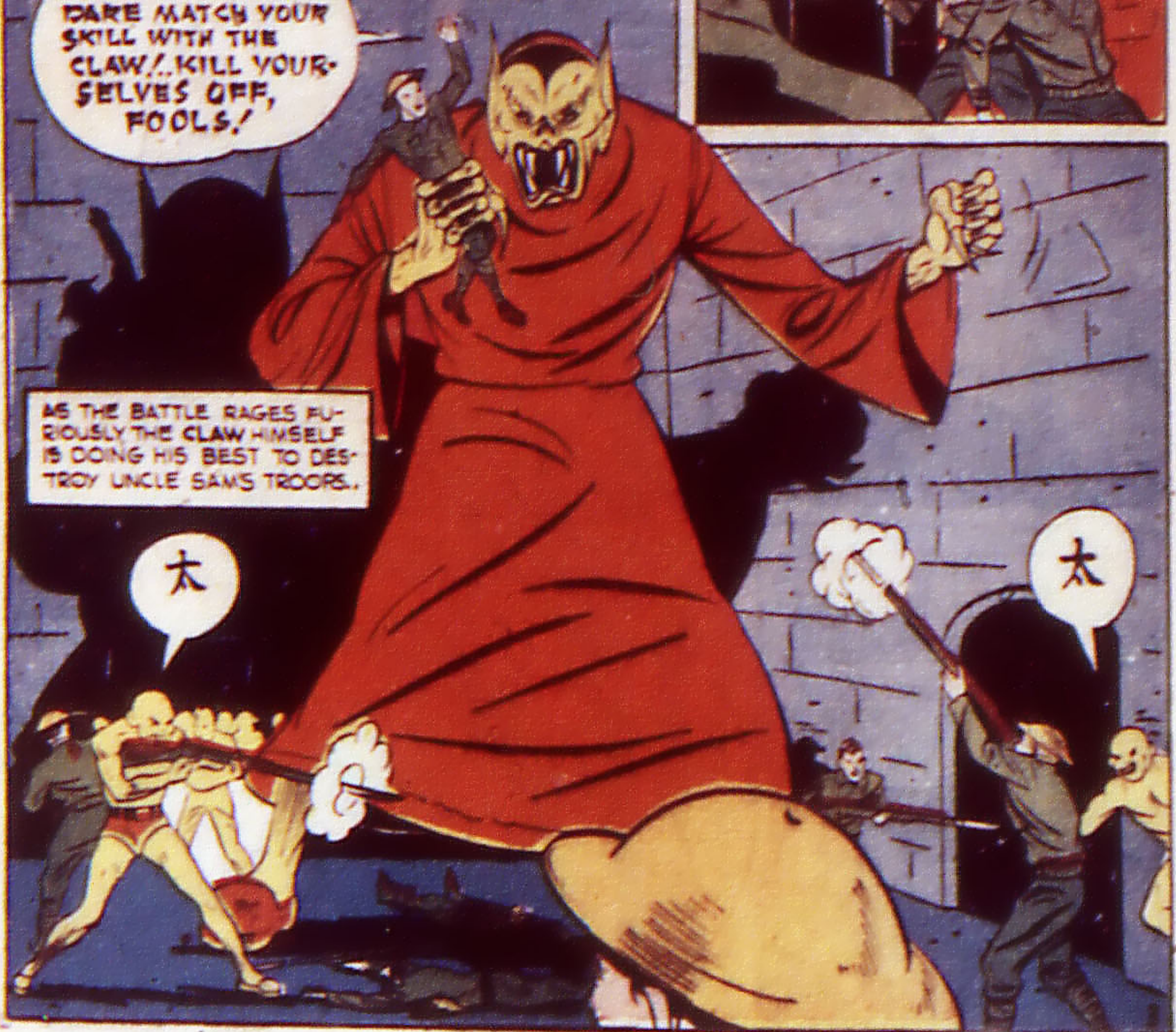
I..I CANT BELIEVE
IT...KILLING THEIR OWN
MEN OFF...IF ONLY
SOMEHOW THE CLAW'S
HYPNOTIC SPELL COULD
BE BROKEN...



AAAGH!

SO YOU WOULD
DARE MATCH YOUR
SKILL WITH THE
CLAW?...KILL YOUR-
SELVES OFF,
FOOLS!

AS THE BATTLE RAGES FU-
RIOUSLY THE CLAW HIMSELF
IS DOING HIS BEST TO DES-
TROY UNCLE SAM'S TROOPS..



太

太

PUTTY BUT WITH MAXIMUM COURAGE, THE SOLDIERS ENDEAVOR TO DOWN THE CLAW.

NO SENSE WASTING ANY MORE BULLETS ON THIS GUY! THEY WON'T HURT HIM!

WE GOTTA THINK OF A BETTER WAY! TOO BAD WE DON'T HAVE A CANNON!



ON AND ON THE MAD MONSTER OF HATE CONTINUES AS HIS MEN BATTLE ON FEROCIOUSLY. HE RUTHLESSLY CRUSHES THE SOLDIERS AS THOUGH THEY WERE 'PUTTY IN HIS HANDS'!

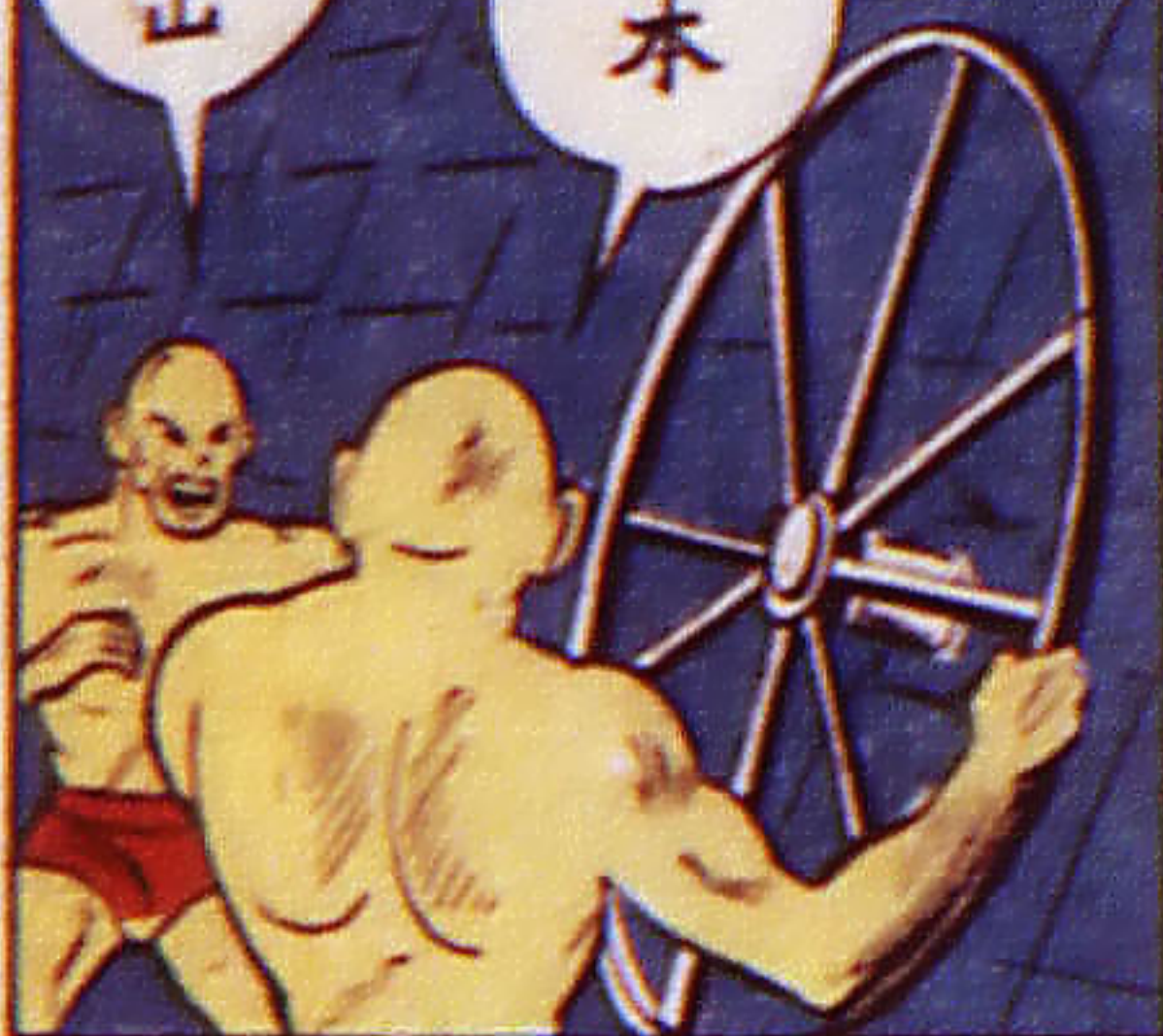
THE WHOLE U.S. ARMY IS HELPLESS AGAINST ME.. BUT ENOUGH.. NOW TO FINISH THEM ALL.. OPEN THE GAS LINE!



FROM THE MAD FRAY, THREE LEADERS RUSH TO A CHAMBER WHERE A HUGE WHEEL CONTROLS A FLOW OF GAS...

木山

洲本



QUICK! THE GAS MASKS!



AS ENORMOUS GAS GETS ARE OPENED, THE CLAW'S MEN AUTOMATICALLY DON GAS MASKS....

火泉

GET MASTER'S MASK!



BILL NOTICES TWO ASIATICS SEIZE A HUGE GAS MASK...

SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE-FAST! HEY.. WHAT'S THAT?



...THE CLAW'S GAS MASK

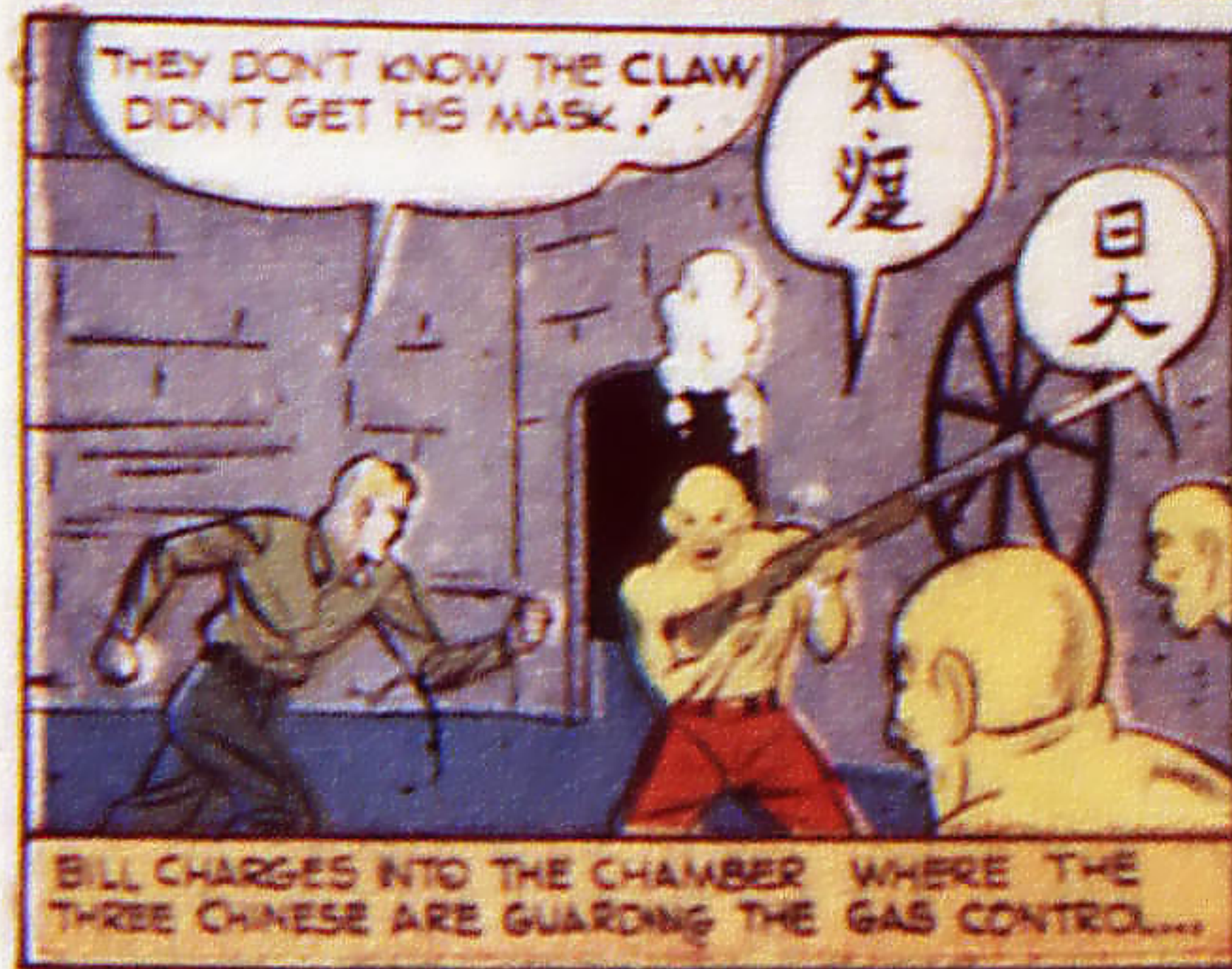
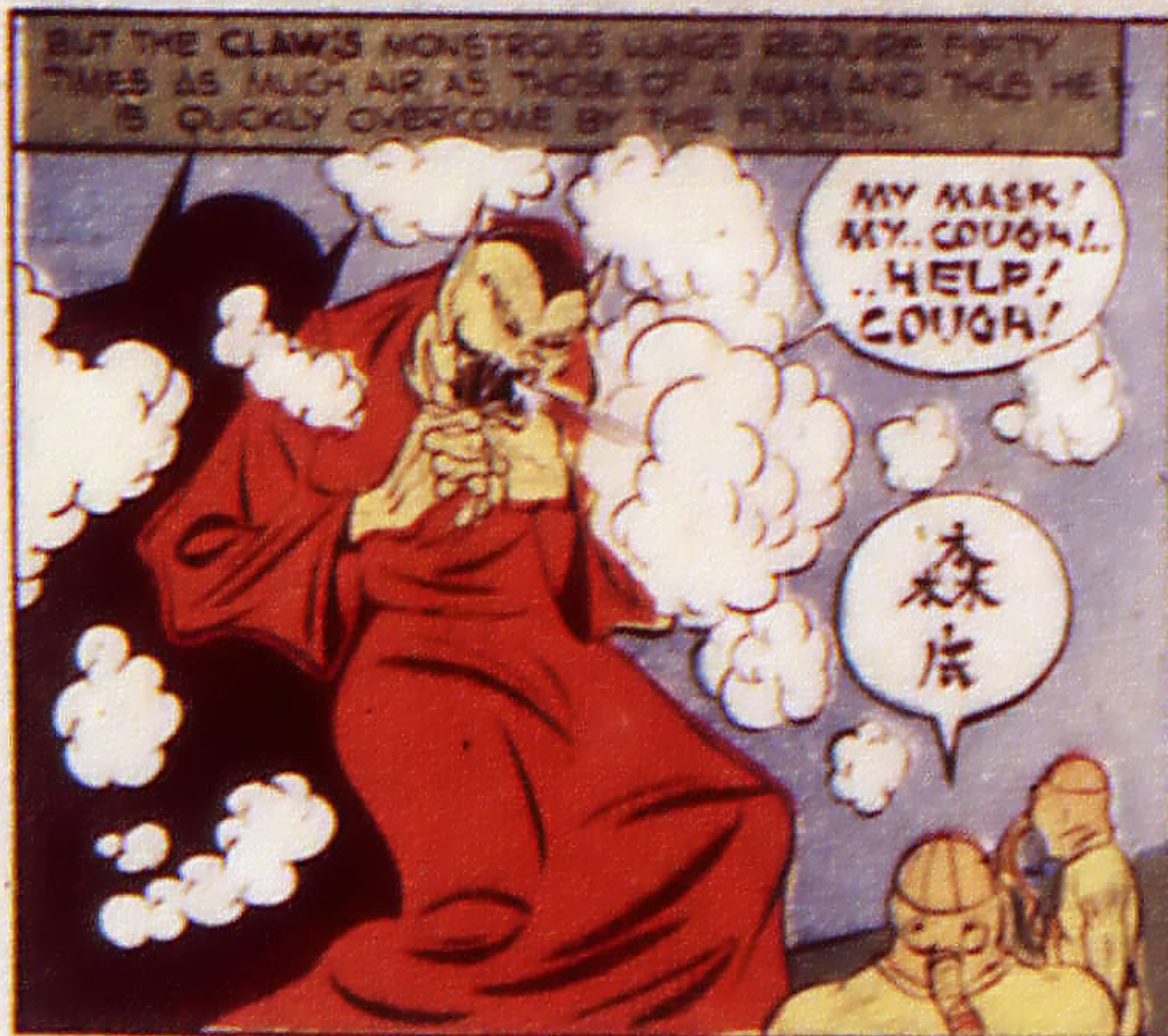
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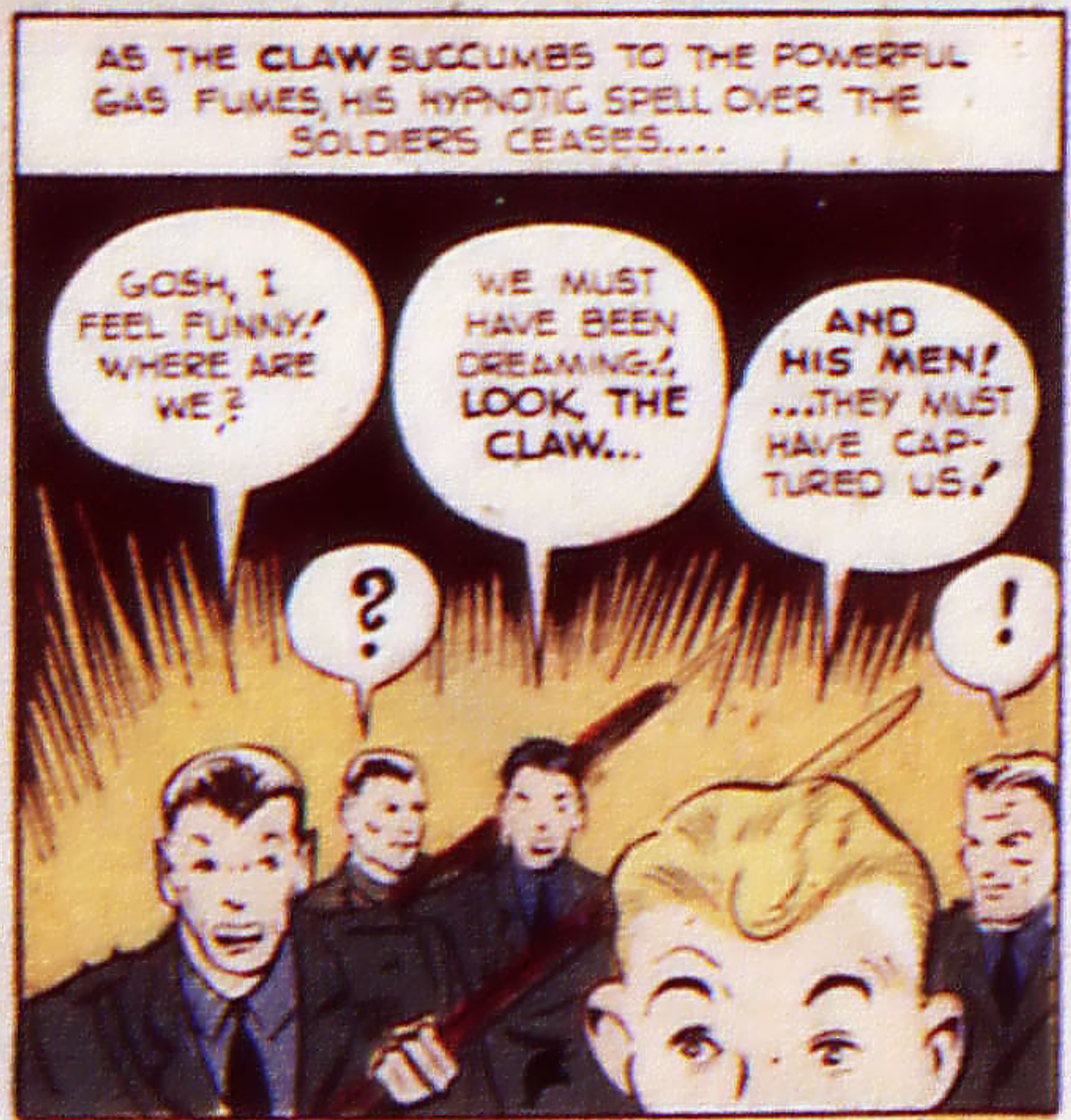
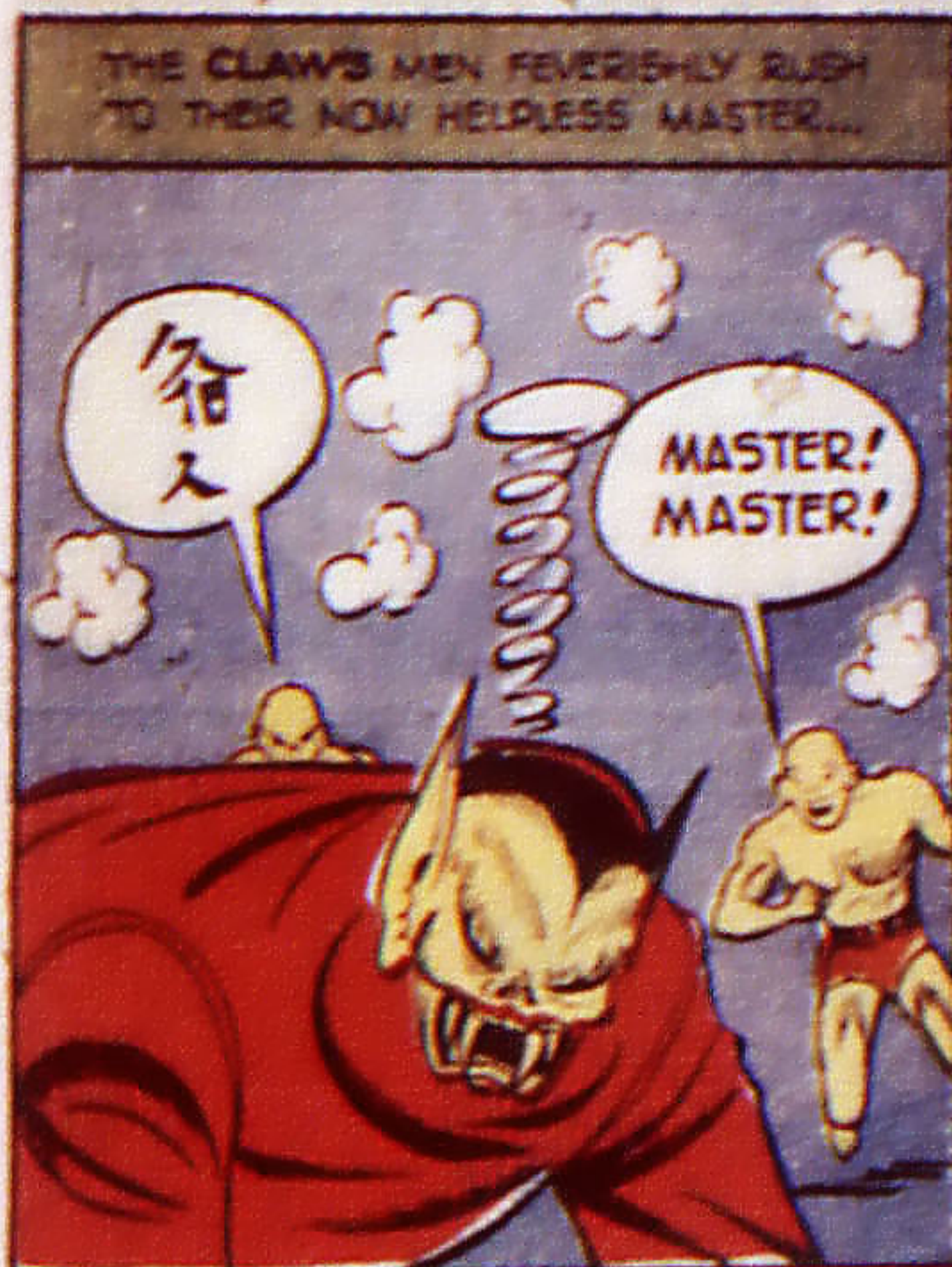


BEFORE THEY CAN GET FAR BILL TEARS INTO THE TWO ORIENTALS WITH THE FURY OF A MAD TIGER...

LET THE CLAW TASTE A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!







STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION WHICH HAS OVERCOME THE SOLDIERS, THE CLAW'S MEN ARE QUITE BEFUDDLED!



REALIZING THEY ARE NOW OUTNUMBERED, THE ORIENTALS CRINGE AND FLEE IN TERROR...



SOME ESCAPE... OTHERS ARE SEIZED, AND TAKEN CAPTIVE....



HEAVY CHAINS ARE SOON RUSHED TO THE SCENE WHERE THE CLAW IS LYING SEMI-CONSCIOUS...



DICK HOPKINS NOW FREE FROM THE CLAW'S HYPNOTIC SPELL, RECOGNIZES HIS BROTHER...



BILL!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN DREAMING AND HOW DID YOU GET HERE? BOY, WHERE DID I GET THIS SHINER?



FIRST YOU WERE HYPOTIZED BY THE CLAW... I DISCOVERED HE WAS HOLDING YOU CAPTIVE... AND... ER... THE BLACK EYE... I'M AFRAID I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT!



AT LAST... THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN IS IN CAPTIVITY! BEFORE THE CLAW COULD REGAIN HIS SENSES, THE MONSTER HAS BEEN CUSTLED INTO CHAINS.....



MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE MOUNTAIN THOSE OF THE CLAW'S MEN WHO GOT AWAY ARE ALREADY PLOTTING HIS ESCAPE.....



AMERICAN SWINE! THEY STAND AND SCOFF AT ME NOW... BUT MY MEN WILL NOT FAIL ME! MY TRUMP CARD IS YET TO BE PLAYED!



WHAT CAN THE CLAW MEAN BY HIS TRUMP CARD? CAN THE NATION FINALLY BREATHE EASILY... FREE FROM IMPENDING DANGER OF THIS HORRIBLE MONSTROSITY??? WE'D LIKE TO BELIEVE SO, BUT KNOWING THE CLAW AS WE DO, WE'RE RATHER DOUBTFUL--THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT... ORDER YOUR OCT. ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL COMICS NOW, SO YOU WON'T MISS IT!

L

LONDON

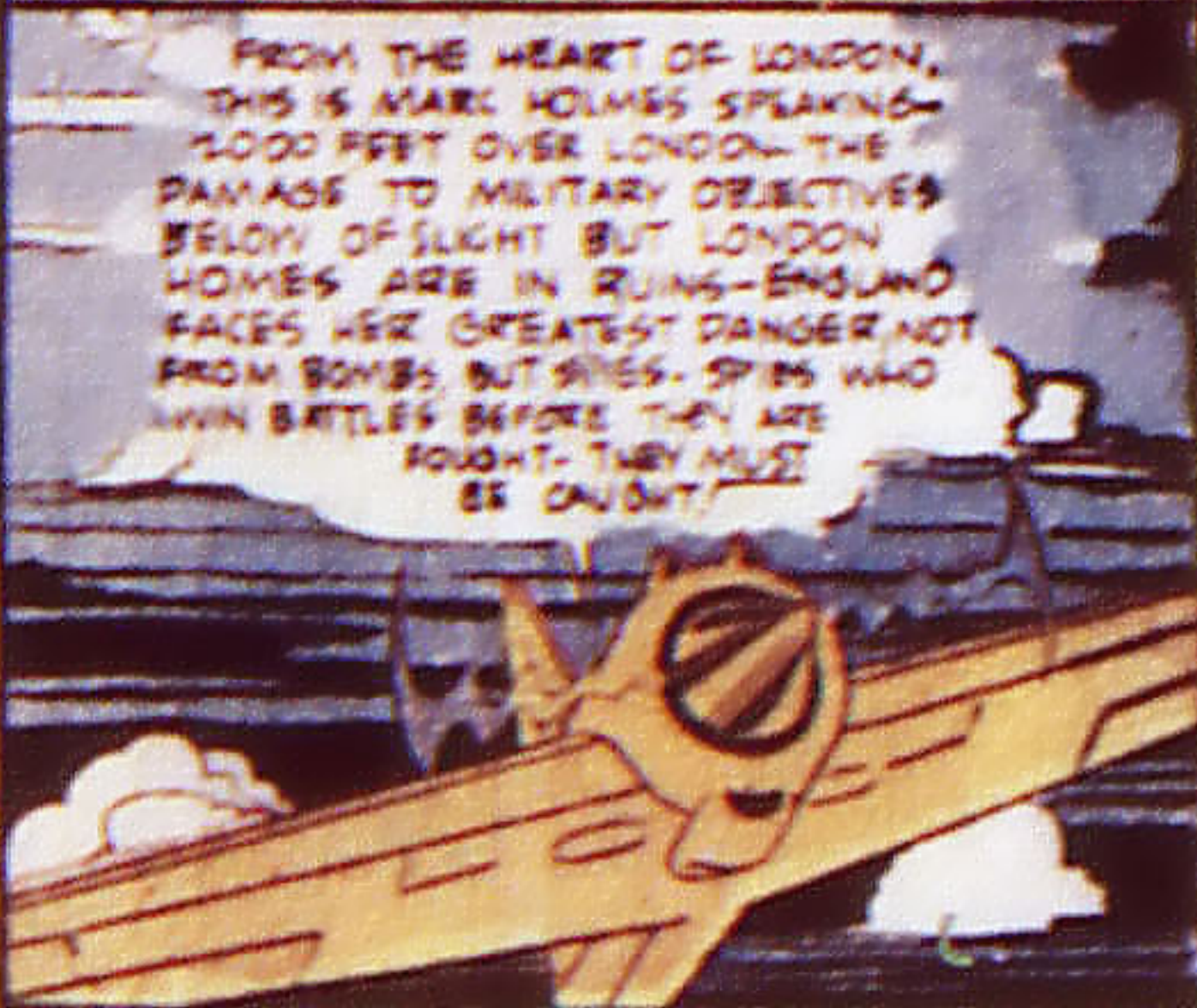


by JERRY
BRONSON

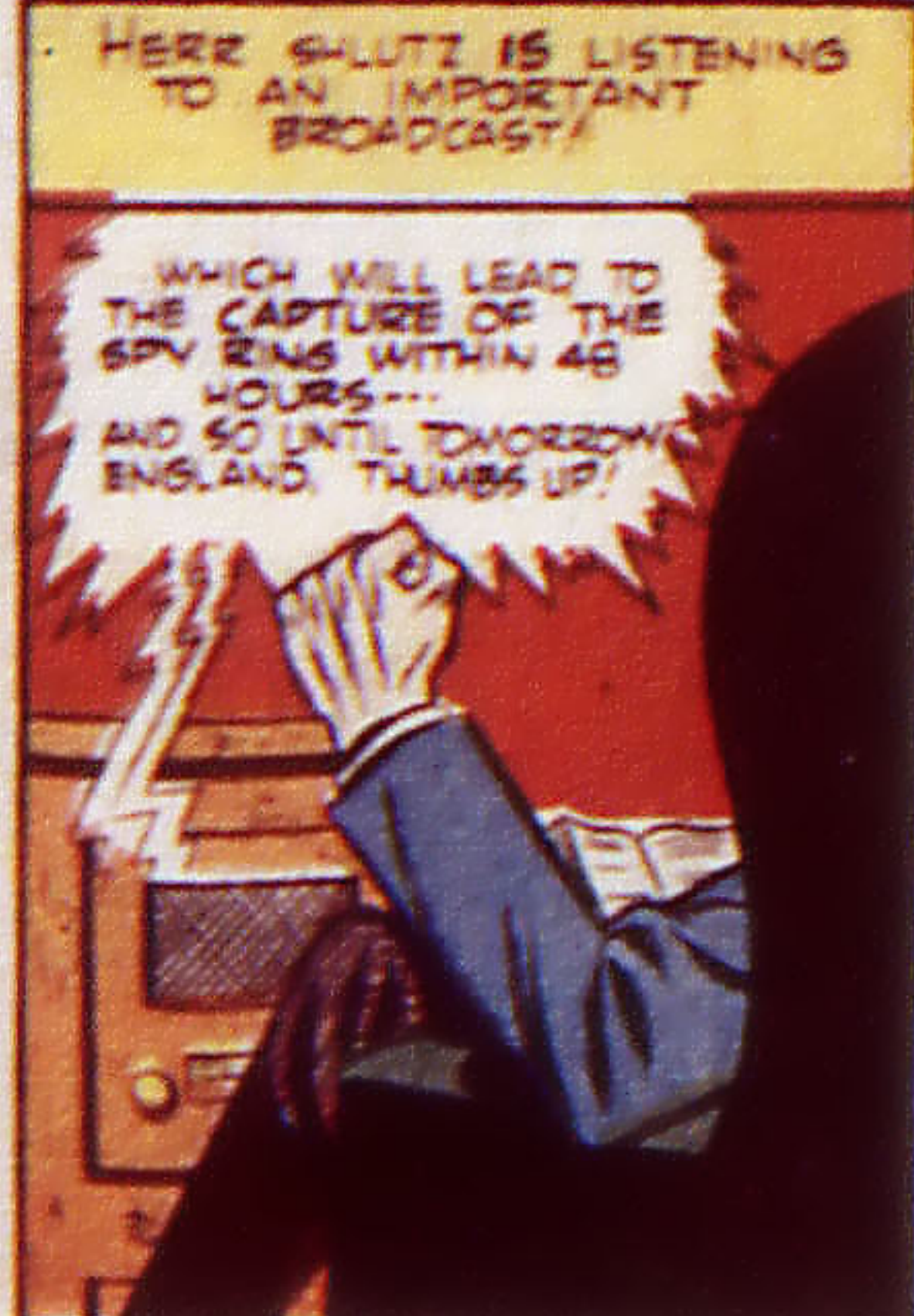
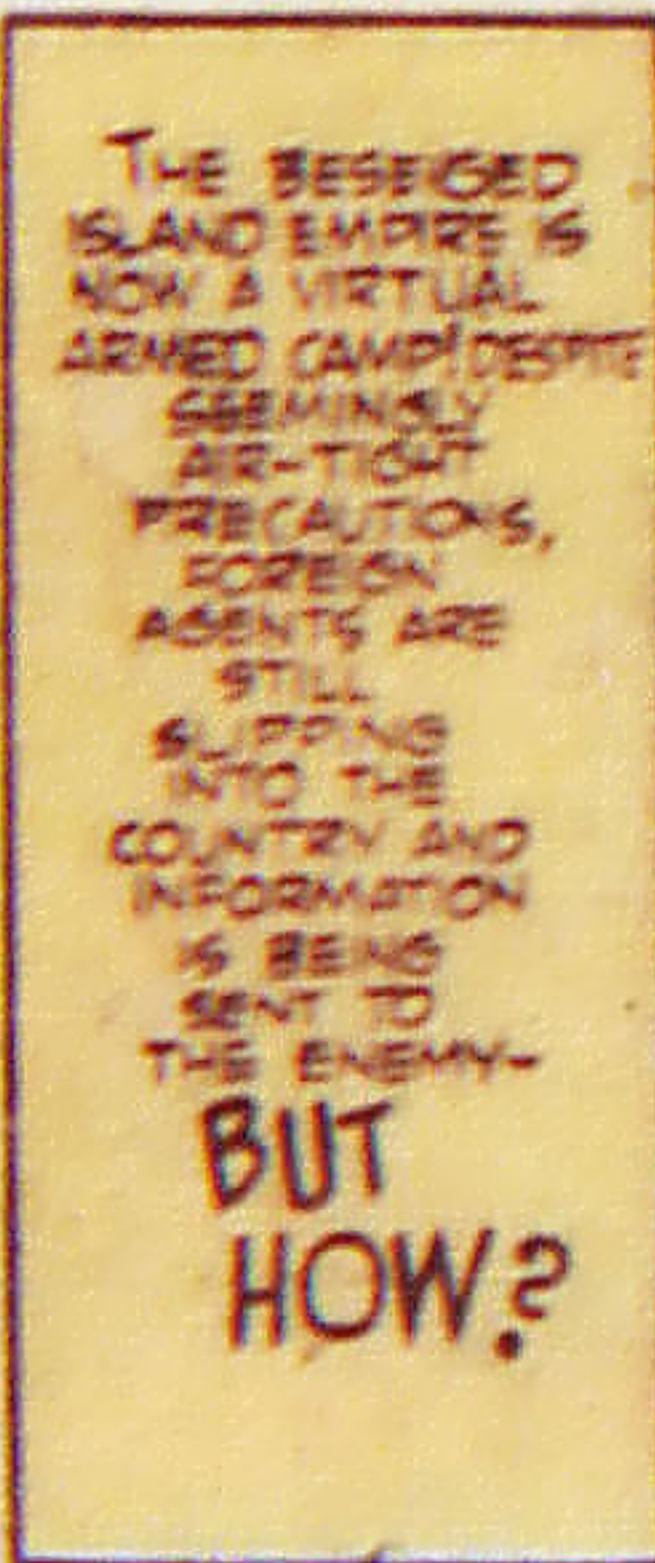


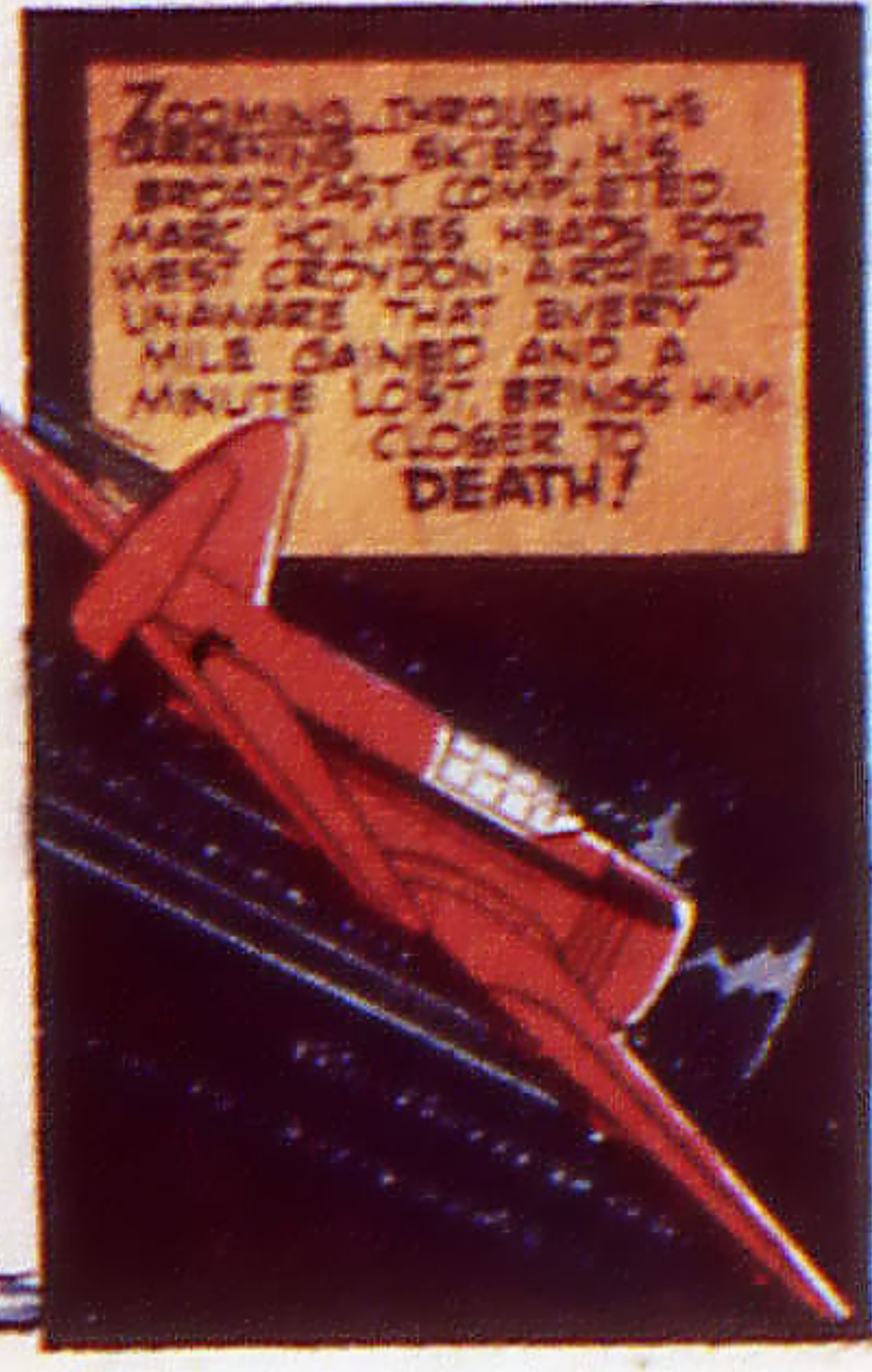
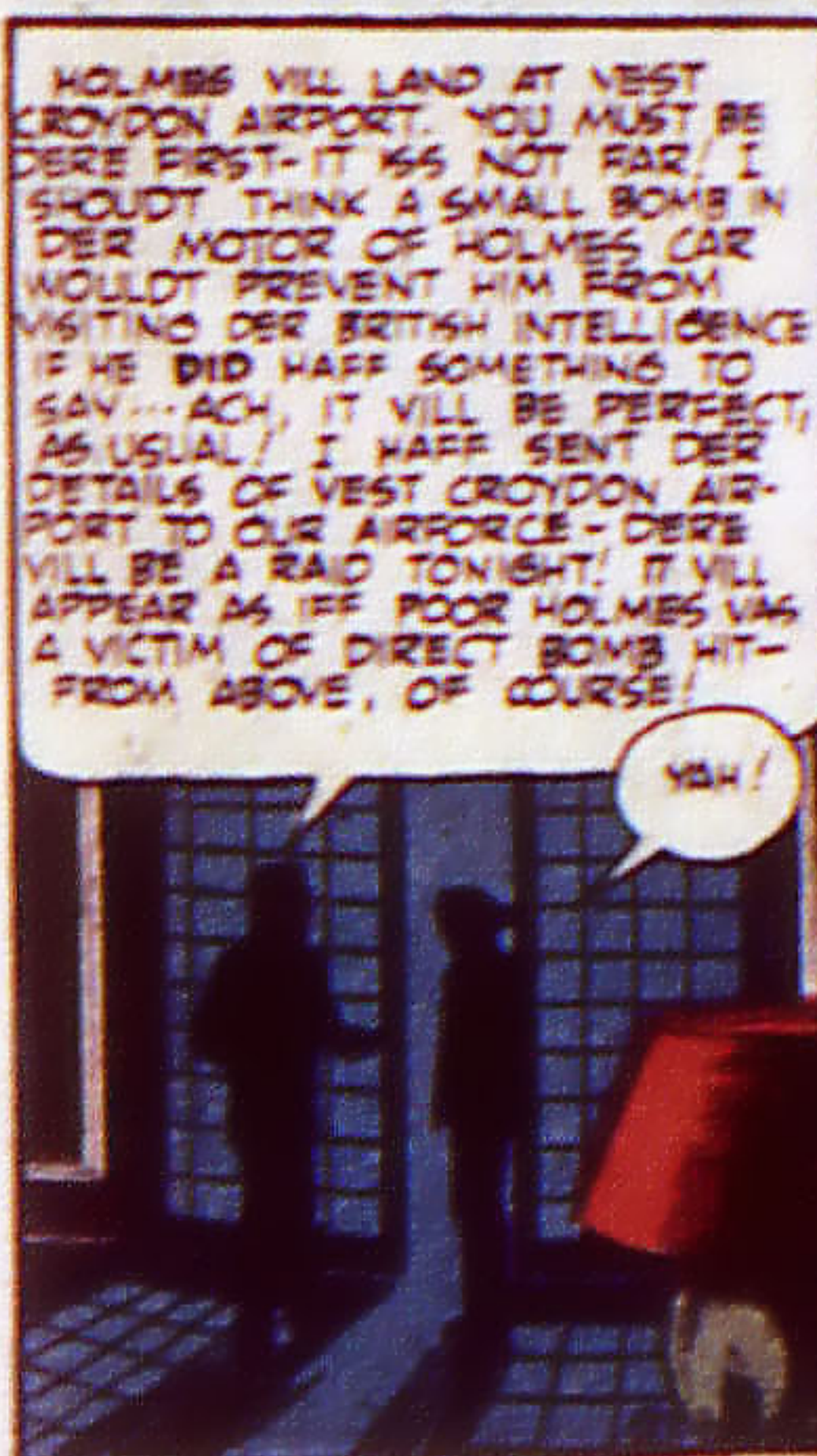
EMERGING FROM THE CHAOS AND DEBRIS OF WARTORN ENGLAND, IS A DEBONAIR FIGURE WHO, WITH HIS CHARM AND DASHING BRAVADO, INJECTS A NEW SPIRIT INTO THE HEARTS OF THE FIGHTING BRITONS! FROM MELBOURNE TO BOMBAY FROM COVENTRY TO SUEZ, SPEED FANTASTIC STORIES OF THIS STARTLING NEW CHARACTER WHO SUCCESSFULLY MATCHES WITS WITH THE MOST CUNNING AGENTS... MASTERS OF ESPIONAGE WHO HAVE COME TO FEAR AND EVEN ADMIRE HIM, - THIS MAN--KNOWN SIMPLY AS... LONDON --FOR HE IS LONDON--THE LIVING, BREATHING, REALITY TO PROVE LONDON CAN TAKE IT!

ABOVE THE BOMBED CITY OF LONDON, A LONG PLANE CIRCLES--A BRILLIANT REPORTER BROADCASTS HIS BROADCAST--



FROM THE HEART OF LONDON, THIS IS MARC HOLMES SPEAKING-- 12000 FEET OVER LONDON--THE DAMAGE TO MILITARY OBJECTIVES BELOW OF SLIGHT BUT LONDON HOMES ARE IN RUINS--ENGLAND FACES HER GREATEST DANGER NOT FROM BOMBS BUT SPIES--SPIES WHO WIN BATTLES BEFORE THEY ARE FOUGHT--THEY MUST BE CAUGHT!





MINUTES LATER, HOLMES LANDS, EASING HIMSELF FROM THE COCKPIT—HE SUDDENLY HALTS—

I SAY! OUT THAT SOME-ONE FOOLING AROUND WITH MY CAR!

I'VE HAD TWO CARS STOLEN LAST YEAR! THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS! IT SEEMS BOMBERS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES BUSY DURING BLACKOUTS!

COMING SILENTLY FROM BEHIND, HOLMES GENTLY TAPS THE "THEF" ON THE SHOULDER—

I SAY—YOU KNOW— I HAVE TWO STRIKES ON ME ALREADY!

THREE STRIKES AND YOU'RE OUT!

I'M GOING TO SCOTLAND YARD ANYWAY, ON MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS, BUT I THINK I'LL BRING YOU ALONG!

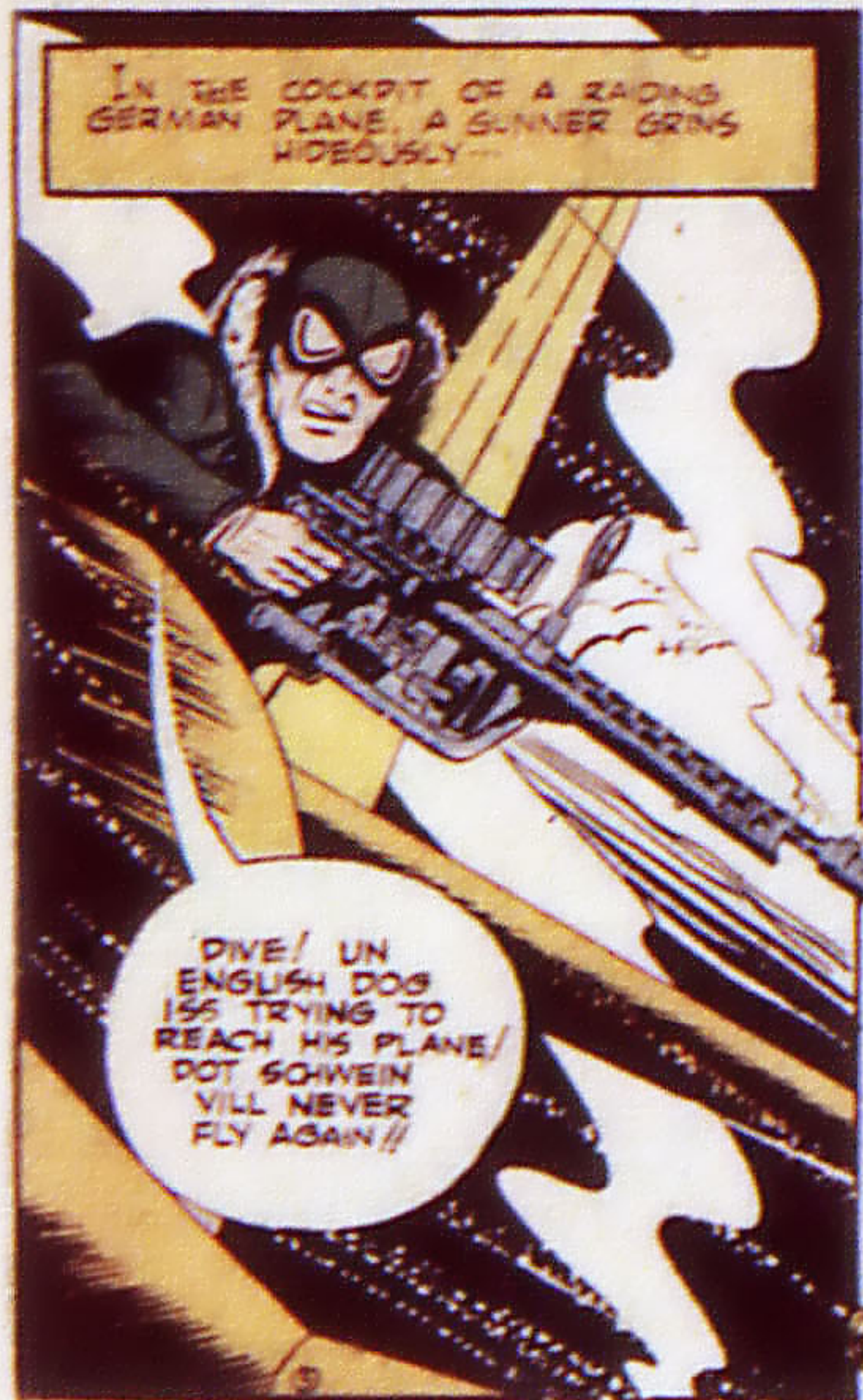
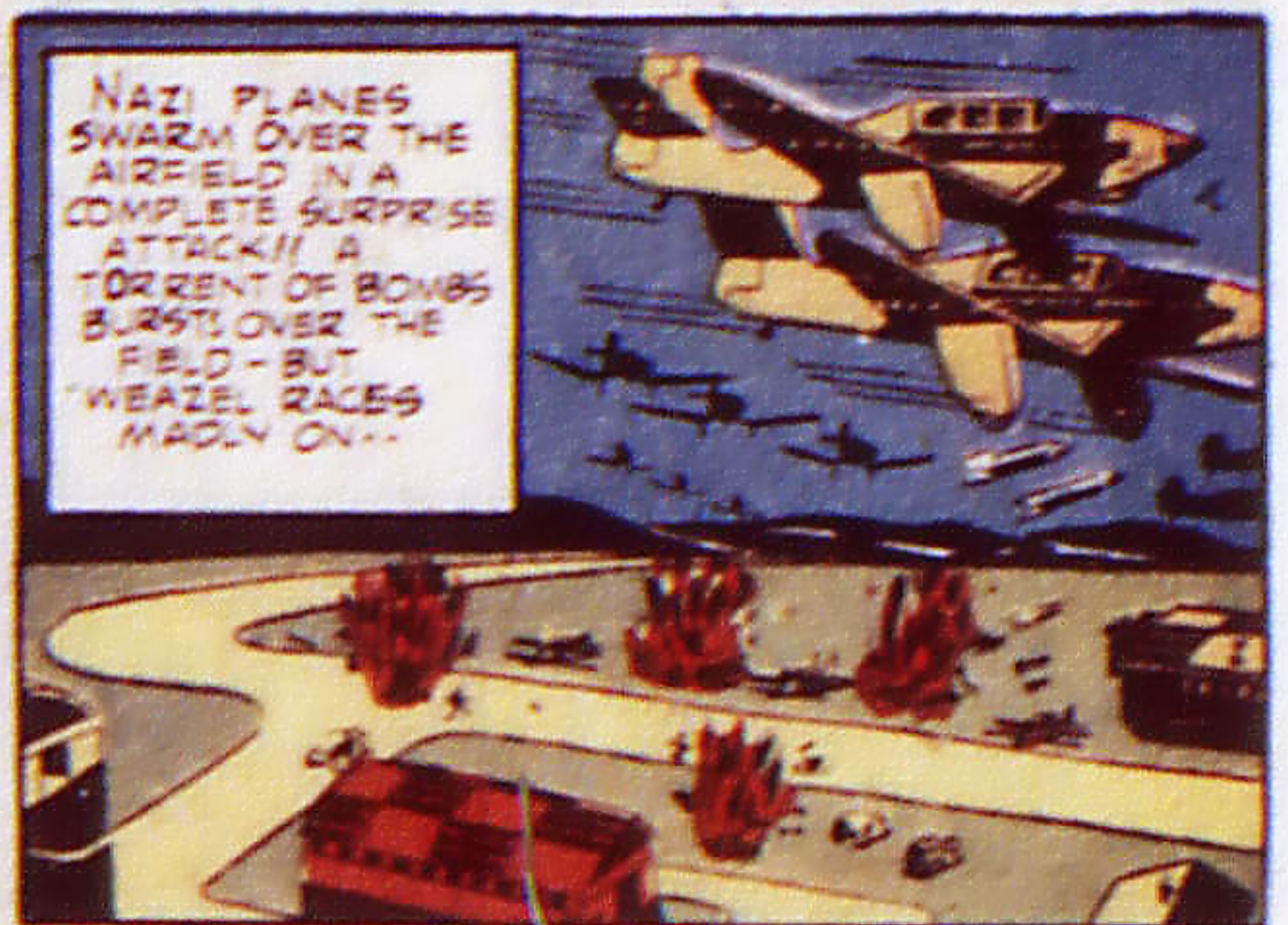
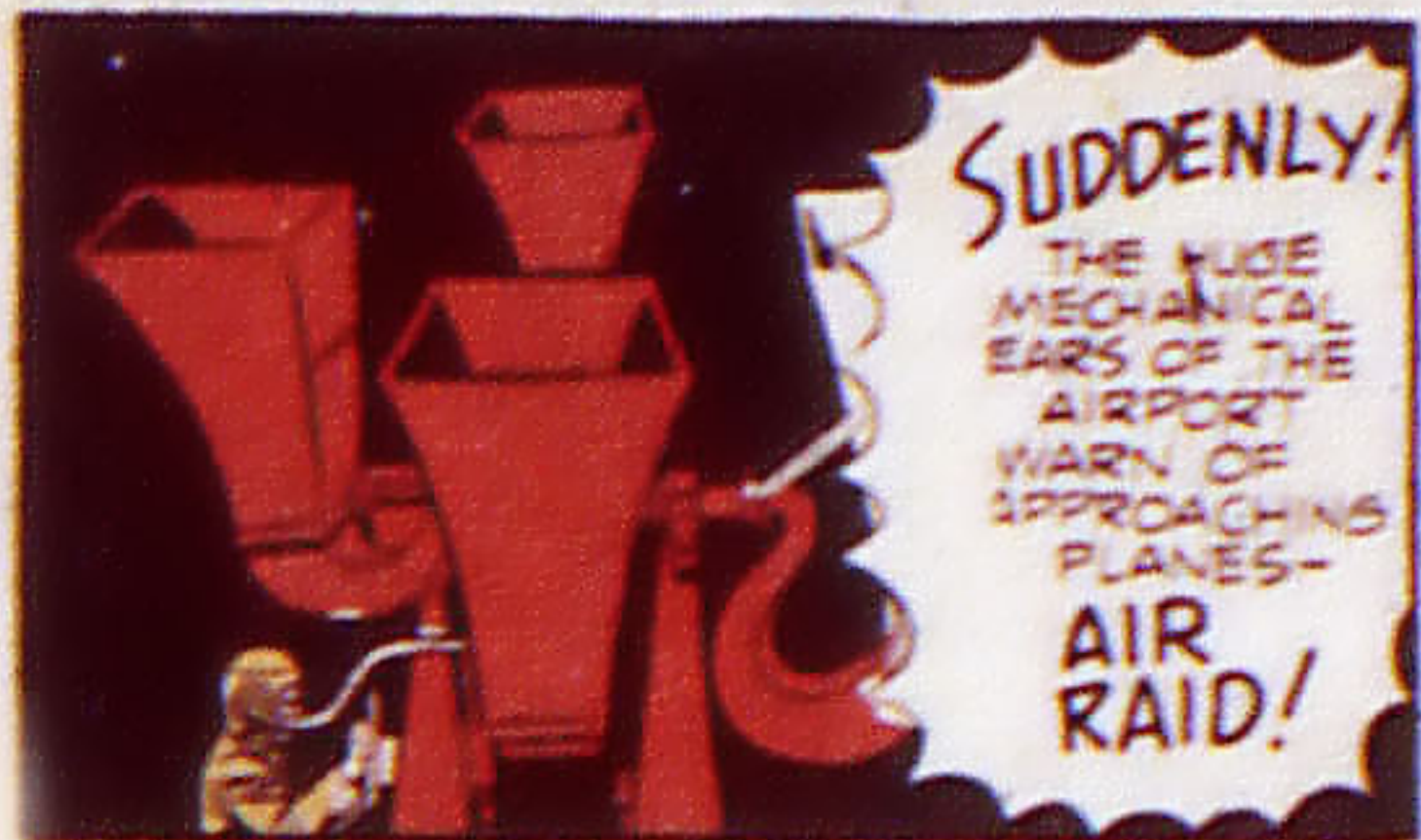
OK BUDDY, GET IN— IF YOU'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW—HOW THE CAR RUNS— I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A LITTLE RIDE— ONLY ONE WAY OF COURSE! THE INSPECTOR WILL PROBABLY WANT YOU TO STAY AWHILE!

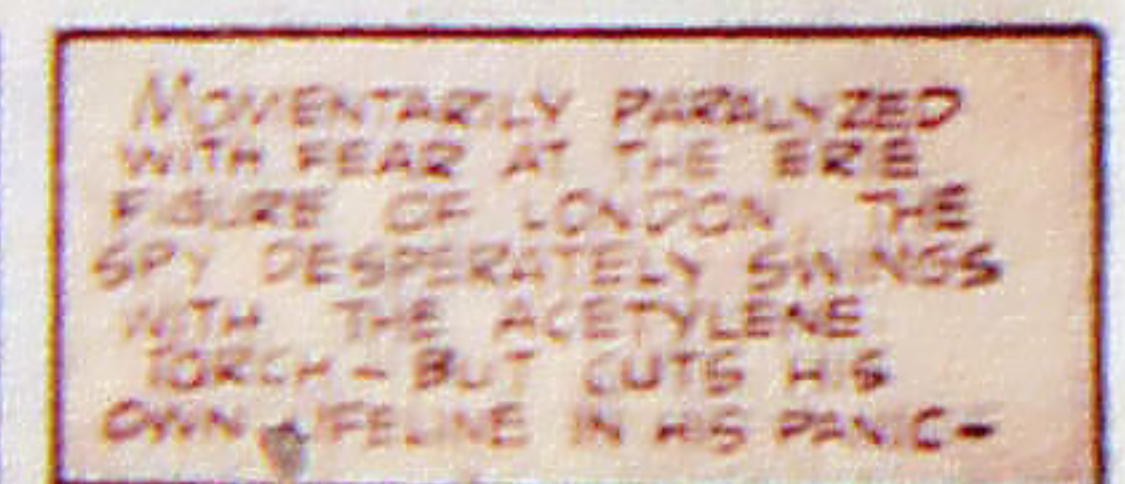
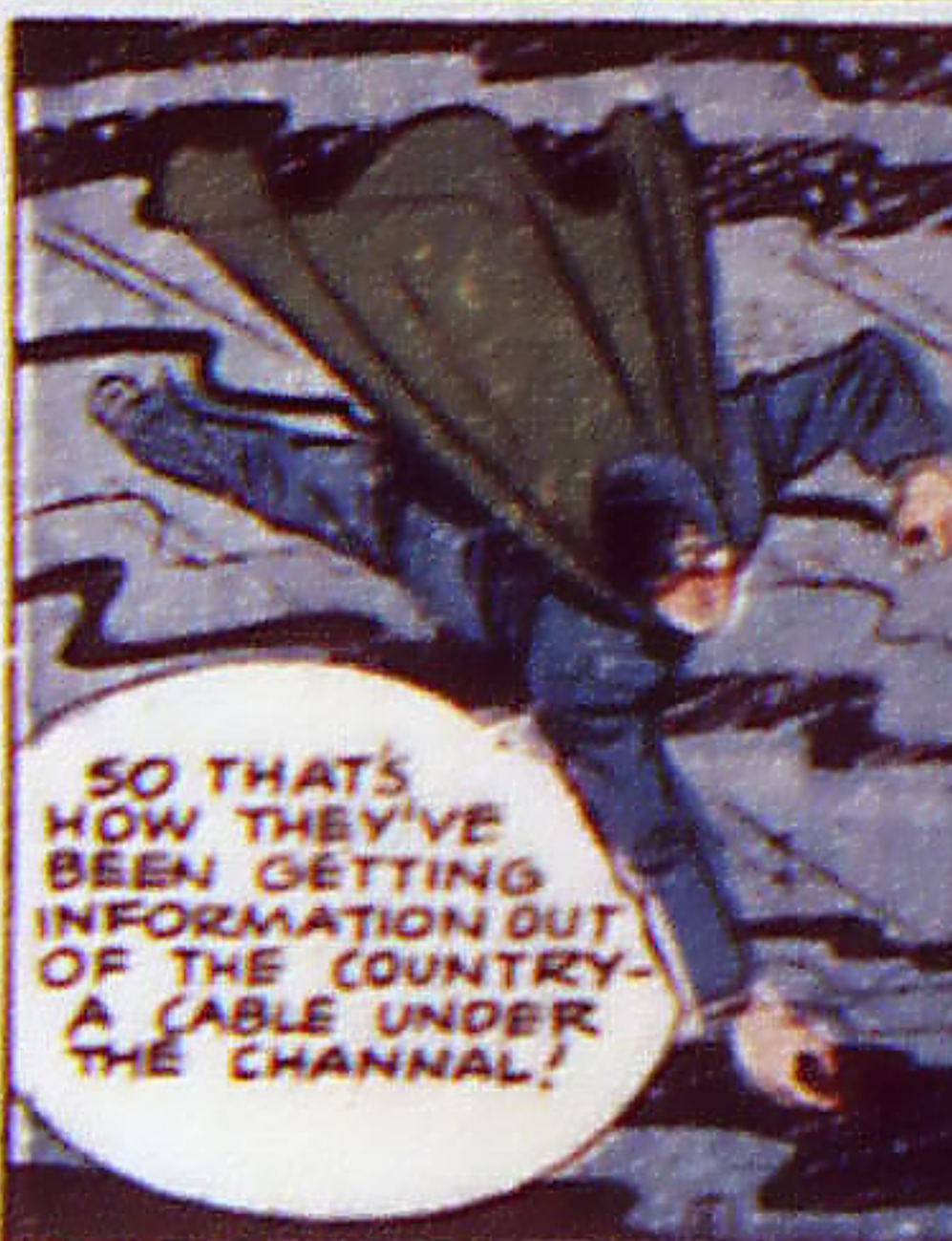
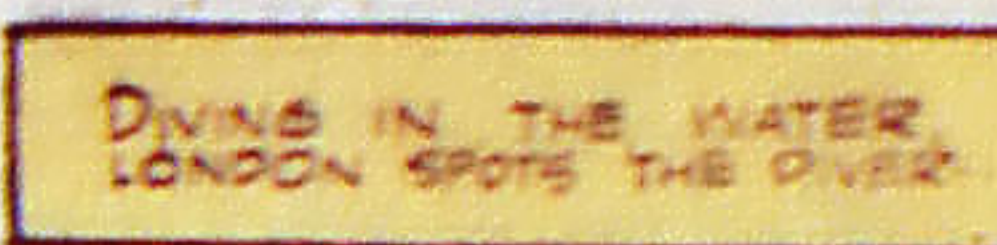
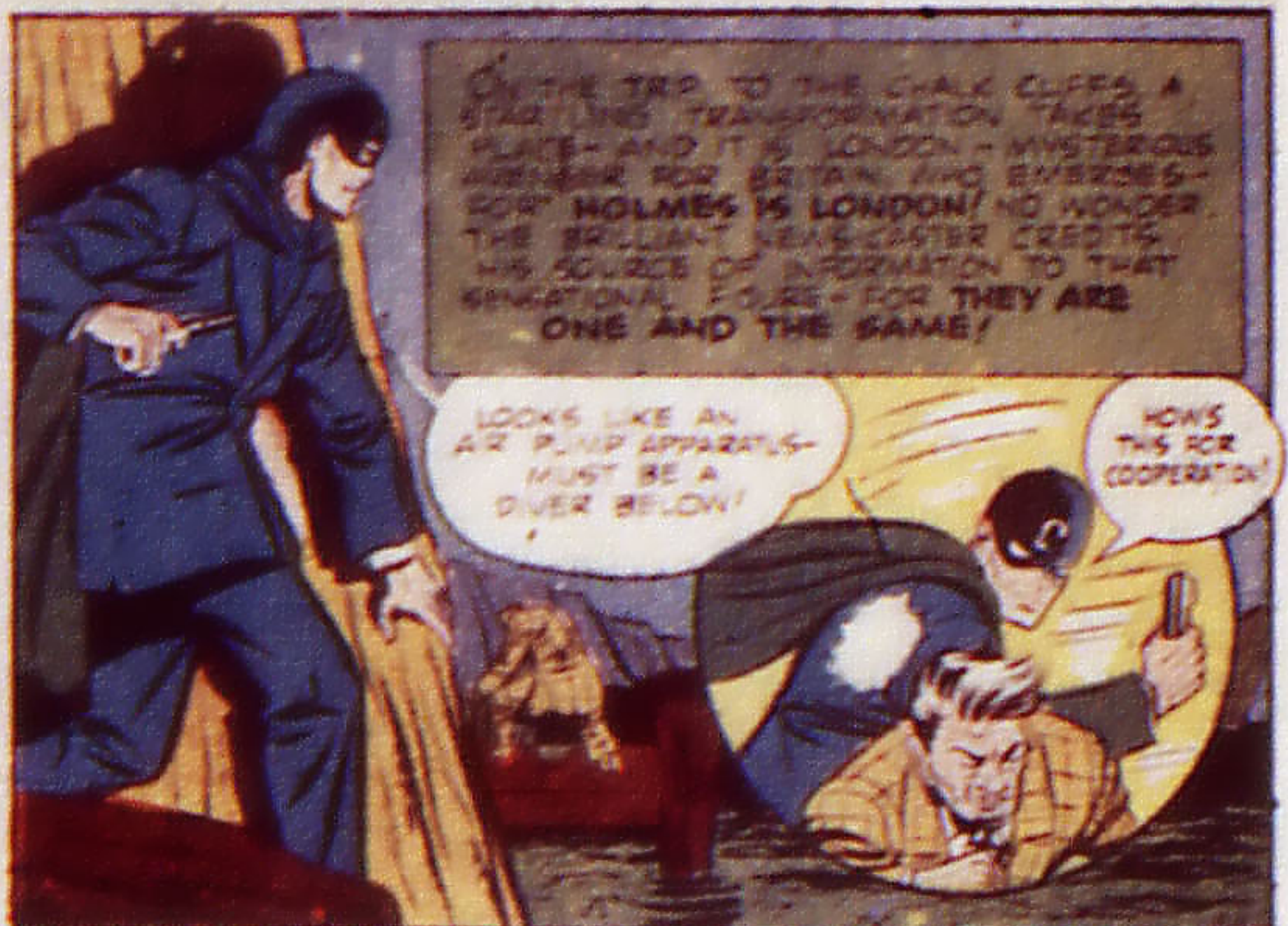
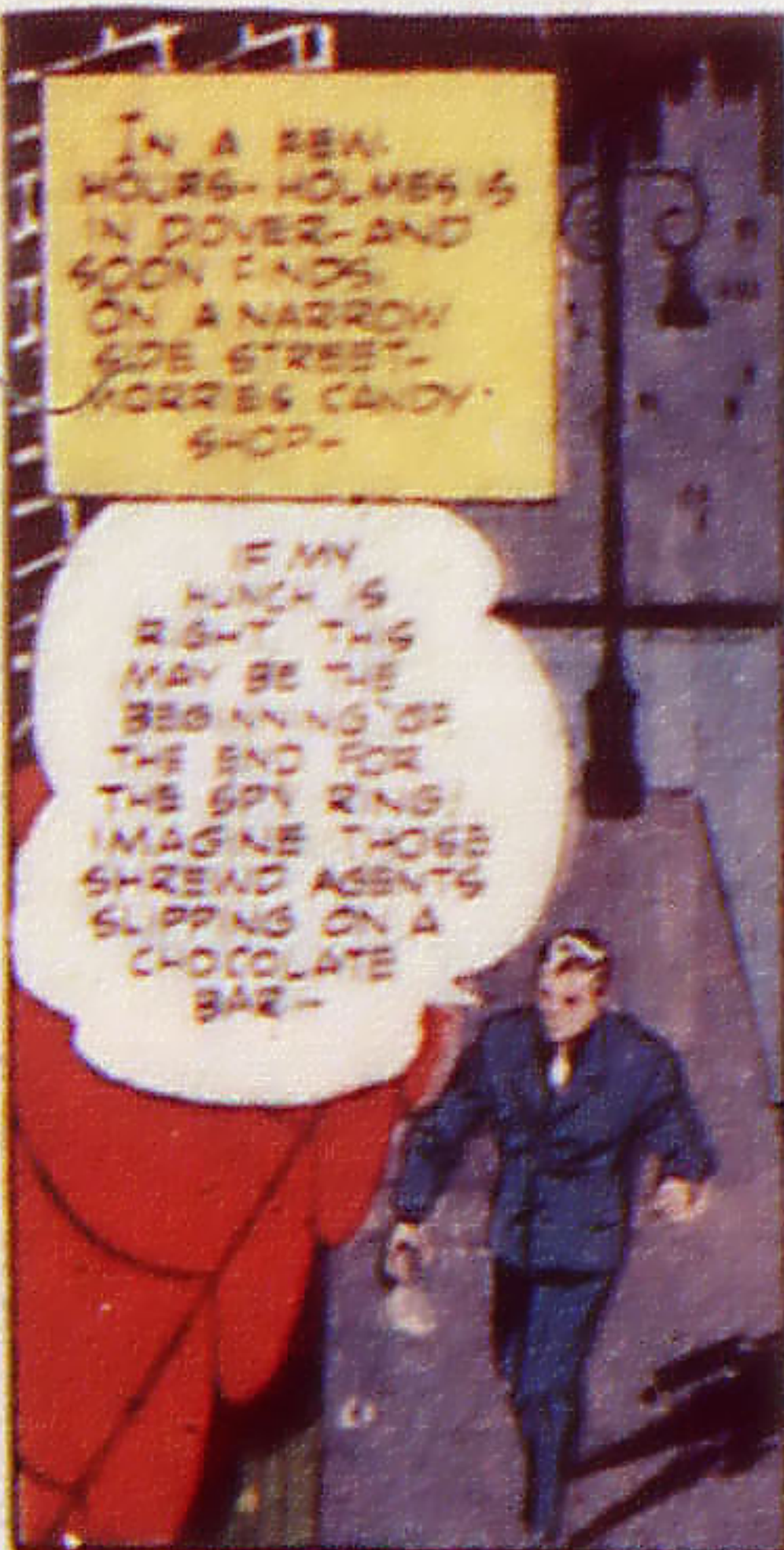
MARC QUICKLY CLAMPS HANDCUFFS ON THE STUNNED WEAZEL—

WHAT?

HIMMEL! DON'T PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN! DON'T START DER CAR!

WE'LL BOTH BE BLOWN TO BITS! DERE IS A BOMB ATTACHED TO DER MOTOR— DER STARTER WILL SET IT OFF! IT ISS GO— LOOK FOR YOURSELF! I WILL BE KILLED! IT WILL BE MURDER!





REMOVING THE PHONE-PIECE FROM THE DIVER'S HELMET. LONDON QUICKLY BRINGS IT ABOVE WATER, AS A CLEVER PLAN FORMS IN HIS MIND--

THIS IS AGENT SENT TO DISPOSE OF HOLMES--HE IS TAKEN CARE OF, BUT DER ENGLISH INTELLIGENCE IS CLOSE ON OUR TRAIL. NOW IS DER TIME FOR OUR GREAT LEADER, HESST, TO COME AND LEAD US IN MASS SABOTAGE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! YAH! SOODT! AND FIFTY SPECIAL AGENTS! SOODT! YOU SAY THEY WILL LAND ON HERR SHLUTZ ESTATE NEAR CRUTON TOMORROW NIGHT? VERY SOODT!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AT SHLUTZ ESTATE, LONDON, BRITISH OFFICERS AND TOMMIES ARREST THE NAZIS.

TOO BAD WE MISSED SHLUTZ, HE MUST HAVE JUST GOT OUT IN TIME!

YES, BUT HESST AND THE BEST NAZI AGENTS WILL BE BIGGER CATCH!



SUDDENLY NAZI TRANSPORTS ROAR OVERHEAD--AND SILENTLY DROP THEIR CARGO OF AGENTS EQUIPPED WITH BLACK PARACHUTES--

THIS IS HOW THE DEADLY CLEVER MASTER OF ESPIONAGE, HESST, HAS FLOODED THE ISLAND WITH HIS SPIES!! BLACK PARACHUTES WHICH, AT NIGHT, BECOME ALMOST INVISIBLE--



DOWN THEY DROP LIKE SILENT BUGS OF DESTRUCTION--WITH THE INFAMOUS HESST HIMSELF!



I HAF COME TO SAVE HUMANITY!



SWIFTLY THE ENGLISH TOMMIES ROUND UP THE NAZIS AS LONDON STEPS FORTH

YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN GERMANY AND SAVED YOUR HIDE, HESST!

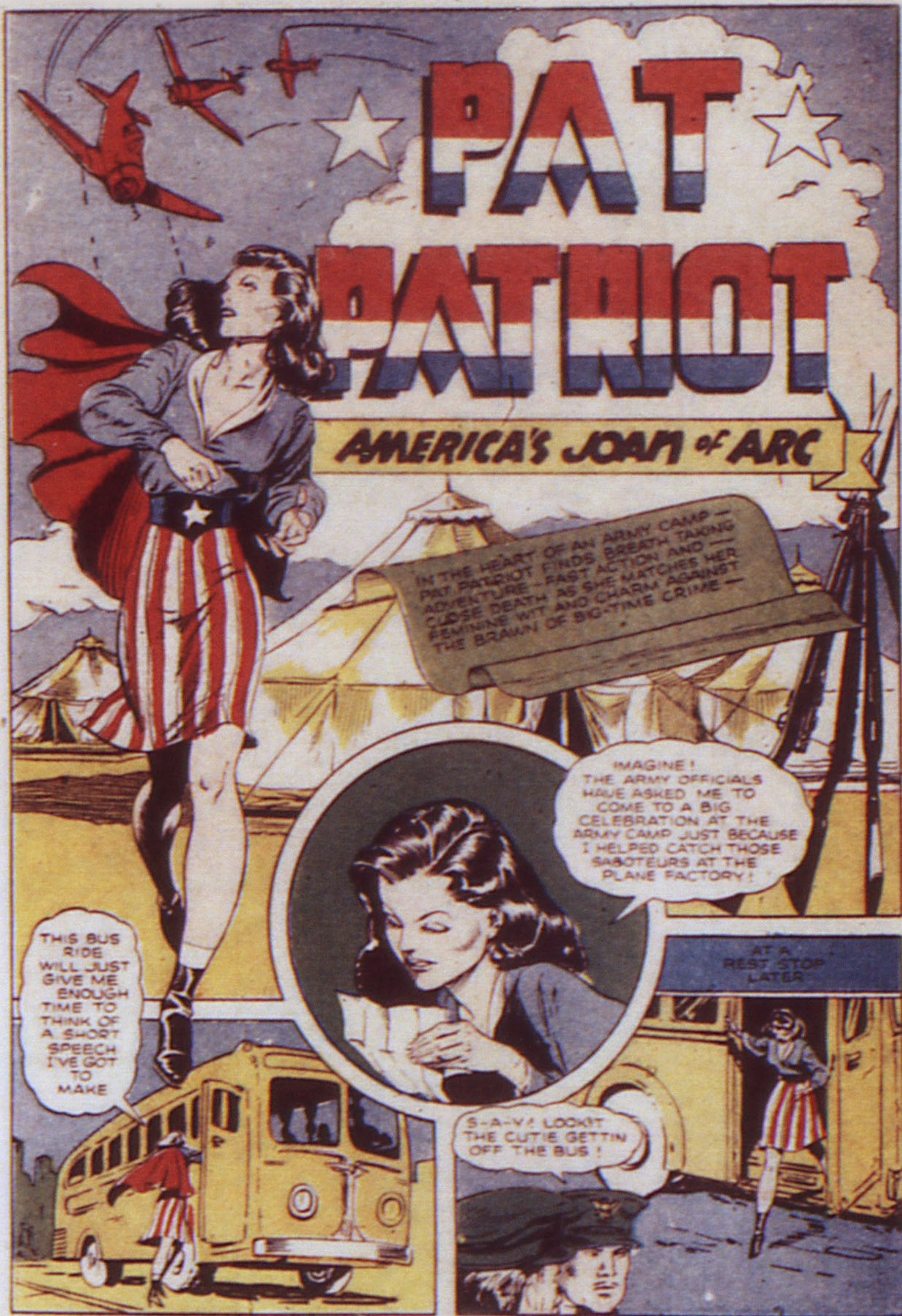


SUDDENLY HESST'S HAND NERVOUSLY DARTS FOR AN AUTOMATIC IN HIS BELT--BUT--



EXTRA LONDON TIMES EXTRA
HESST LANDS BY PARACHUTE IN ENGLAND
LONDON LEADS CAPTURE OF HEAD NAZI AND FIFTY NAZI SPIES
UNKNOWN HERO OF THE EMPIRE DISCOVERED AN UNDERWATER CABLE LEADING TO OCCUPIED FRANCE ACROSS THE CHANNEL. THE SPIES MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.
THE NAZI AGENTS LANDED NEAR CRUTON BY BLACK PARACHUTES, WHICH AT NIGHT WERE ALMOST INVISIBLE. THIS WAS THE MASTER OF ESPIONAGE, HESST, WHO HAD BEEN ARRESTED BY THE ENGLISH TOMMIES.

AND SO, ONCE AGAIN THE MAN OF THE HOUR, LONDON, HAS THROWN A MONKEY WRENCH INTO THE ENEMY WAR MACHINE, AND NOW, HATED BY ALL NAZI MILITARY MEN, HE BECOMES THE MAJOR TARGET FOR THEIR AGENTS--CAN EVEN LONDON SURVIVE THIS ALL OUT DRIVE TO WIPE HIM FROM THE GLOBE? DON'T MISS THE THRILLING ANSWER IN NEXT MONTH'S DAREDEVIL COMICS!!



PAT

PATRIOT

AMERICA'S JOAN of ARC

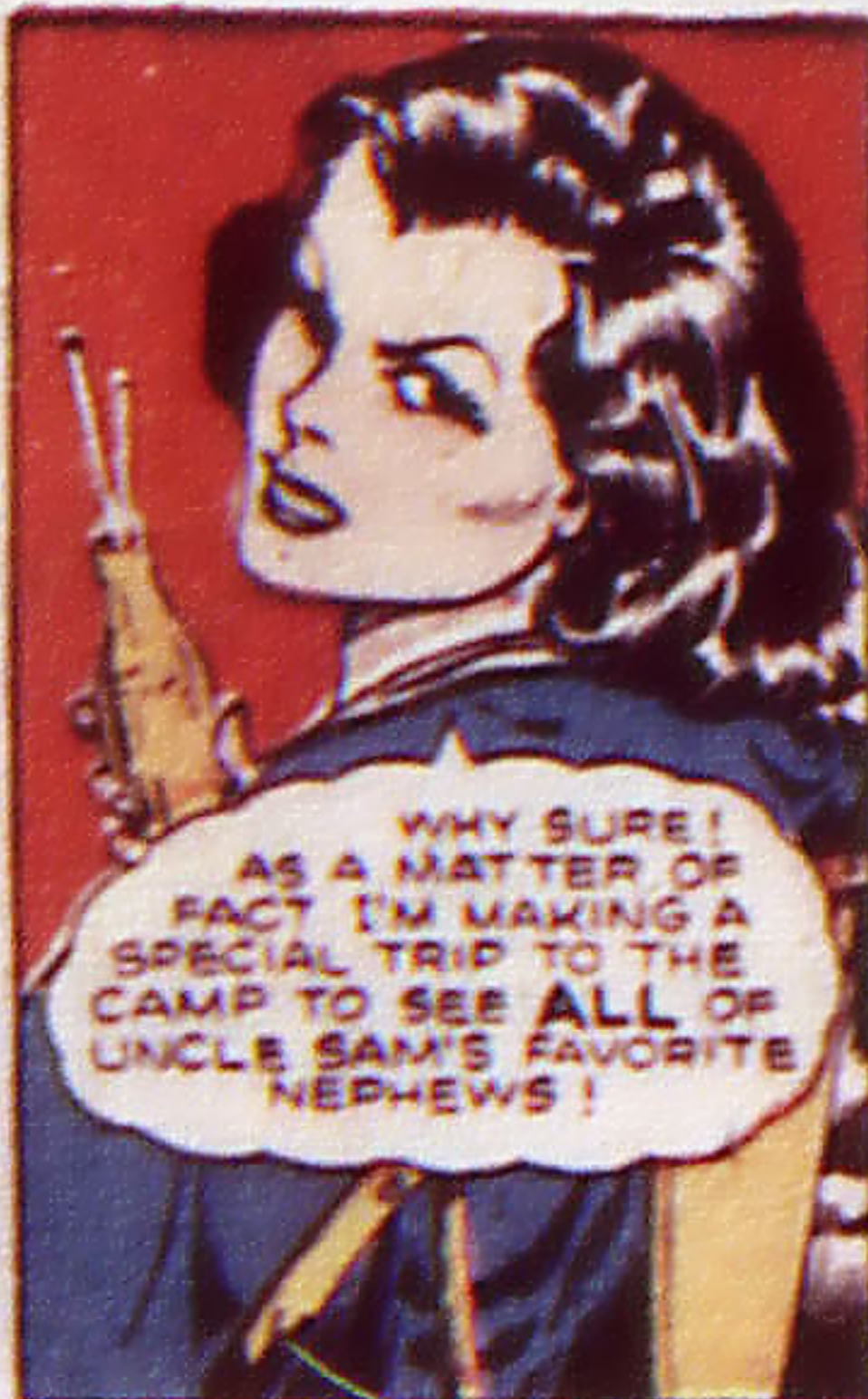
IN THE HEART OF AN ARMY CAMP -
PAT PATRIOT FINDS BREATH TAKING
ADVENTURE - FAST ACTION AND
CLOSE DEATH AS SHE MATCHES HER
FEMININE WIT AND CHARM AGAINST
THE BRAIN OF BIG-TIME CRIME -

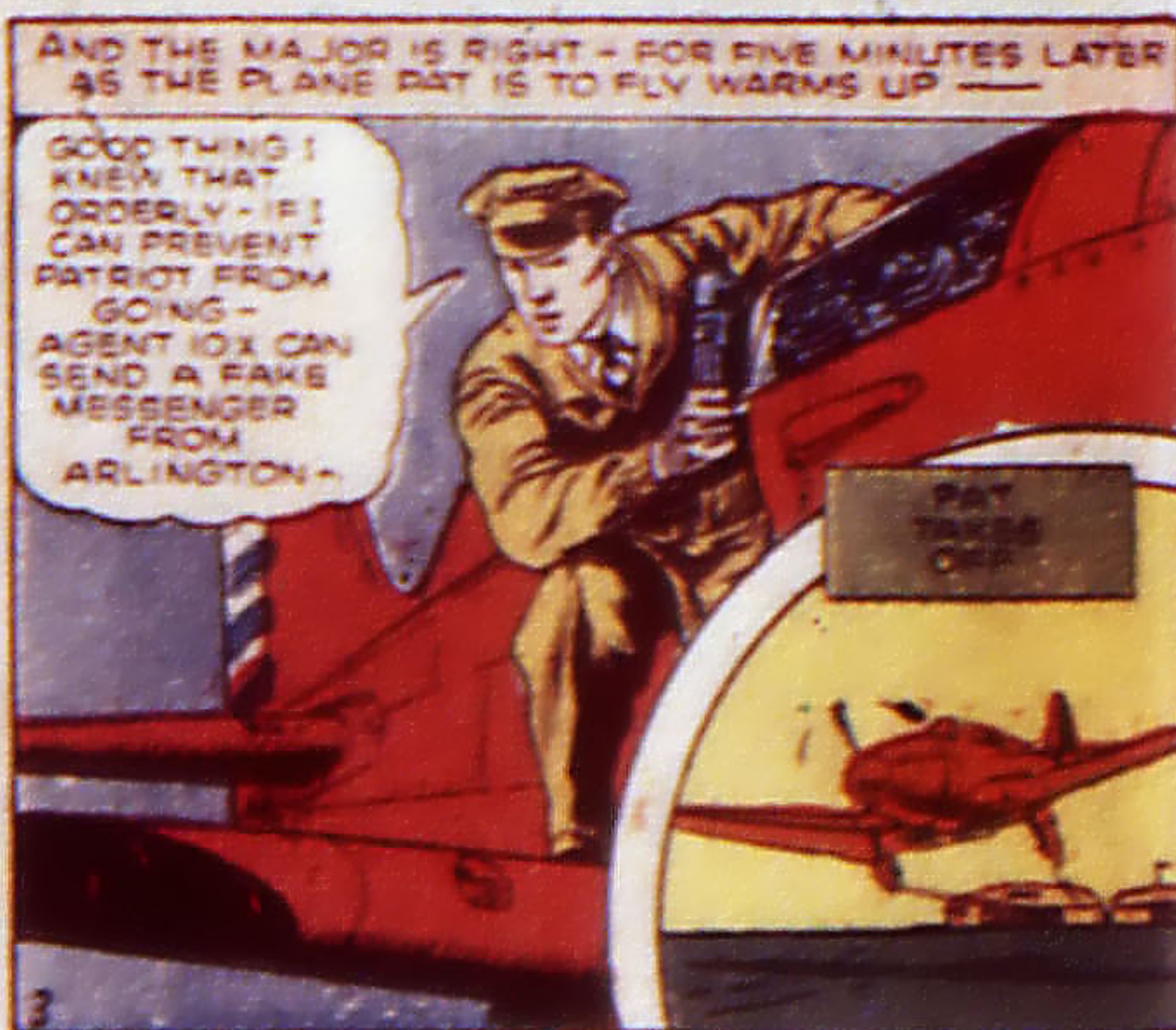
THIS BUS
RIDE
WILL JUST
GIVE ME
ENOUGH
TIME TO
THINK OF
A SHORT
SPEECH
I'VE GOT
TO MAKE

IMAGINE!
THE ARMY OFFICIALS
HAVE ASKED ME TO
COME TO A BIG
CELEBRATION AT THE
ARMY CAMP JUST BECAUSE
I HELPED CATCH THOSE
SABOTEURS AT THE
PLANE FACTORY!

AT A
REST STOP
LATER...

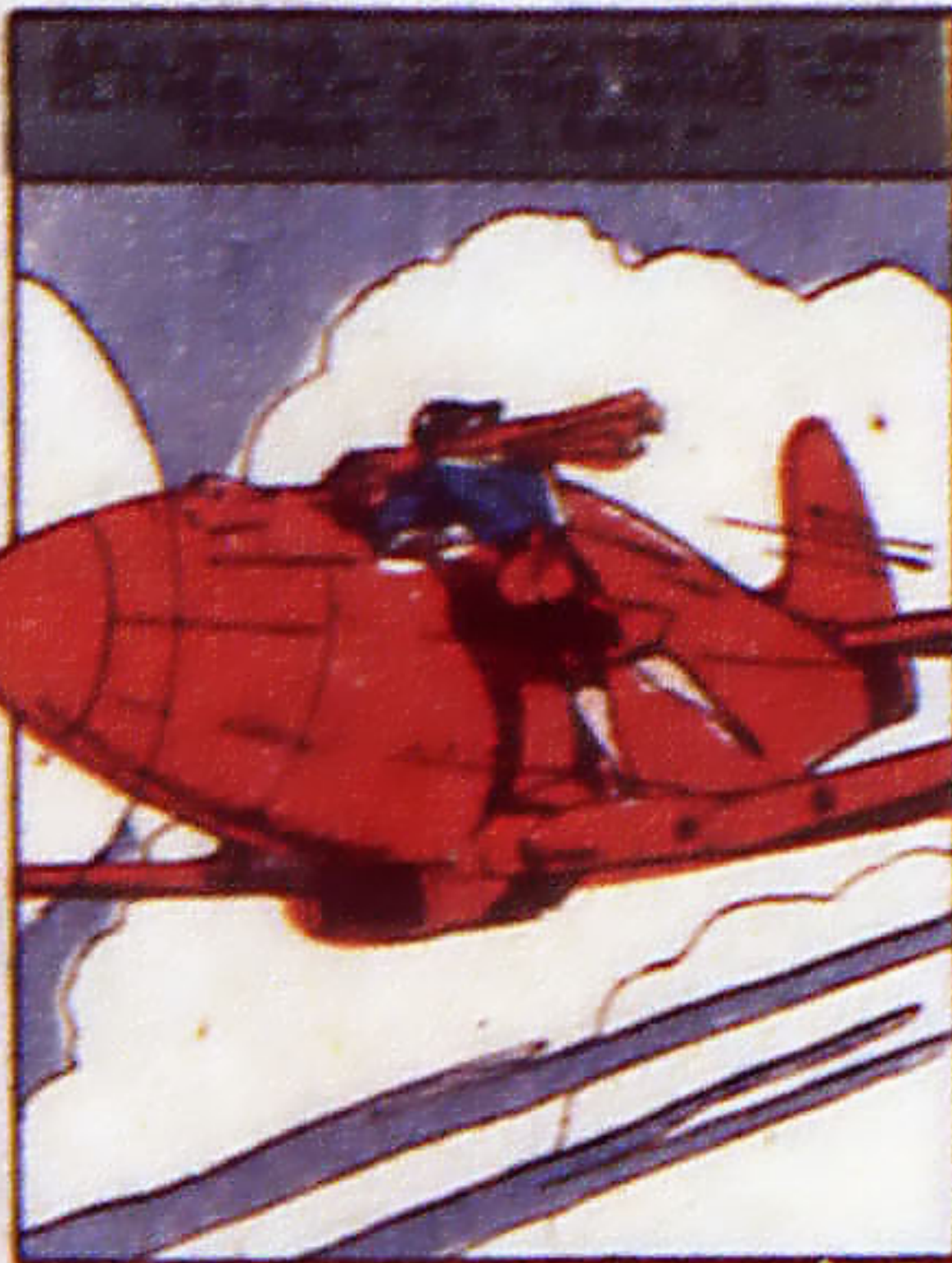
S-A-Y! LOOK!
THE CUTIE GETTIN
OFF THE BUS!



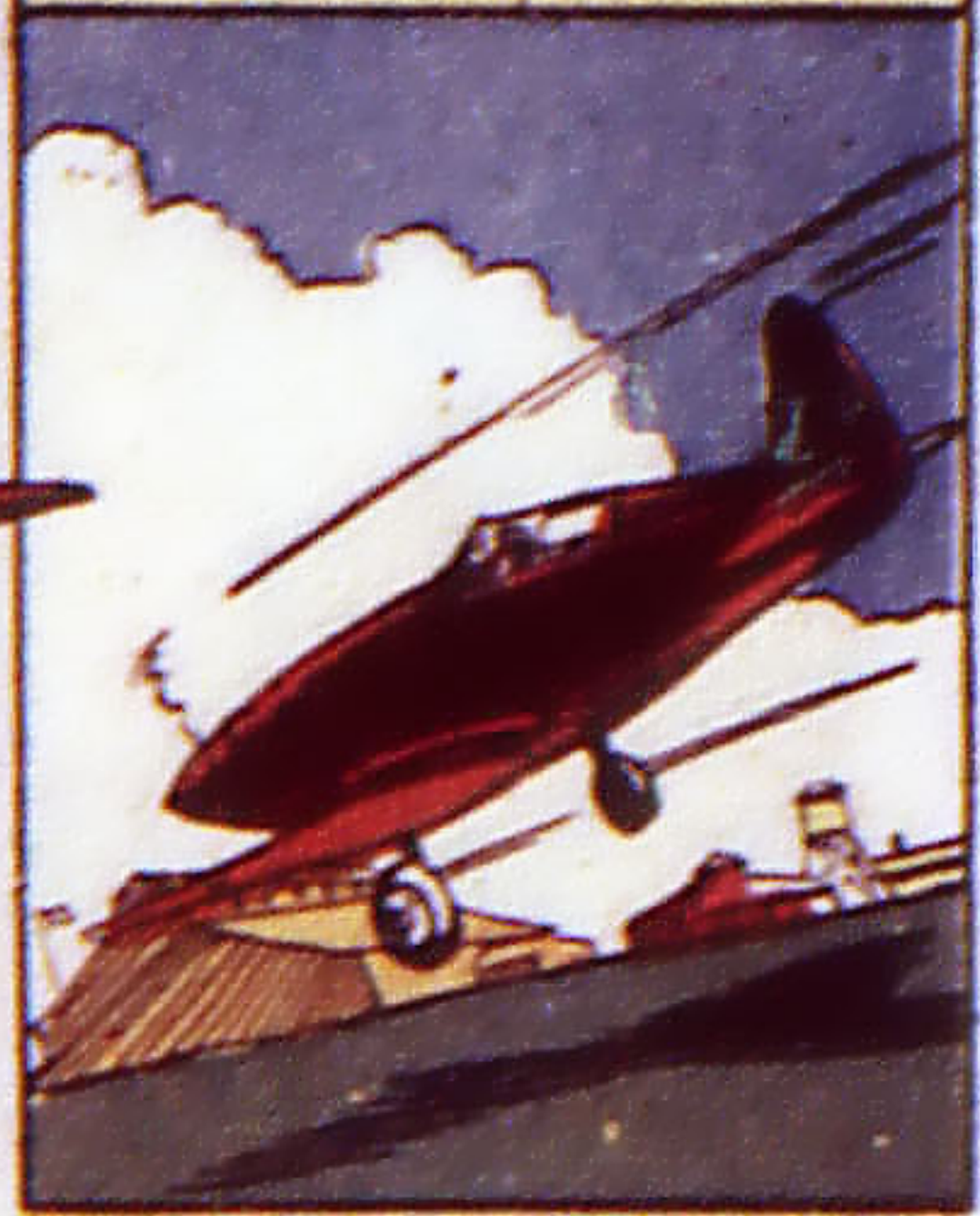


WHEN SOON THE OIL LINE
SPRINGS A LEAK!

NO PLACE
TO LAND -
WHAT A SPOT
TO BE IN!



AND MANAGES TO LAND HER
PLANE SAFELY AT THE
HOSPITAL STATION -



THANK HEAVENS YOU GOT
HERE - I JUST RECEIVED
THE NEWS - GUARD THIS
WITH YOUR LIFE
MISS PATRIOT!



AS PAT TAKES OFF - THE
MACHINERY OF THE SABOTAGE
RING GOES INTO ACTION -

SO THE GLORY GAL
GOT HERE -
GUESS THE BOYS
SLIPPED UP --
BUT THIS TIME -
WE'LL MAKE SURE!



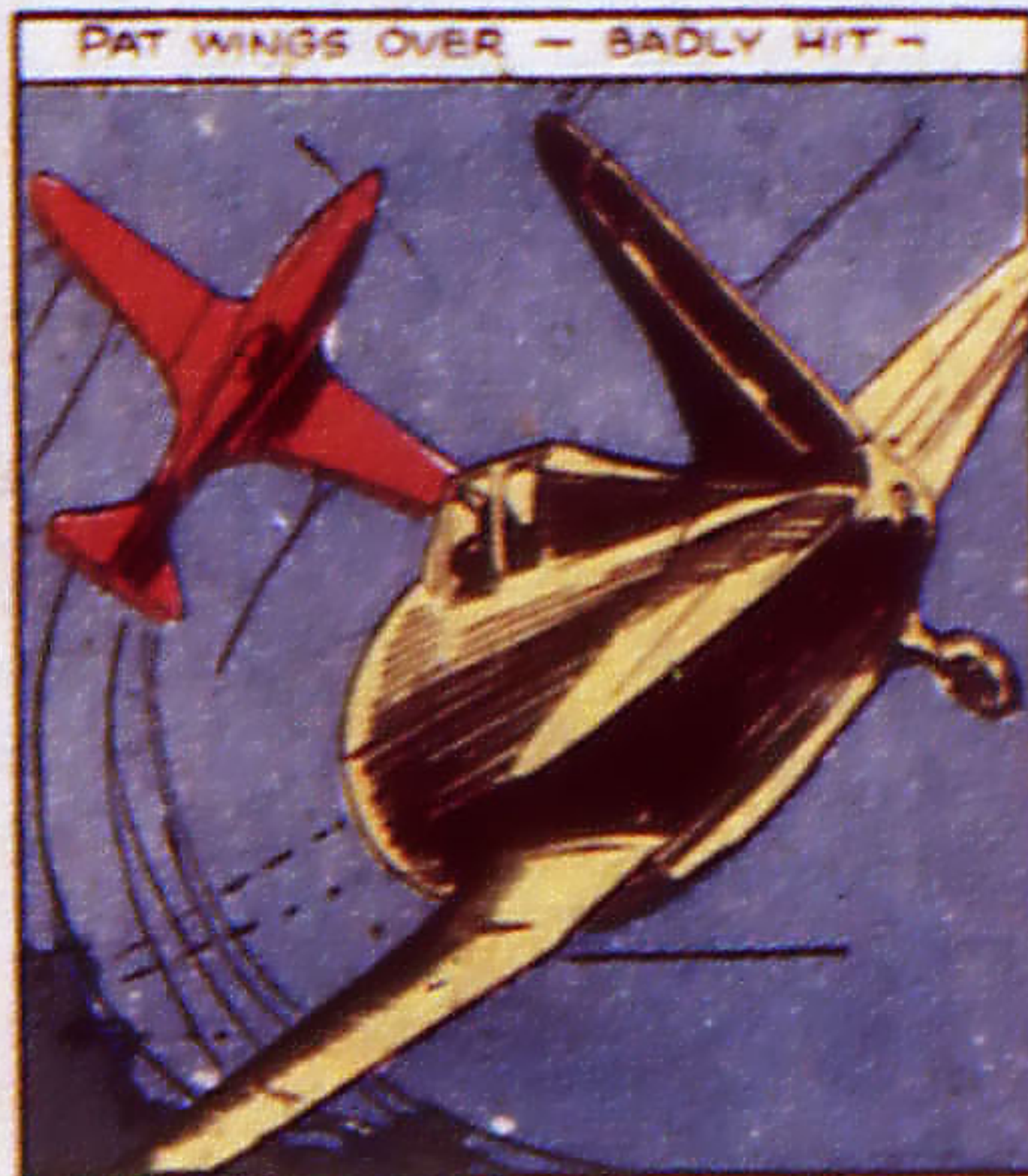
FIFTEEN MINUTES AND
I'LL BE THERE -



SUDDENLY
FROM BEHIND

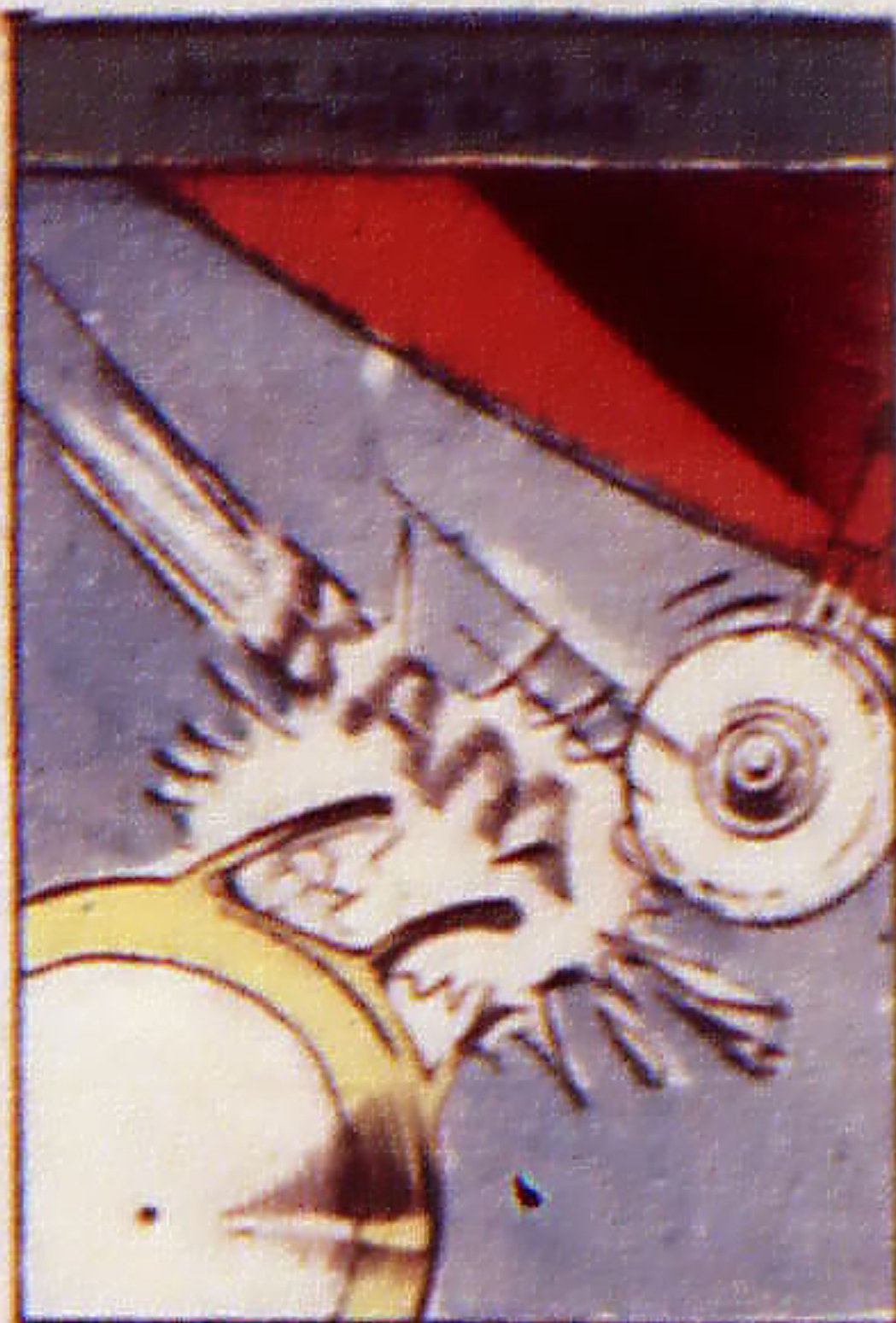


PAT WINGS OVER - BADLY HIT -



AND GOES INTO
A FLAME -





OH ITS HORRIBLE !
I - I HADN'T
WANTED TO
KILL HIM -
FUNKY -
MY HEAD
IS SPINNING !



I - I GUESS
I'VE GOT
THE FLU -
HOPE
I CAN
MAKE
THE
CAMP !



WHAT'S THIS ?
A GLOVE !
W-WHY THIS IS
THE SAME GLOVE
THAT TAXI DRIVER
WORE - SAY-Y-Y-



AS PAT COMES IN FOR
A LANDING
SHE GOT THROUGH !
THE JIGS UP -
I'M SCRAMIN'
OUTA HERE
AND FAST !



THERE'S THE
FRESH GUY
THAT'S BEHIND
IT ALL -
HE'S GOING
TO GET
AWAY !





I OUGHT TO SLICE YOU TO BITS -



THE PROPELLER BLADE JUST GRAZES THE SABOTEUR!



AND AS HE GOES TO RUN - HIS PANTS FALL AND TRIPS HIM -



THE SOLDIERS POUNCE ON HIM -



THEY DRAG HIM TO WHERE PAT IS JUST GETTING OUT OF THE PLANE



PAT - SICK WITH THE FEVER - COLLAPSES

WOT TH' HECK!



LATER
PAT PATRIOT - ONCE MORE YOUR GREAT COURAGE HAS CONQUERED THE FOES OF DEMOCRACY - - -



YOU HAVE EXPOSED A VAST SYSTEM OF SABOTAGE AGAINST ARMY CAMPS - THE ENTIRE ARMY IS INDEBTED TO YOU



THREE CHEERS FOR PAT PATRIOT H'RAY-RAY!

I SAW DAREDEVIL BATTLE THE CLAW AS TOLD BY DICK WOOD



I SAW DAREDEVIL FIGHT THE CLAW
... yes, I really did!

There are a good many people who don't think there ever was such a conflict—but believe you me, I know. It was in 1940 and the Claw was just a rumor. I had heard weird tales of a monster creature that dwelt in the hill country of Tibet and was planning an attack on America,



but who could believe such a fantastic tale? I passed it off with a casual shrug and promptly forgot the matter.

Then — one evening, I visited the Playmore Room atop a building in Radio City, New York. I had often come to the Playmore to dine and dance. But tonight things seemed strangely different. The patrons were less joyous than usual; even the tempo of the music seemed to warn me of something mysterious about to occur. Then it happened:

Suddenly, a distant rumbling shook the entire skyscraper. Overhead a huge chandelier danced crazily, then smashed to the floor. Terrified voices pierced the air as some explanation for the mad swaying of the building was sought. Was it an explosion, an EARTHQUAKE? Desperately seeking escape, I rushed through the milling people to the terrace.

Outside, sixty stories above the street, I stopped short. I felt the blood drain from my face. A woman, choking with fright, fainted in my arms. Like some wild fantasy of the mind, a hideous, hairy claw was raised over nearby buildings! A fistful of humanity was clutched in its talons like so much mush. Then slowly an enormous head reared itself up — first, bristling eyebrows and slanting eyes; then the nose, if such it could be called; finally, the most hideous

The giant mouth yawned open, shouting a challenge that rang through the city streets like the voice of doom. "THE CLAW! ALL HAIL THE CLAW ... OR DIE!!!"

Now DAREDEVIL clutched a boomerang in his hand. I watched his arm come back in an easy motion and send it spinning straight at the head of the CLAW. C-R-A-C-K!

The boomerang struck high on the CLAW'S forehead!



of all, a gigantic mouth dripping saliva and lined with fangs like elephant tusks.

The giant mouth yawned open, shouting a challenge that rang through the city streets like the voice of doom, "THE CLAW! ALL HAIL THE CLAW... OR DIE!"

It is impossible for me to give you a realistic picture of the horrible havoc this monstrosity of existence was creating. It was far too terrible for the mind to realize. But certain scenes were imprinted vividly in my mind as if they had been branded there. Those persons who had not already collapsed from fright were in a state of mass insanity. Down below on the street, terror-stricken drivers smashed their cars through store windows, mowed down pedestrians and careened insanely into each other.

On Fifth Avenue, a fleet of double-deck buses tore towards Central Park, desperately attempting to escape the havoc. Like a stampede of buffalo, they crushed all before them... until they reached the Central Savings Bank, where a truck blocked the street. In seconds, the entire cavalcade was reduced to a mass of wreckage.

From a building across the way a young couple, crazed with fear, jumped to their death.

As the Claw threw his head back in wild, fanatical laughter at the destruction, a figure in evening clothes suddenly jumped to the ledge before me. Thinking this to be another suicide, I clutched his waist to drag him back. Muscles like granite shook off my fingers and slammed me back. Quickly the figure turned and spoke softly, then whipping off his clothes, he stood outlined against the sky, in distinctive red and blue attire.

"Daredevil," I gasped, struggling to my feet. Like a panther, Daredevil crept along the

building ledge, then leapt to another, moving closer and closer to the Claw! Did Daredevil really plan to battle the Claw, I asked myself. What could one man—no matter how powerful—do against such a gigantic figure? In amazement, I stood on the window ledge and watched his stealthy approach. How little I realized I had a ringside seat to the greatest battle of all time!

Now Daredevil clutched a boomerang in his hand. I watched his arm come back in an easy motion and send it spinning straight at the head of the Claw. CRACK! The boomerang struck high on the Claw's forehead.

Swinging around like a crazed animal, the creature opened his tremendous jaws in a cry which I hope I shall never hear again. His wail of rage blasted through the city streets like a tornado and swept nearby rooftops clean of debris.

Then he spied Daredevil. With one powerful sweep, he slammed his fist down upon him.

But Daredevil had moved with the speed of light and, as the Giant pulverized half of the building top, he bounded off it onto another and came straight at the Claw, feet first. So lightning-like was Daredevil that the monster had no chance to dodge. Square into his right eye, Daredevil jumped; then slid away from the flailing arms, down onto the street and under cover.

A command from the Claw!... and whatever

hope I might have held for Daredevil's victory disappeared. From a giant tunnel, which had escaped my notice during the excitement, a yellow horde of Asiatics poured forth in a frenzy. The cry rang out: "DEATH TO DAREDEVIL... DEATH TO DAREDEVIL!"

A boring machine was brought into play, evidently the same one which had enabled the Claw to bore underground from his retreat in Tibet to New York City. It was all so fantastic and yet, here it was being enacted before my very eyes!

Now Daredevil was in retreat with the boring machine following his every move. Through buildings, over rooftops... still the machine followed in his wake with amazing speed like some strange bug. Then I saw Daredevil totter as he attempted to scale a building, totter and fall to the street below. My heart sank as I saw the machine pull to a stop and empty ten or fifteen warriors out upon him. Egged on by the Claw's cry of "KILL! KILL!" they brandished knives and rushed toward the prostrate figure.

It was then that the surprise move of all time occurred. Daredevil's arm shot back like a piston and sent a boomerang streaking at the mob. The crack of skulls resounded through the air as it struck like speckled lightning against the hard heads of the Asiatics; then returned, only to speed out again and mutilate the machine crew.

Seeing the situation, the Claw entered the fray. He swooped down, shouting to all that he would finish this slippery eel himself.

But by this time Daredevil had polished off the last of the crew and gained possession of the machine. The giant hand of the Claw descended upon it... to be yanked instantly away with a screech of pain. The sharp rotary blades of the machine had been turned on, gouging the Claw's hand as it struck.

The tables were turned now. Straight at the Claw, Daredevil drove the whirling machine. Try as he might, the Tibetan monster could not avoid his own invention. Straight toward his own tunnel, Daredevil drove the Claw. Then cornering him at the en-

trance, he leaped out of the machine, boomerang in hand.

With boomerang, hands and feet, Daredevil battled the creature. Trying desperately to reach Daredevil, the Claw's talons tore the air. But it was useless.

Again and again, the boomerang raised huge welts on the Claw's gruesome skull. Both eyes were now closed from the blows. Blindly, he staggered, cursing, into the tunnel entrance.

Daredevil reached into the machine for a moment, then pulled out several large sticks of dynamite. Down into the tunnel he threw them, after the retreating Claw. The entire tunnel entrance caved in from the blast but, unfortunately, as we know now, the Claw had not been killed.

A week later, the whole tunnel straight to the sea had been destroyed by police. Daredevil, meanwhile, had disappeared. No reward could be given him for saving from certain destruction the greatest city in the world. And still only Tonia knew his real identity, Tonia and myself. Perhaps you are slow to believe this story... but, if you ever visit New York, I can show you a nick in the Empire State building where Daredevil's boomerang struck during the battle.

FINISH

DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

THE RIGHT UPPERCUT

This is a tricky punch to throw, fellows - remember to always keep the left foot forward and slide the blow upward along the body. This enables you to get the full punching power. **DON'T** ever let this punch go without being almost certain it will land! A miss leaves you wide open.

Gotta go now - see you next month with a new one.

Daredevil



Here's Your Chance, Fellas!

\$100.00 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY

◆ NOTHING TO BUY!

◆ NOTHING TO SELL!

The artists who draw for **DAREDEVIL COMICS** and the features they now draw are as follows:

Daredevil.....Charles Biro
The Claw.....Bob Wood
Nightro.....Inky Russos
The Whirlwind....."Bernie"
Pat Patriot

Chuck Woodrow
London.....Jerry Robinson
Real American No. 1
Dick Briefer
Dash Dillon.....Ed Ashe

1. What feature in **DAREDEVIL COMICS** do you like best?
2. What new feature would you suggest, and why?
3. Which of our artists would you prefer to draw it?

All you have to do is just write us a letter. First tell us which comic strip you like best in **DAREDEVIL COMICS**. Next, suggest the name and idea for a new comic strip character. We are looking for new ideas. What kind of a character would you like to see in **DAREDEVIL COMICS** and what would you like him to do. And let us know which of our artists you would like to draw that strip. Send in your letter at once. It must be mailed not later than midnight, August 20th to be counted—the sooner the better.

We will pay \$50.00 for the best letter, and there are 27 other cash prizes.

Send your letter immediately to:

Contest Editor
DAREDEVIL COMICS
114 East 32nd St.,
New York City

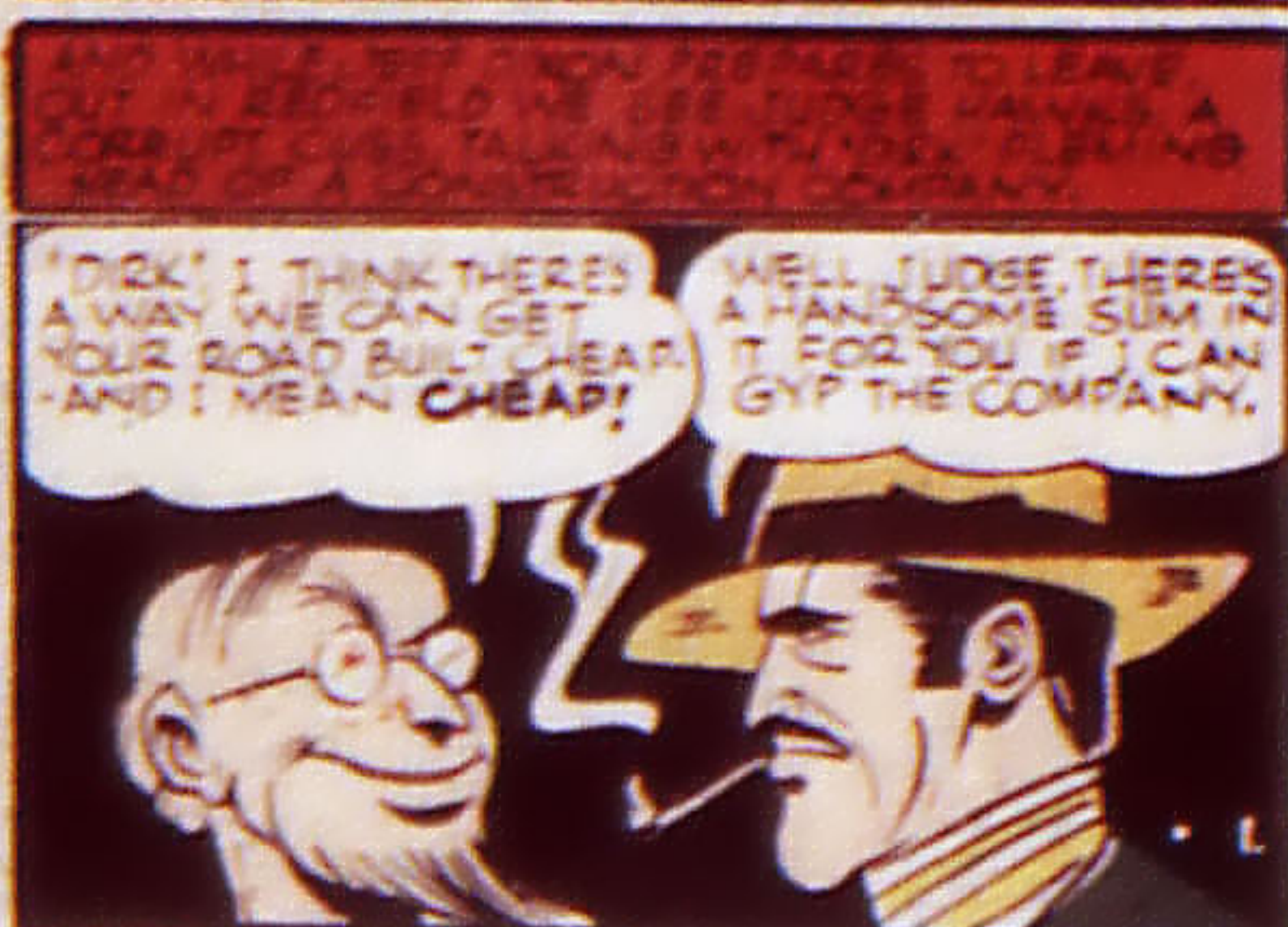
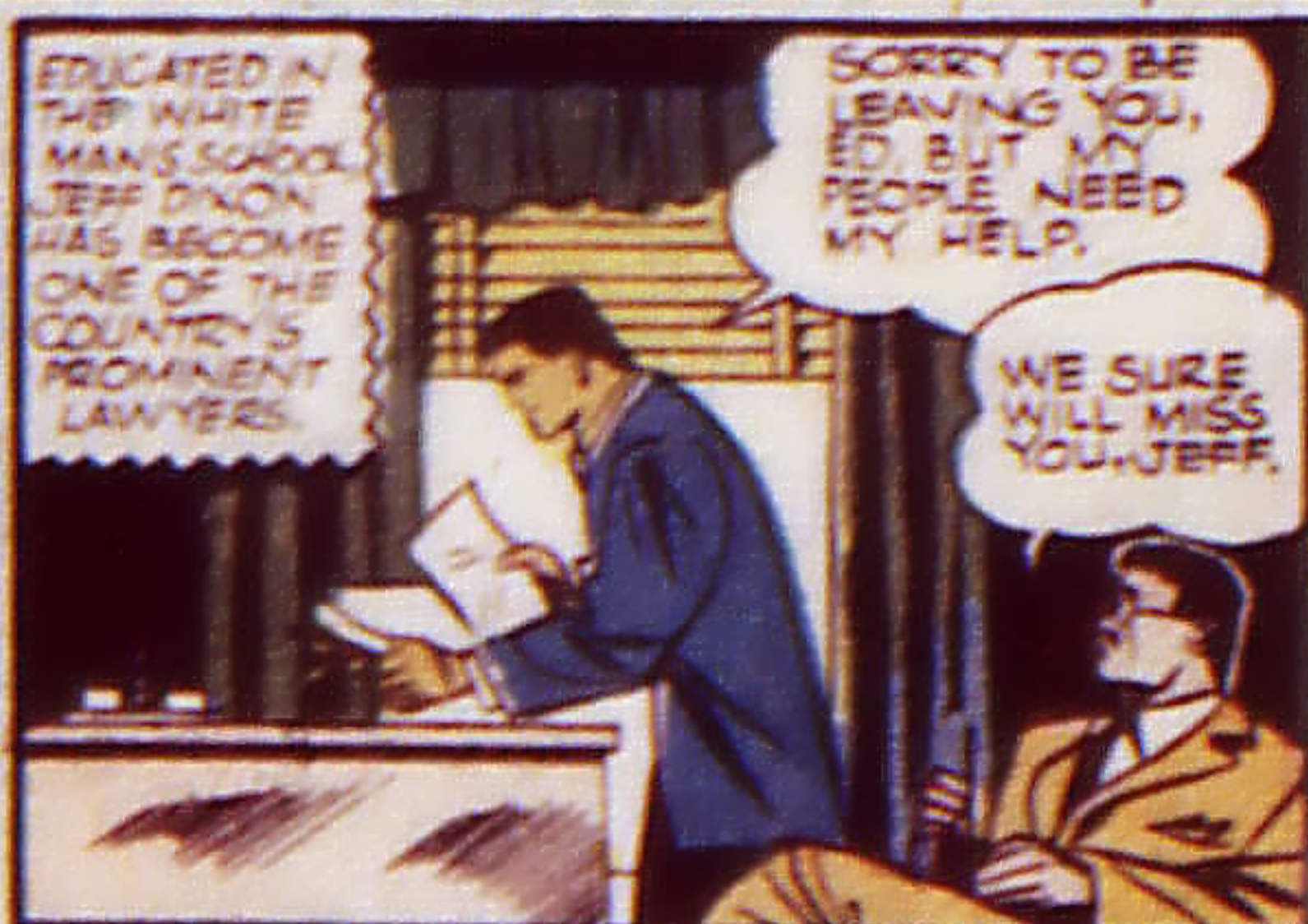
RULES OF THE CONTEST

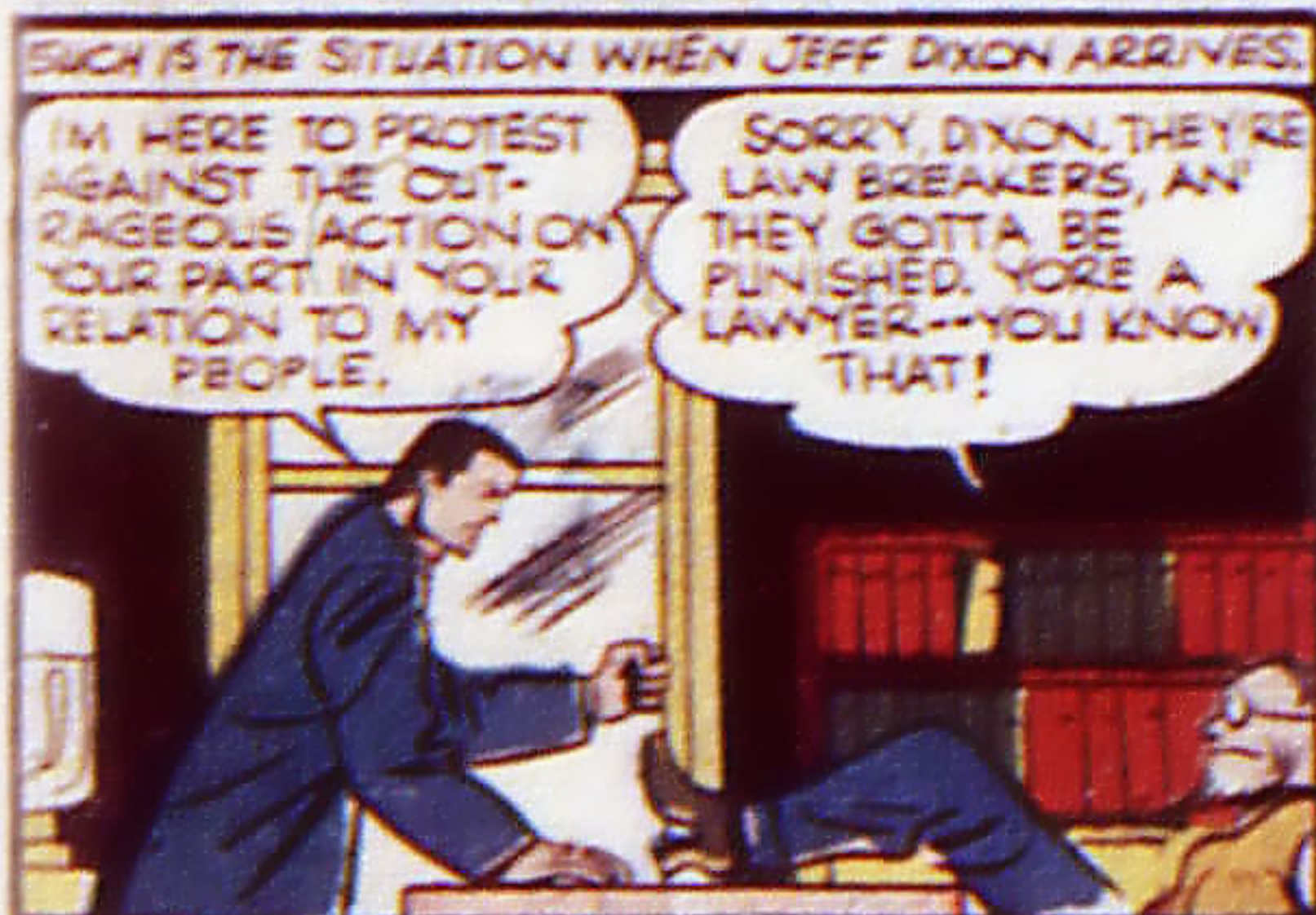
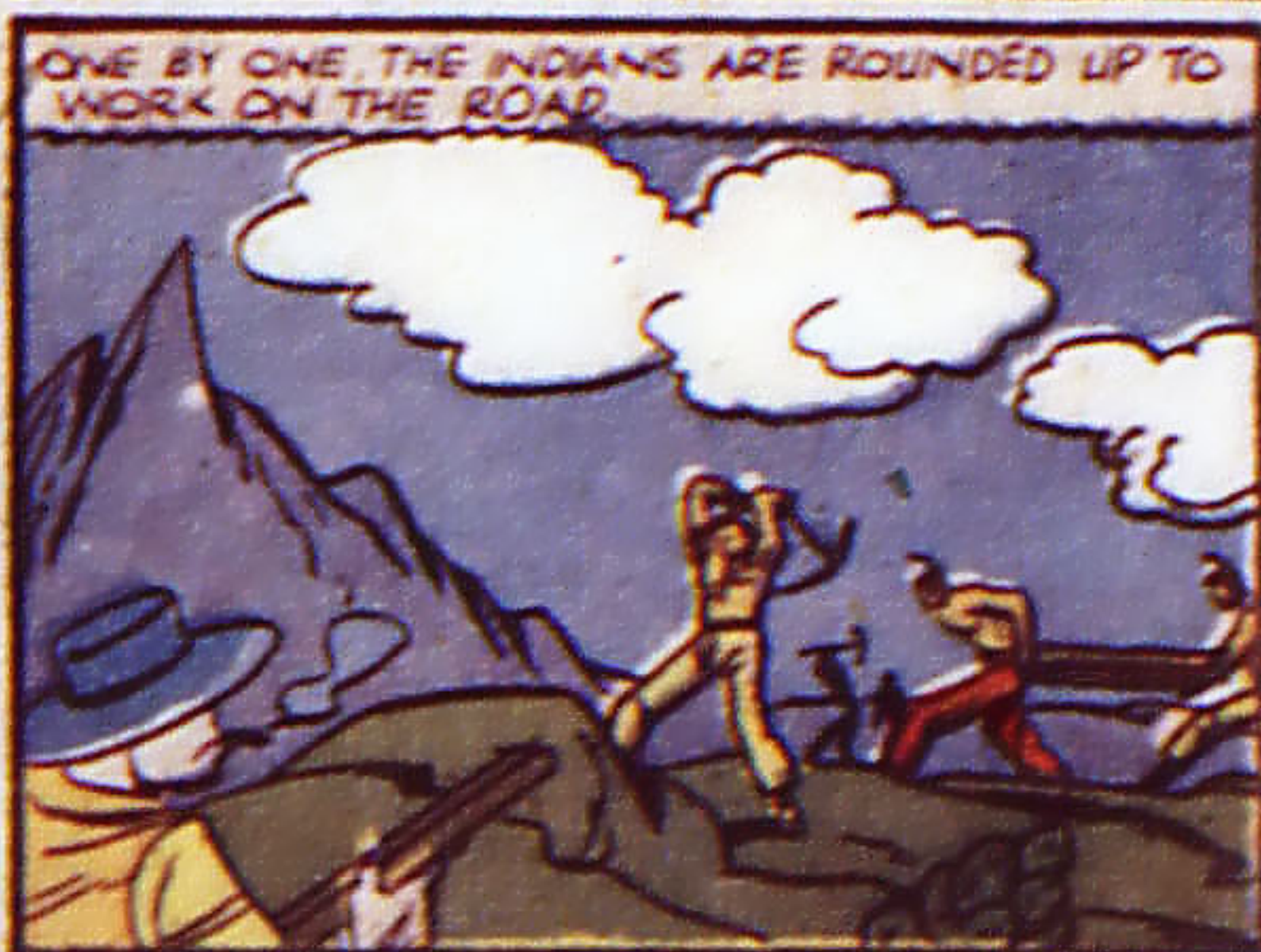
1. Letters should not be more than 150 words. All three questions must be answered.
 1. Which feature you like best in **DAREDEVIL COMICS**
 2. Your suggestion for a new feature
 3. The artist you would like to draw it
2. Letters must be mailed not later than midnight of August 20th.
3. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. The editors of **DAREDEVIL COMICS** will be the sole judges.
5. All letters become the property of **DAREDEVIL COMICS**.
6. Be sure to give your full name, address, age.
7. Announcement of the winners will be made as soon as possible after August 20th.

LIST OF PRIZES

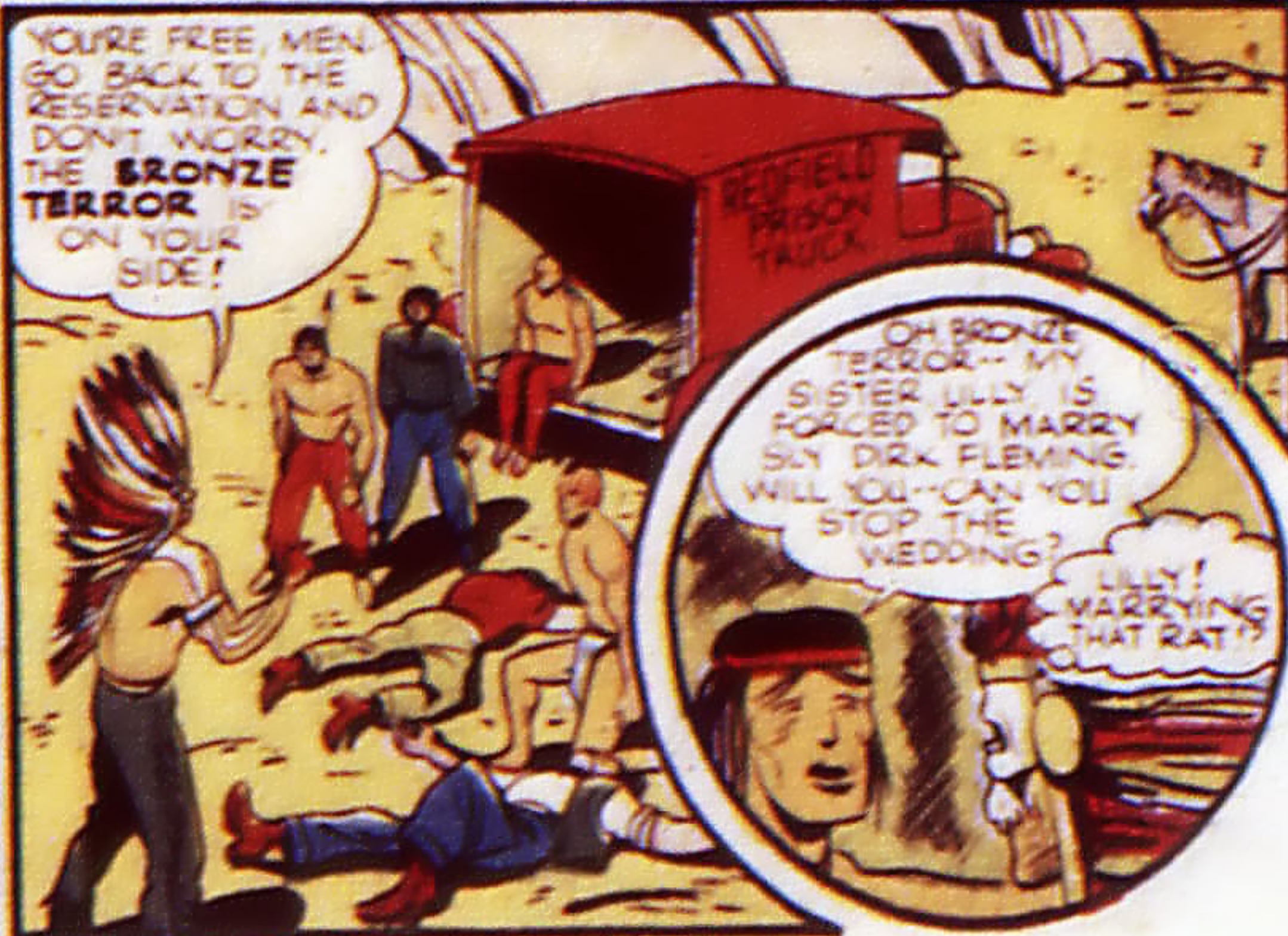
1st PRIZE . . . \$50.00
2nd PRIZE . . . \$15.00
3rd PRIZE . . . \$10.00
25 additional prizes of \$1.00 each. You may easily win. Send your letter in today.

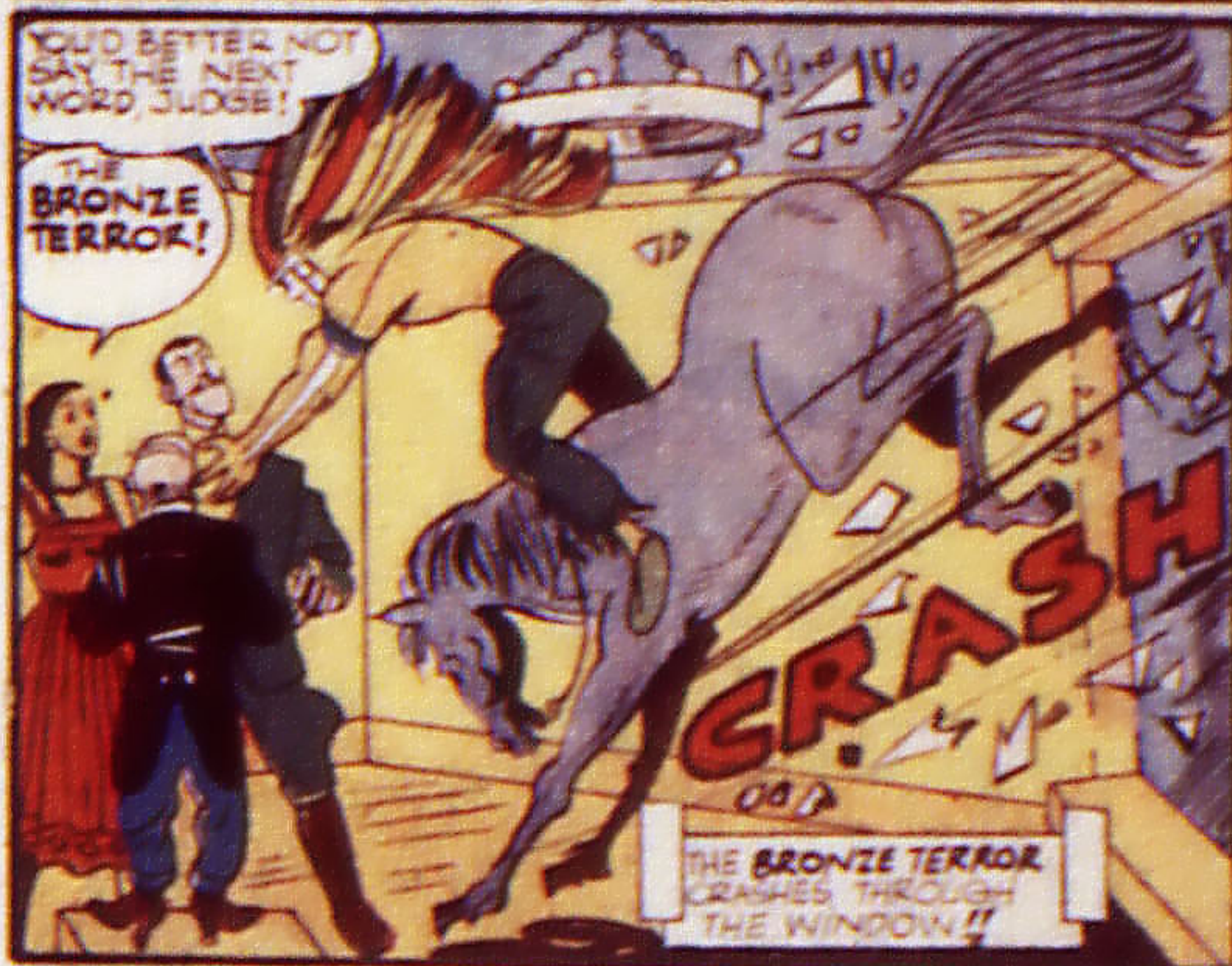
REAL AMERICAN #1













HERE--TAKE THIS--
IT WILL PAY THE
TRIBE FOR THEIR
WORK ON THE
ROAD.



HOW CAN I
THANK YOU
FOR WHAT
YOU'VE
DONE
FOR US?

I ASK FOR NO REWARD.
MY PEOPLE ARE
DESERVING OF
WHATEVER I CAN DO
TO HELP THEM.
HOWEVER, I'LL TAKE
ONE THING
IN RETURN.



ONLY
THIS--

THE BRONZE
TERROR
HIDES HIS
HORSE AND
COSTUME
AND
HURRIES
BACK
TO THE
JAIL
TO
RESUME
HIS LIFE
OF
JEFF
DIXON.



I BROKE UP A BIG
RACKET--GOT MYSELF
A KISS--ALL A.W.O.L.--
AND NOBODY
IS THE WISER!

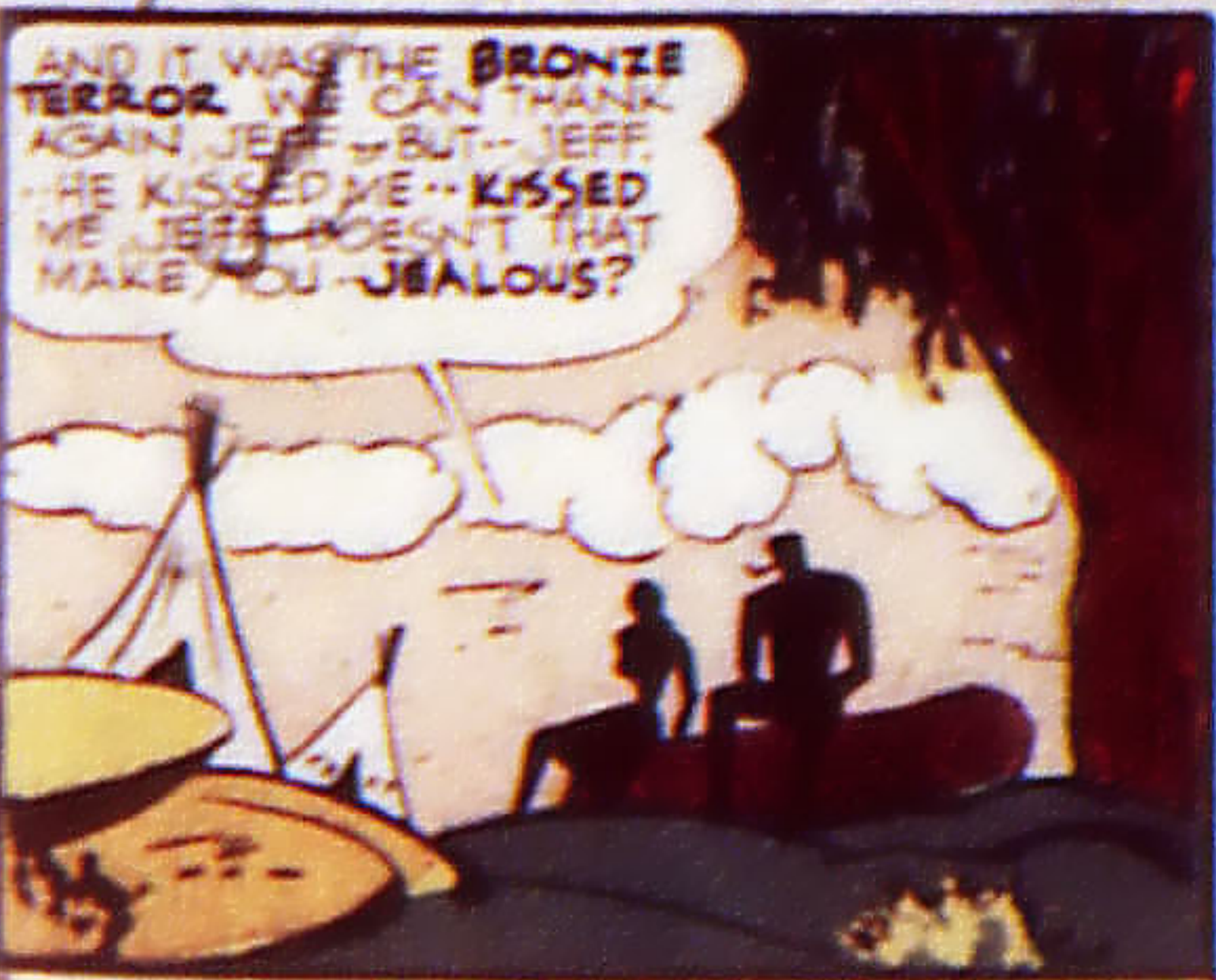


HELLO, SHERIFF?
FER GOSH SAKES,
LET THAT INDIAN
DIXON OUT OF
JAIL BEFORE
THE BRONZE
TERROR GETS
YOU!
HE'S RIDIN'
AGIN!



HURRY UP! GET
OUT OF MY SIGHT!
YOU'RE FREE--
IT WAS ALL A
MISTAKE--GO!
PLEASE GET OUT!
I BEG OF YOU--
GO HOME--
WE'RE SORRY!--

I SHALL REPORT
THIS TO THE
SUPREME COURT!



AND IT WAS THE BRONZE
TERROR. WE CAN THANK
AGAIN, JEFF--BUT--JEFF--
HE KISSED ME--KISSED
ME--JEFF--DOESN'T THAT
MAKE YOU JEALOUS?



OH--I DON'T KNOW--
I'M PRETTY BROAD-
MINDED WHERE THE
BRONZE TERROR
IS CONCERNED--
SORT OF ENVY HIM.

OK KIDS! TIE A
STRING AROUND
YOUR FINGER,
TO REMIND YOU
TO GET THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
DAREDEVIL COMICS
WHEN YOU READ
REAL AMERICAN NO. 1
YOU'LL THANK YOUR
LUCKY STARS YOU
ARE A REGULAR
READER!

STAR SPORT

WHIRLWIND K.O.'S JONES IN 2ND

BY DICK WOOD

A SMASHING RIGHT CROSS TO THE CHIN, COMING IN TWO MINUTES AND NINE SECONDS OF THE SECOND ROUND, SENT BUDDY JONES CRASHING TO THE DECK IN HIS OWN CORNER FOR THE FATAL TEN COUNT - - - THIS WAS THE 15TH TIME IN AS MANY BOUTS THAT THE FORMER LUMBERJACK HAS FLATTENED HIS FOE AT THE RAT. THIS BLONDE BOMBER IS GOING, THE CHAMP IS DUE FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE - - AND SOON!

elder to Bolster Attack

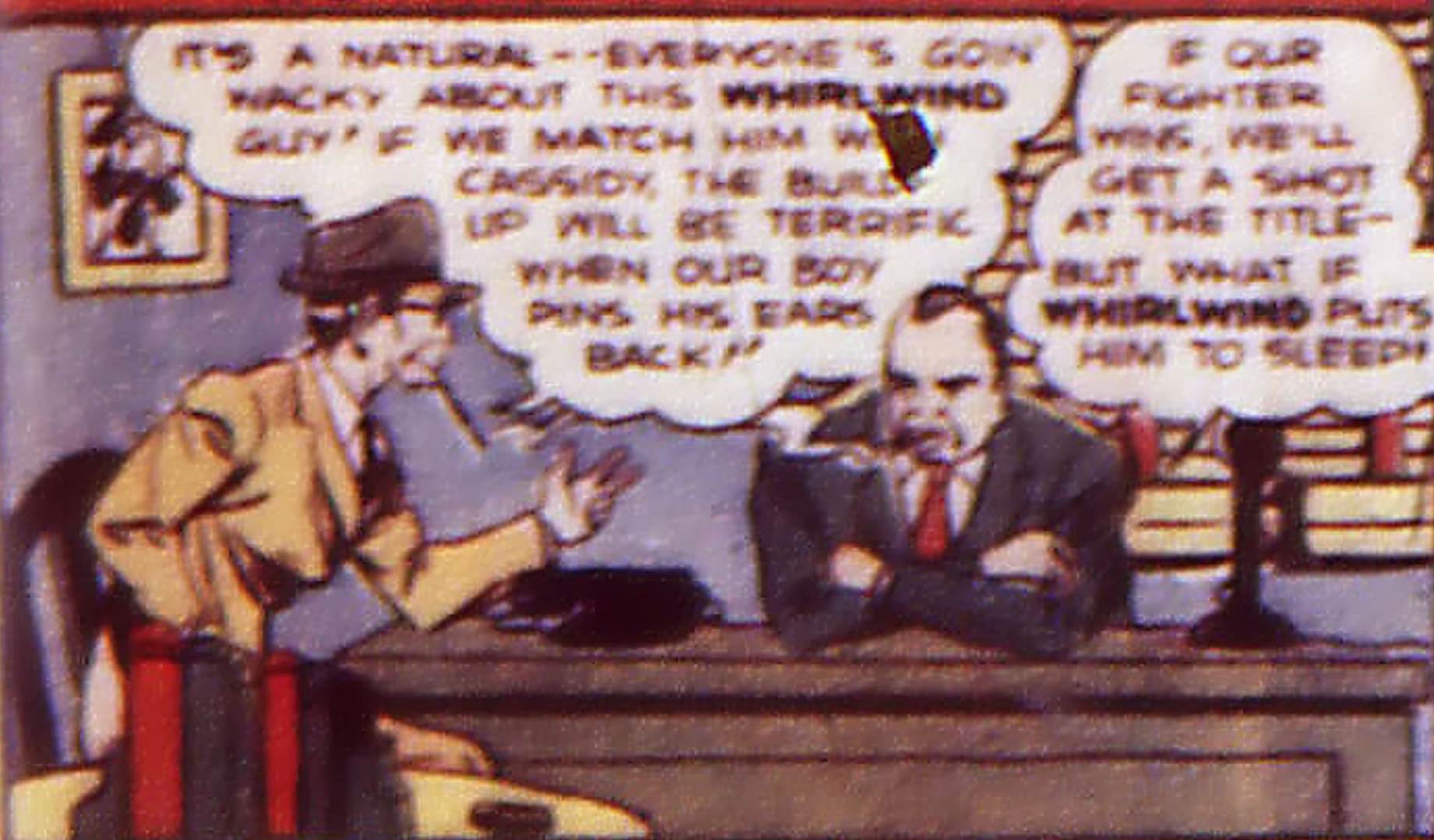
Low Flying Top To Australia Next Fall



by
BERNIE

Christoforidis Meets

THE NEXT DAY MIKE COSTELLO AND DON AGANS, TWO OF THE CITY'S SLICKEST FIGHT PROMOTERS, SEE AN OPPORTUNITY



IT'S A NATURAL -- EVERYONE'S GOIN' WACKY ABOUT THIS WHIRLWIND GUY! IF WE MATCH HIM WITH CASSIDY, THE BULL, UP WILL BE TERRIFIC WHEN OUR BOY PINS HIS EARS BACK!!

IF OUR FIGHTER WINS, WE'LL GET A SHOT AT THE TITLE -- BUT WHAT IF WHIRLWIND PUTS HIM TO SLEEP?

DON'T BE A DOPE! TERRY TURNER'S A GOOD FIGHTER, SURE -- BUT WHO'S HE LICKED? NOTHIN' BUT SECOND RATERS!! OUR BOY WILL FLATTEN HIM INSIDE OF FOUR HEATS!!



WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU A REAL OPPORTUNITY, TURNER -- WE NEED A GOOD MATCH FOR CASSIDY, AND YOU CAN HAVE IT WITH 50% OF THE GATE. WHAT DO YA SAY?

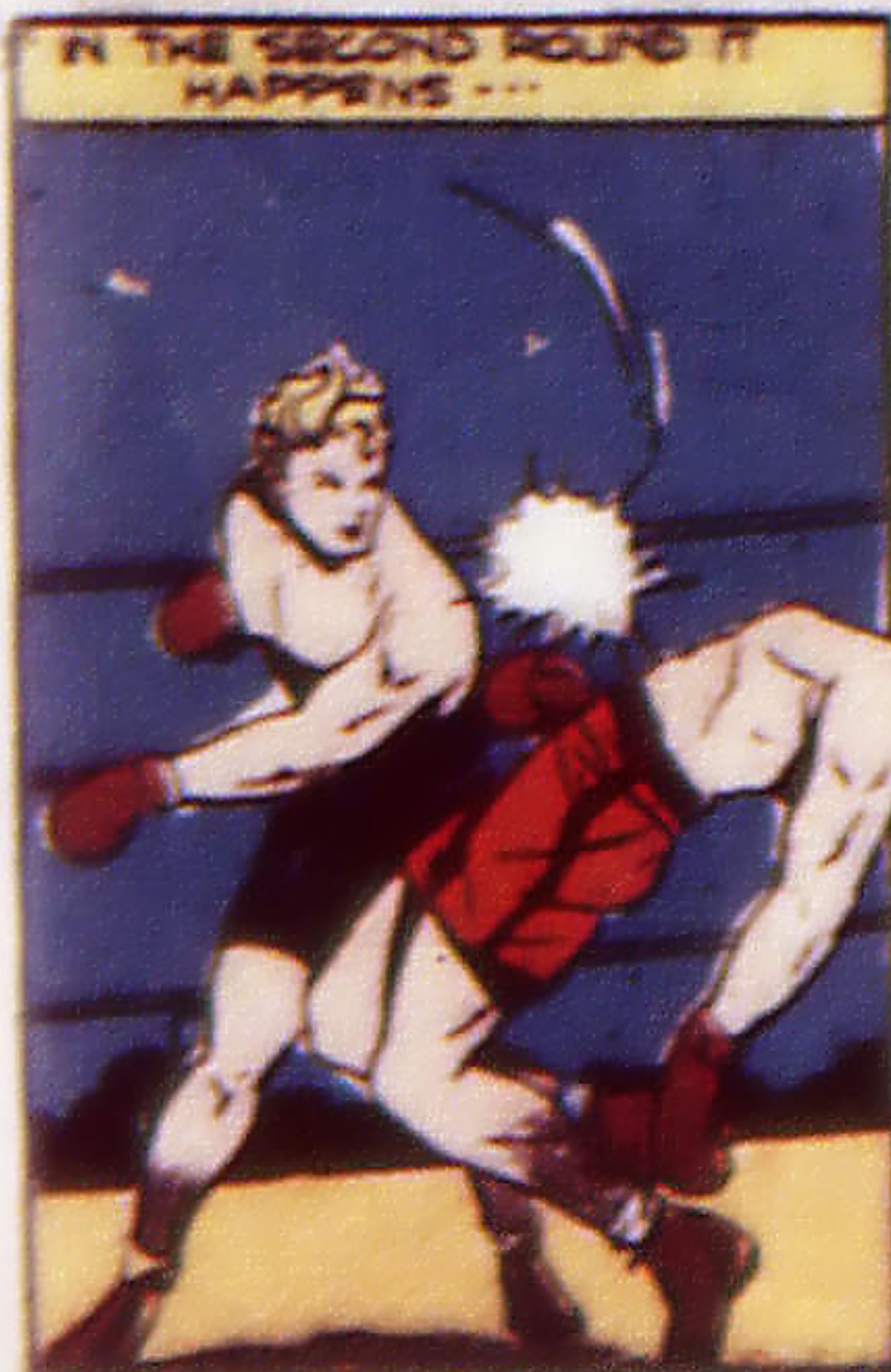


TAKEN! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET A CRACK AT HIM!



TWO WEEKS LATER, TERRY AND CASSIDY CLASH AT THE WASHINGTON ARENA.

WOW! WHIRLWIND ROCKS CASSIDY WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT -- A RIGHT -- ANOTHER RIGHT!!



IN THE SECOND ROUND IT HAPPENS --

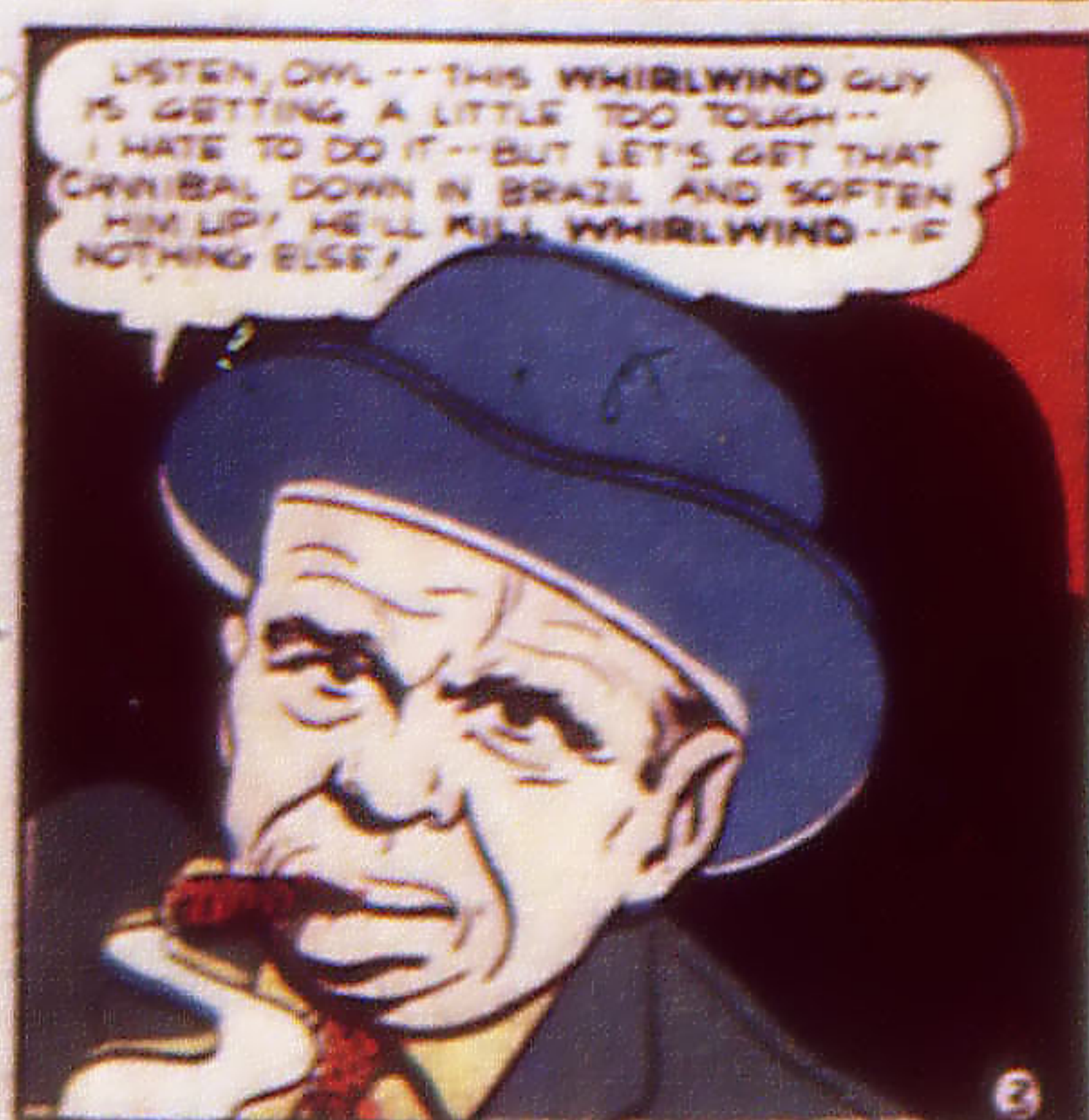


SO WHIRLWIND WON'T LAST FOUR HEATS, EH? OKAY, WISE GUY -- WHAT ARE WE GOING TO USE FOR A MEAL TICKET, NOW?

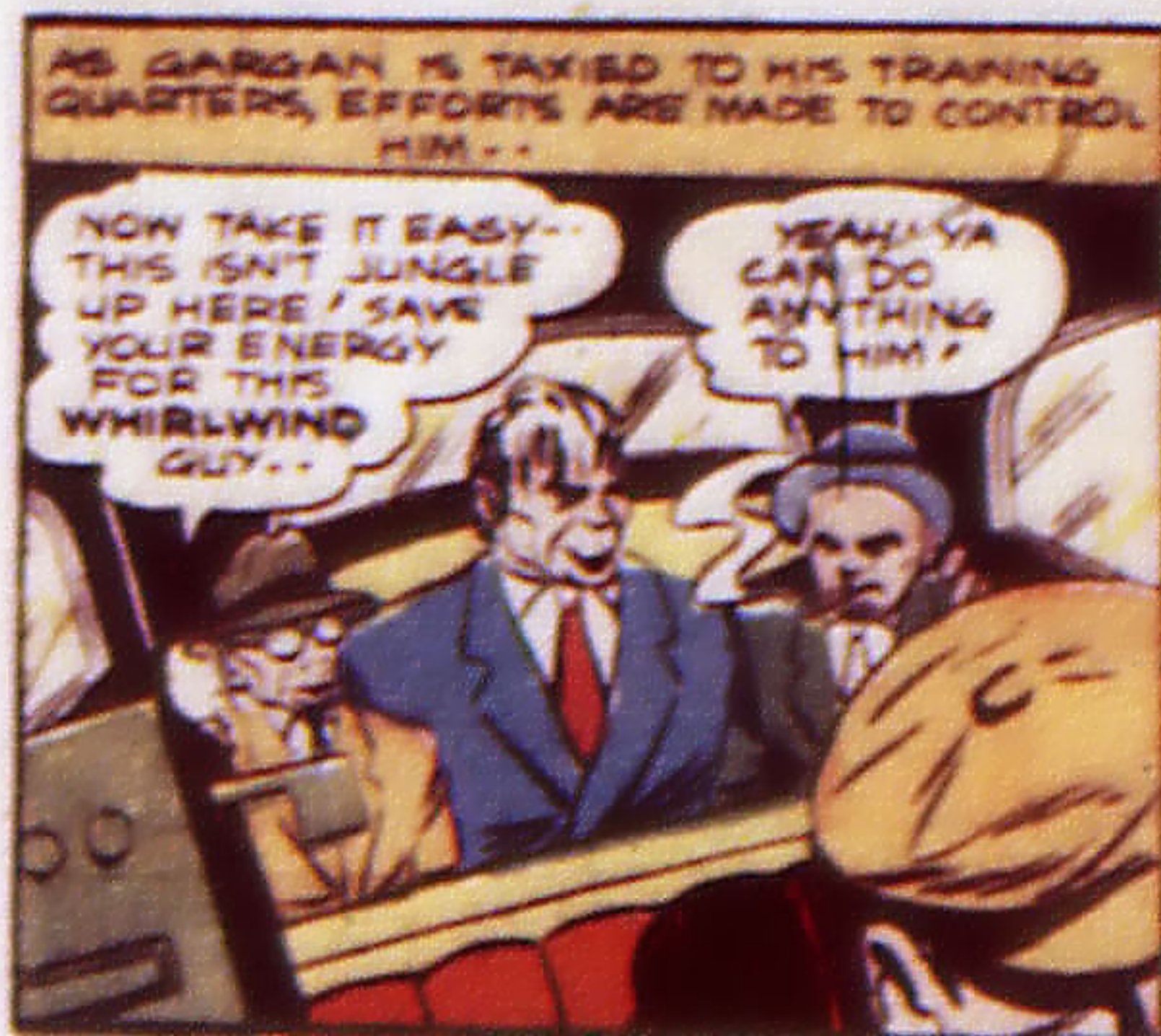
TAKE IT EASY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



HEY, TURNER!!

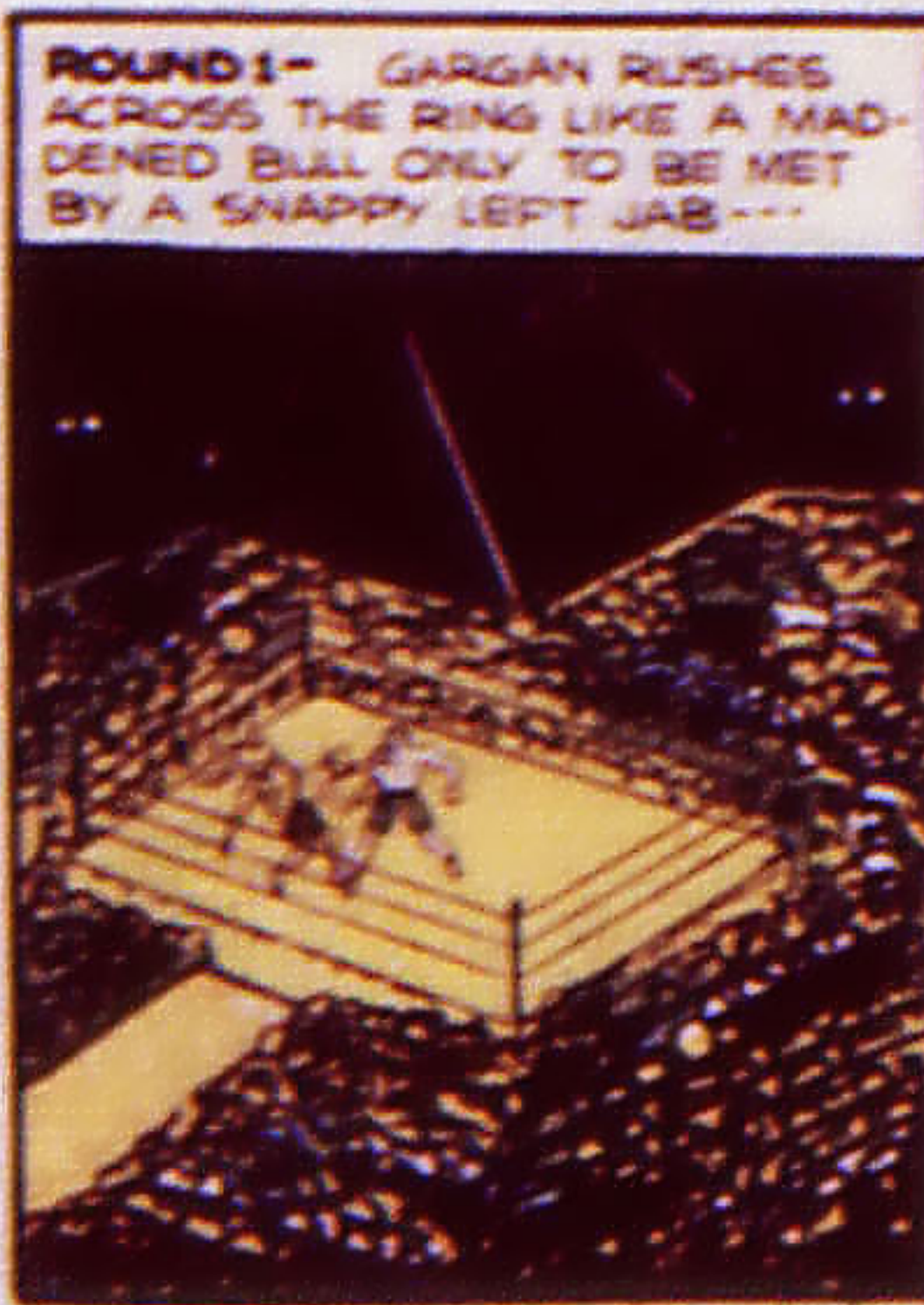








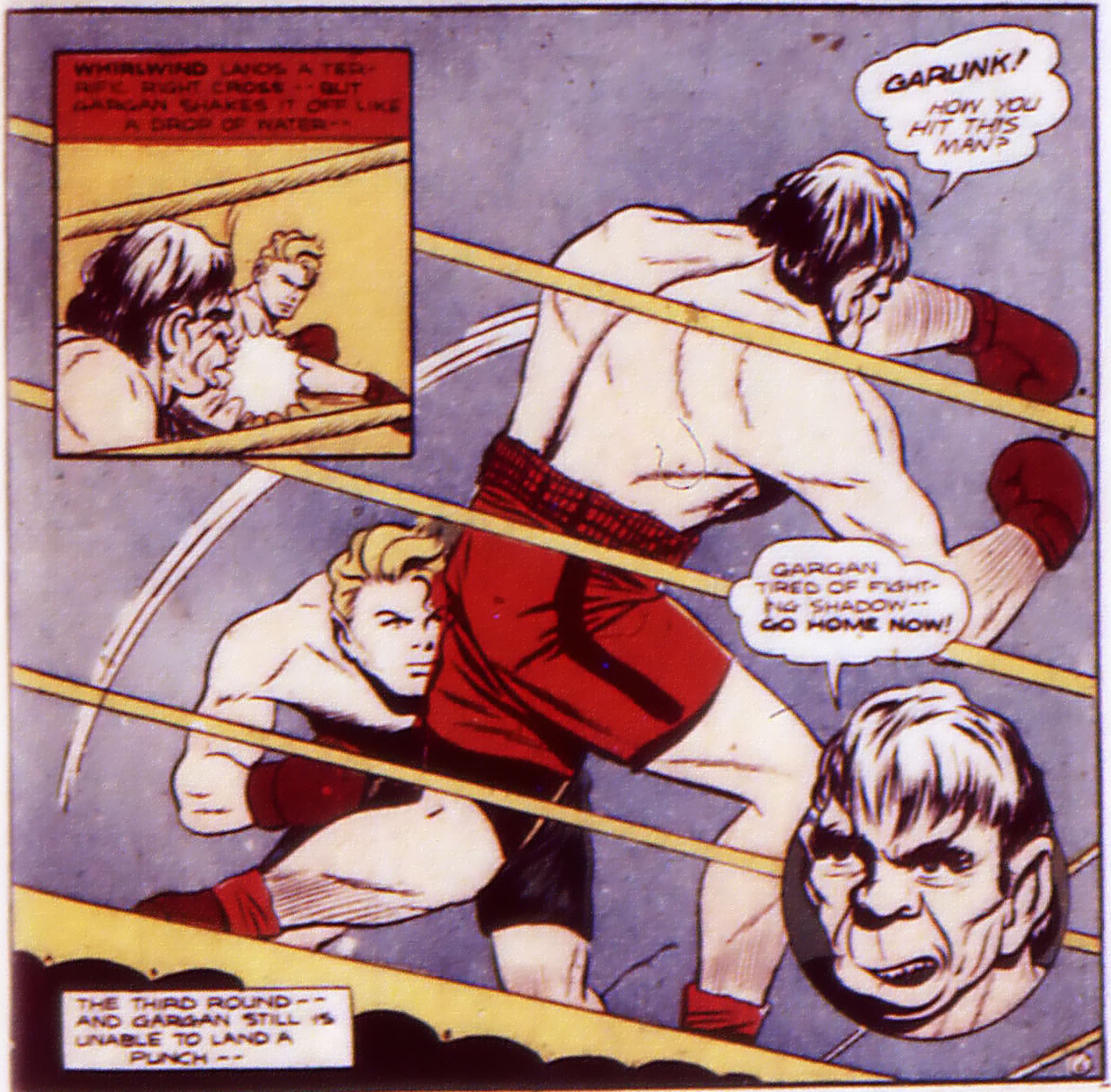
NO!
NO!



ROUND 1- GARGAN RUSHES
ACROSS THE RING LIKE A MAD-
DENED BULL ONLY TO BE MET
BY A SNAPPY LEFT JAB---



HA! LITTLE
FELLOW LIKE
SLIPPERY EEL!

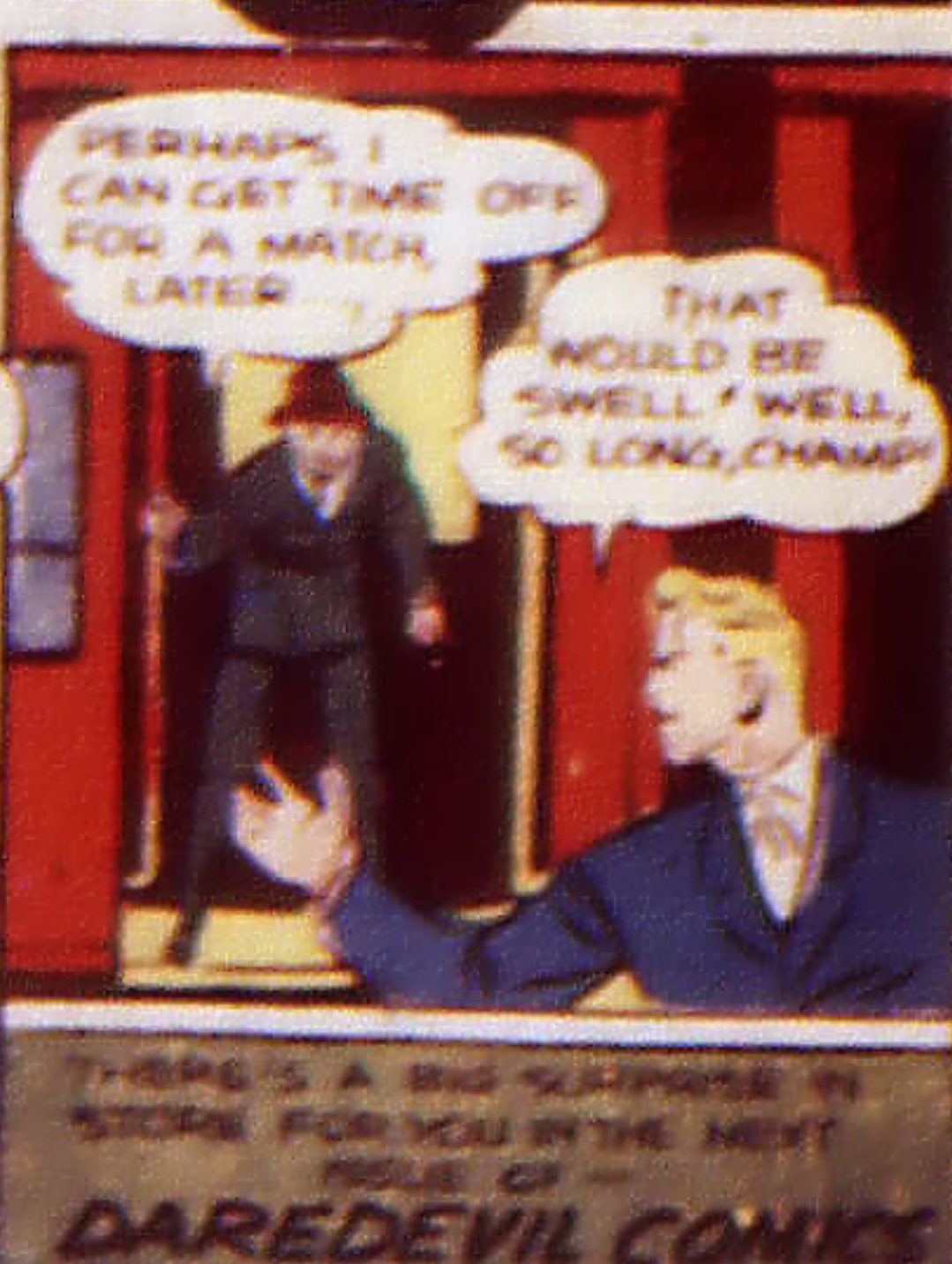
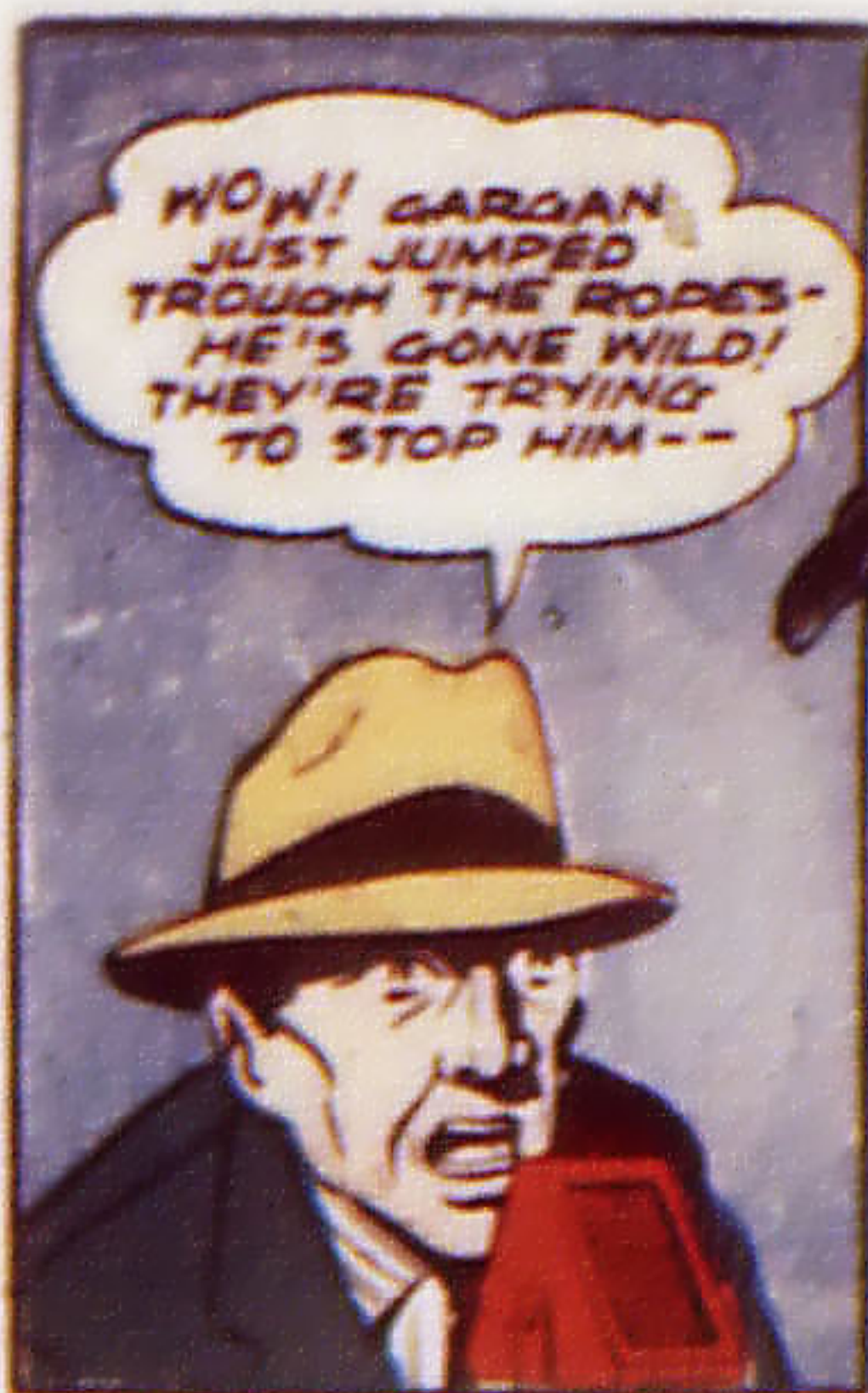


WHIRLWIND LANDS A TED-
RIFIC RIGHT CROSS -- BUT
GARGAN SHAKES IT OFF LIKE
A DROP OF WATER--

GARUNK!
HOW YOU
HIT THIS
MAN?

GARGAN
TIRED OF FIGHT-
ING SHADOW--
GO HOME NOW!

THE THIRD ROUND--
AND GARGAN STILL IS
UNABLE TO LAND A
PUNCH--



DASH DILLON

AT
HALE

NOW MAZIE IF WE CAN GET THIS HERE DASH DILLON OUT OF THE GAME, THE ARMY TEAMS SURE TO WIN! SO WE PICK UP PLENTY POTATOES ON BETS AND WE CUT YOU IN ONE-THIRD, SEE?

YEAH, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GET THE GUY IN A CAR... THEN WE DO THE REST, WITHOUT HIM HALE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE... NOT WITH 'SMOKEY' COLE PLAYING FOR THE ARMY!

OKAY BOYS JUST LEAVE IT TO LITTLE MAZIE!

SUMMER 1941.... THE HALE FOOTBALL SQUAD GATHERED TOGETHER FOR SUMMER PRACTICE IS TO PLAY A PICKED SQUAD FROM THE NEARBY ARMY CAMP. TWO CITY GAMBLERS HAVE BET HEAVILY ON THE ARMY TEAM AND ARE NOW TRYING TO BE SURE OF THEIR BETS....

FROM OPPOSITE PARTS OF TOWN TWO MEN LOOKING STRANGELY ALIKE HURRY TOWARD THE BUS DEPOT.....

IF I DON'T HURRY I'M GONNA MISS THE LAST BUS TO CAMP!

LOOK! THAT'S SMOKEY COLE, THE ARMY'S BACKFIELD STAR!

IF I'M GONNA GET BACK TO SCHOOL I BETTER CATCH THAT LAST BUS!

HERE COMES DILLON NOW BUT HE'S GOT AN ARMY UNIFORM ON! THE DOPE! WE'LL DO YOUR STUFF, MAZIE!

HERE GOES, SLICK!

OOH! I'M GOING TO PAINT!

BRING HER IN HERE BUDDY, WE'LL TAKE HER TO A HOSPITAL!



OKAY BOYS
THERE SHE...

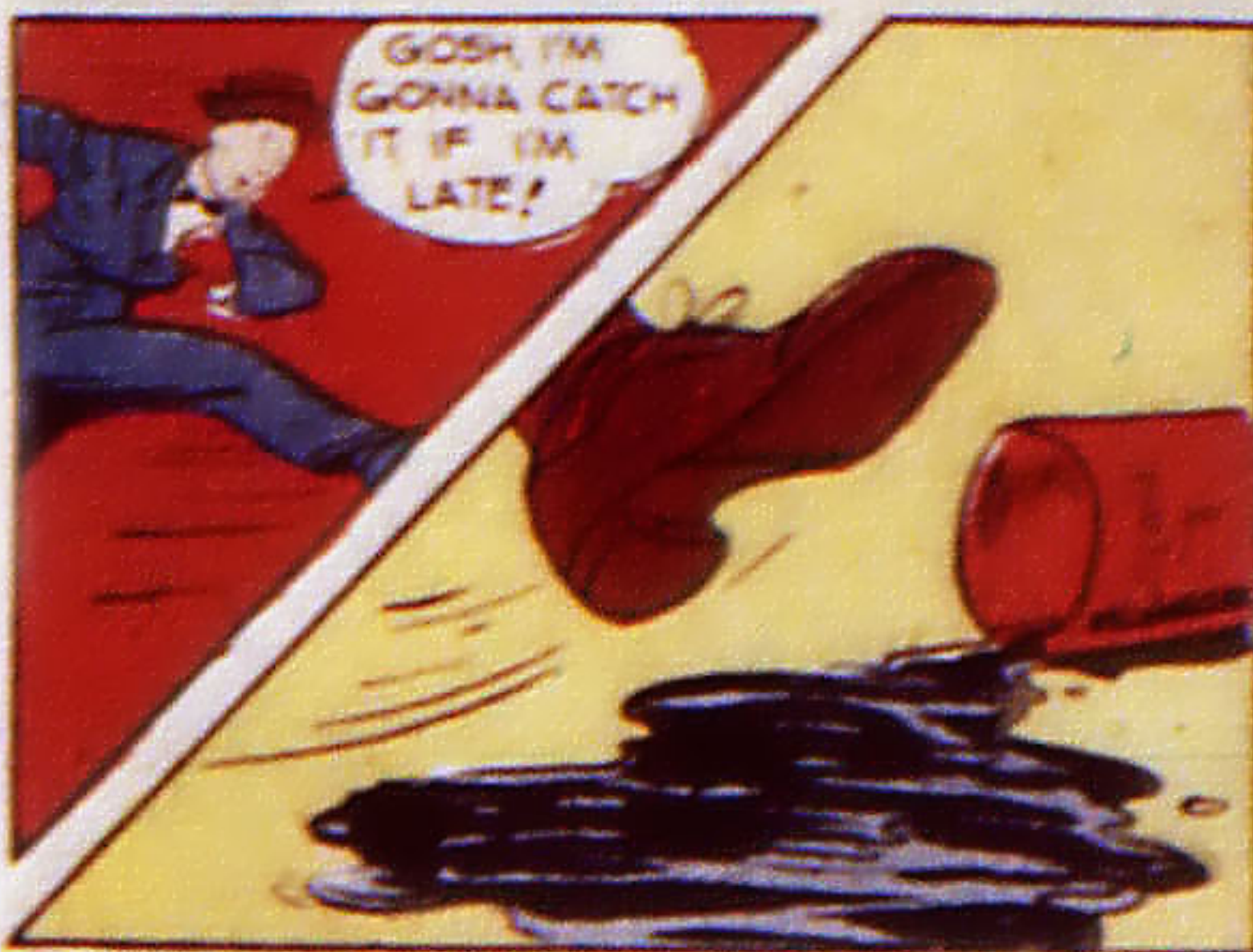
KONK



LET'S GET HIM
OUTTA TOWN
QUICK!



MEANWHILE AT THE BUS DEPOT
THERE GOES THE
SCHOOL BUS!
WE'RE OFF NEXT!



GOSH, I'M
GONNA CATCH
IT IF I'M
LATE!



OOOP!



THE SOLDIERS FROM THE ARMY BUS RUSH OUT.

HEY! IT'S SMOKEY
COLE! WHAT'S HE
DOIN' OUT OF
UNIFORM?

BOY HE'LL
CATCH IT IF
THE O.C. SEES
HIM!

WE BETTER
GET HIM IN THE
BUS FAST!

HE'S OUT
LIKE A
LIGHT!



AT THE ARMY CAMP DASH DILLON REMAINS CONSCIOUS BUT THE
BLIND OF HIS HEAD HAS MADE HIM FORGET WHO HE IS...

WHO
AM I?

YOU'RE 'SMOKEY' COLE
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
YOU HAD A BAD FALL!

YEAH AN YOU
GOTTA PLAY
FEETSBALL AGAINST
HALE COLLEGE
THIS AFTERNOON!



AT HALE.

ONLY TWENTY
MINUTES TILL GAME
TIME! WHERE IS DASH
LORNA? HAVE YOU
LOOKED EVERYWHERE?

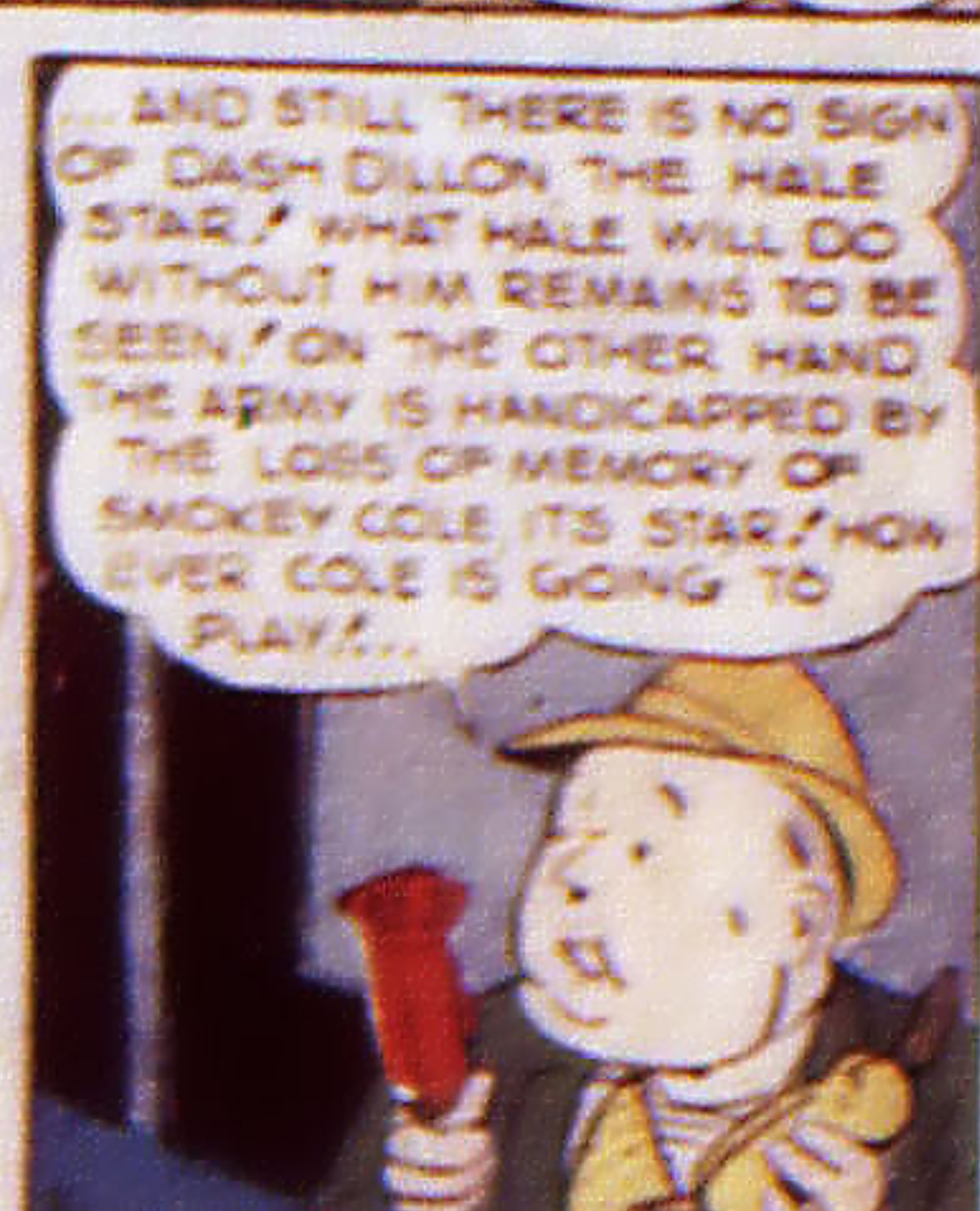
YES DAD! NO
ONE KNOWS ANY-
THING ABOUT HIM!
HE JUST NEVER
SHOWED UP FOR
THE BUS!



IN THE ARMY QUARTERS.

NOW LISTEN
COLE! TRY TRY
TRY TO REMEMBER
THE SIGNALS!
ANYHOW JUST
RUN RUN RUN!

YES SIR!
GOSH,
BUT I
CAN'T
SEEM TO
REMEMBER
SIGNALS OR
ANYTHING!

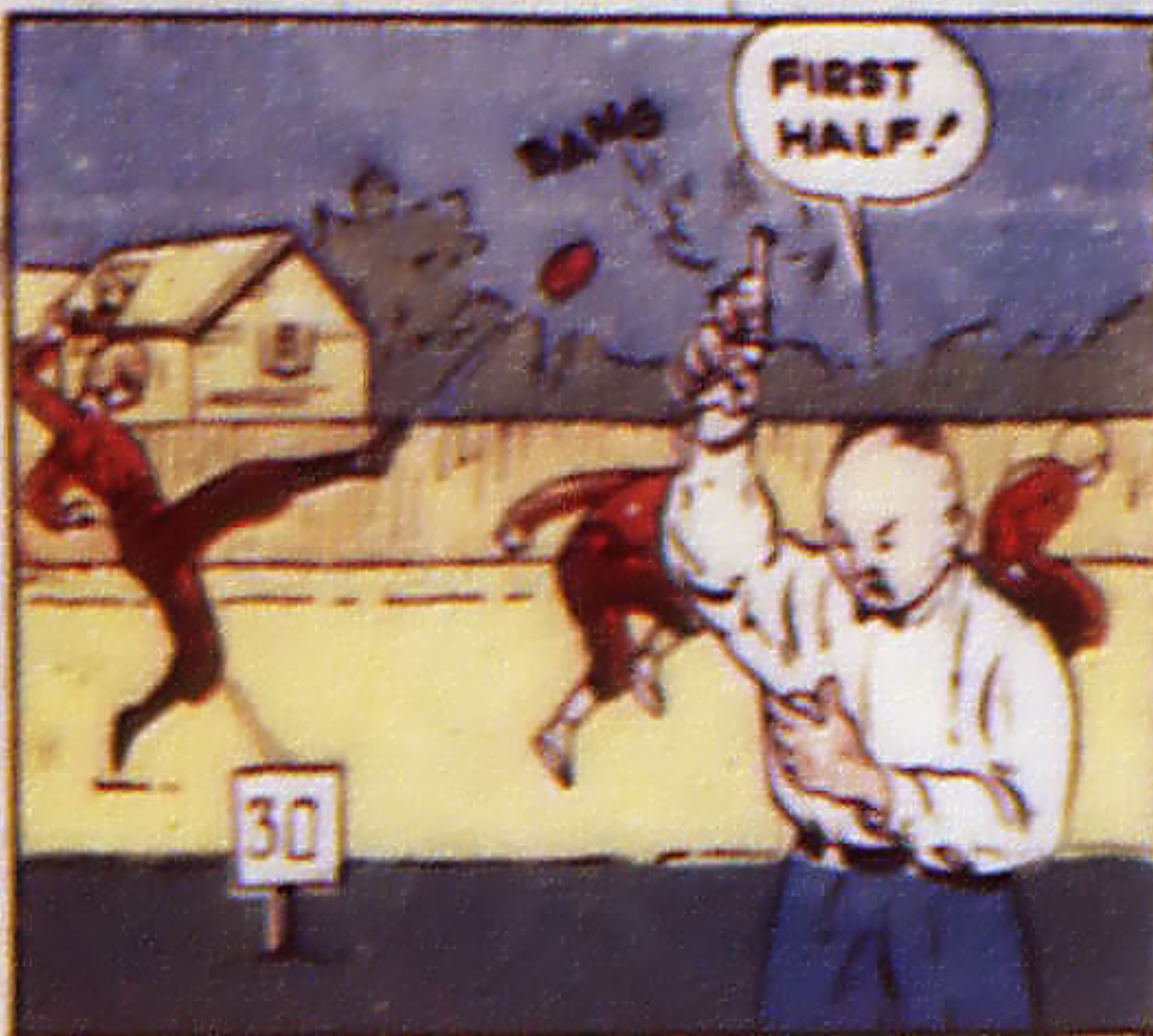


...AND STILL THERE IS NO SIGN
OF DASH DILLON THE HALE
STAR! WHAT HALE WILL DO
WITHOUT HIM REMAINS TO BE
SEEN! ON THE OTHER HAND
THE ARMY IS HANDICAPPED BY
THE LOSS OF MEMORY OF
SMOKEY COLE ITS STAR! HOW
EVER COLE IS GOING TO
PLAY!...

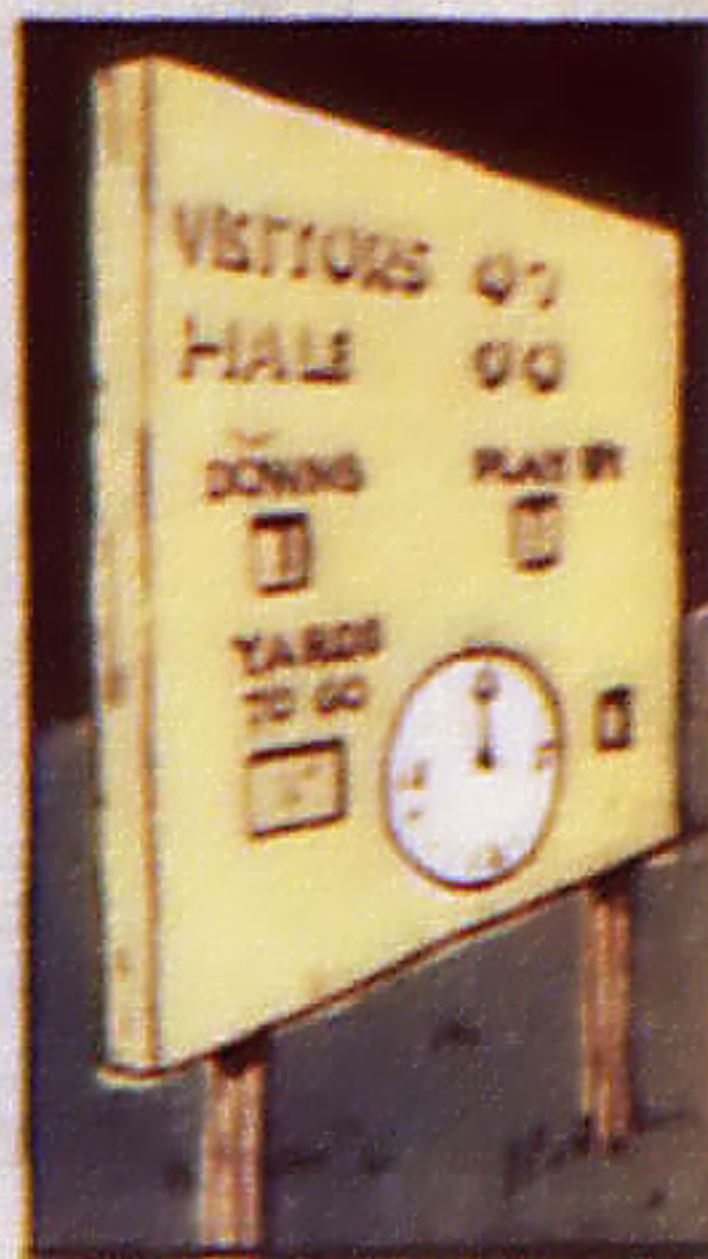
THE GAME STARTS...



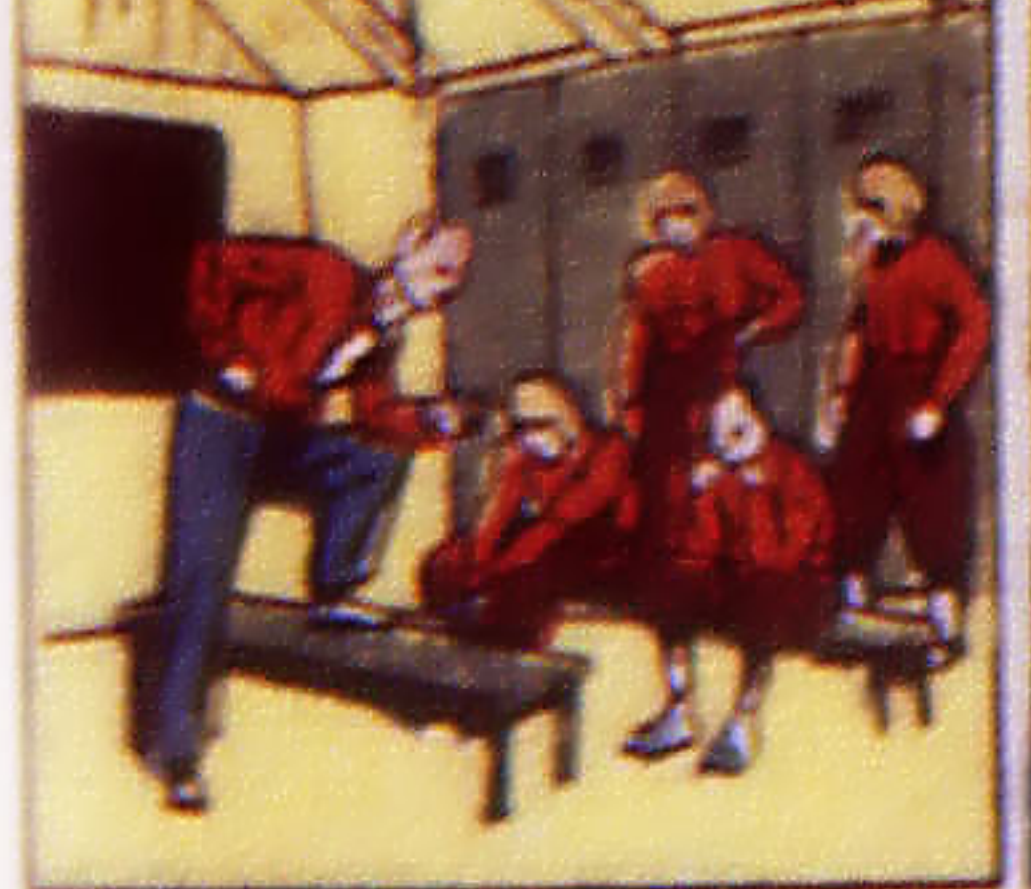
A SIX YARD GAIN FOR SMOKEY COLE! HALE IS FEELING THE ABSENCE OF DASH DILLON VERY, VERY MUCH... THERE HE GOES... SMOKEY COLE AGAIN... AND HE'S OVER FOR A TOUCH-DOWN!



FIRST HALF!



NOW LOOK JUST FORGET ALL ABOUT DASH DILLON! DON'T EVEN THINK OF HIM! JUST GET IN NEXT HALF AND LET GO!



FIVE MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY! AND THE SCORE IS STILL SEVEN TO NOTHING IN FAVOR OF THE ARMY BOYS... THERE GOES A PASS... WILSON OF HALE HAS CAUGHT IT... AND HE'S OFF FOR...



WELL MR. DILLON WE CAN LET YOU GO SOON!

A TOUCHDOWN! BUT WAIT... SMOKEY COLE WAS HURT ON THAT PLAY! THE SCORE IS NOW SEVEN TO SIX IN FAVOR OF THE VISITORS!



I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU GUYS I'M NOT DILLON! I'M SMOKEY COLE!

WHAT YA TRYING TO GIVE US? COLE'S PLAYIN' NOW! THINK WE'RE NUTS!



FAILED TO CONVERT SO IT'S STILL SEVEN TO SIX AND TWO MINUTES TO PLAY! COLE HAS RECOVERED NOW BUT LOOKS A LITTLE WOZZY!

OKAY JUST WAIT AND SEE!

CAN YOU KEEP ON PLAYING SMOKEY? FEEL ALL RIGHT!

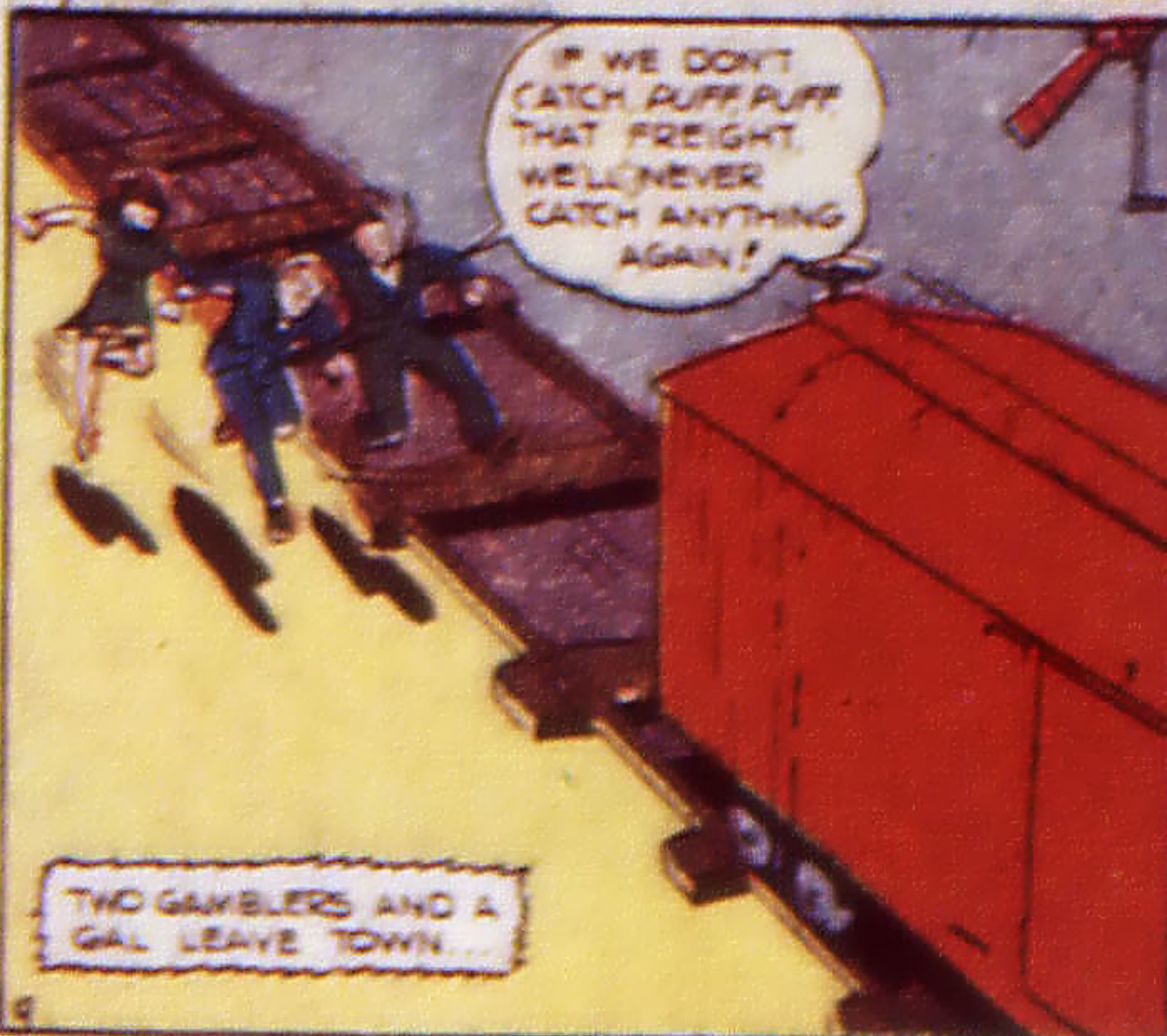
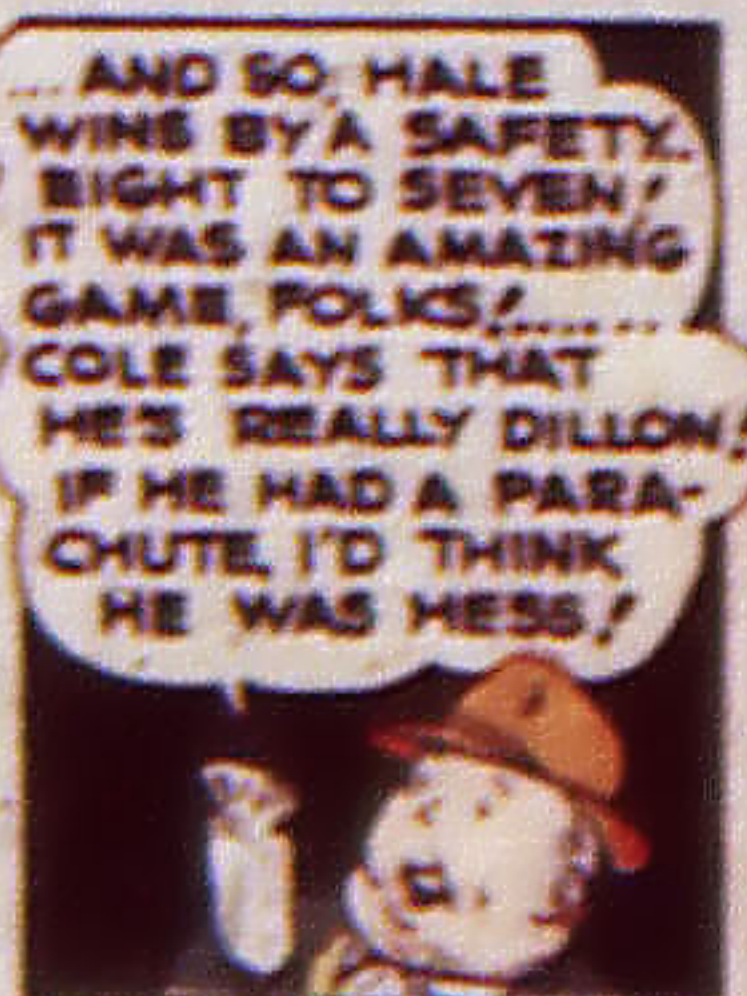
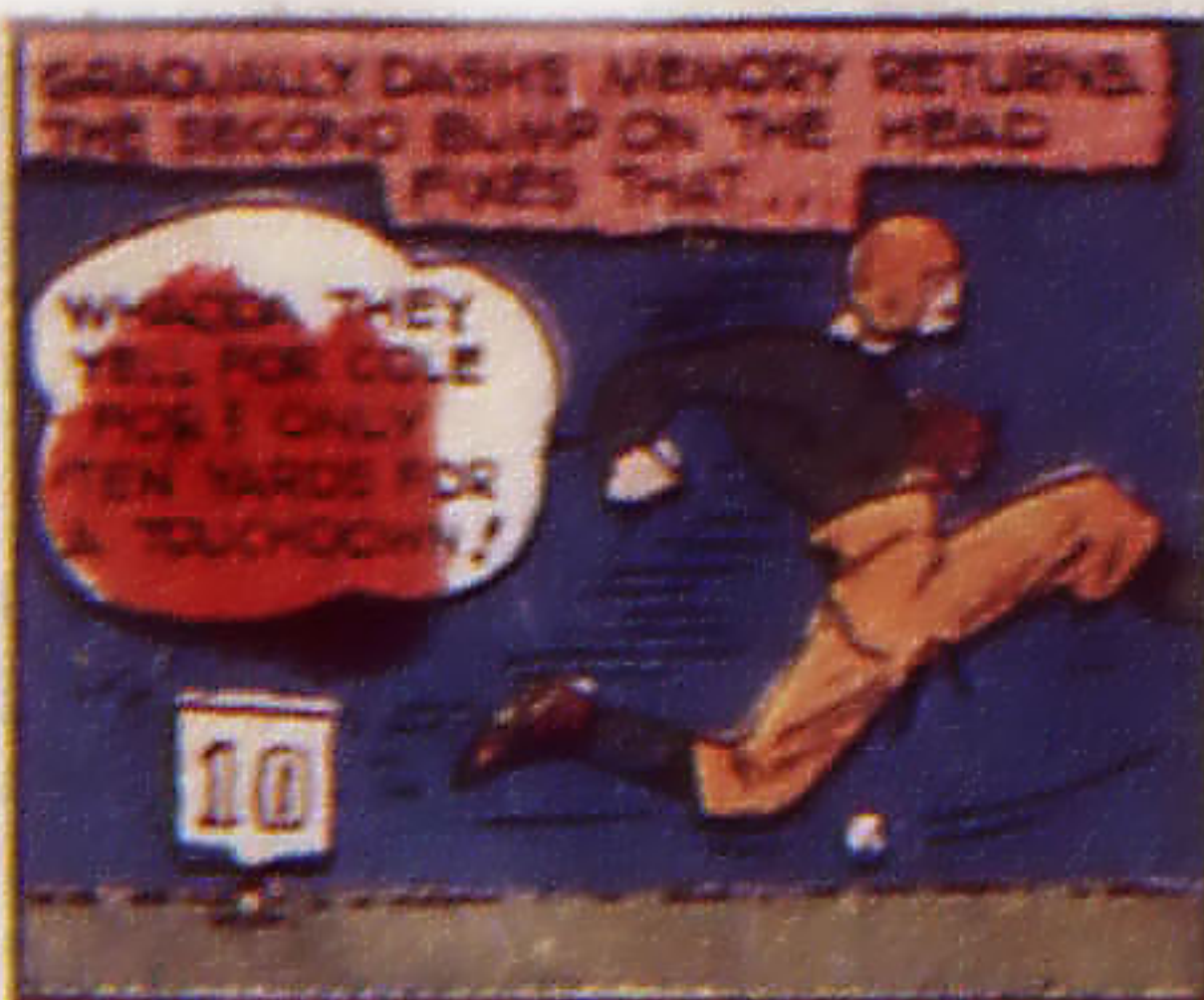


YEAH I GUESS SO! OW WOTTA HEAD!



LOOK AT HIM GET AWAY FROM THAT HALE TEAM!

LOOK SMOKEY'S LOOSE AGAIN! ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN! YEA... SMOKEY!



HURRY!

SILVER STREAK COMICS

EXCITEMENT
PATRIOTISM
ADVENTURE
SUSPENSE
MYSTERY
DARING
THRILLS

ALL THESE LEADING FEATURES

1. SILVER STREAK
2. DAREDEVIL
3. CAPTAIN BATTLE
4. THUNDER
5. PRESTO MARTIN
6. CLOUD CURTIS
7. DICKIE DEAN
8. PIRATE PRINCE
AND OTHERS



BE SURE TO GET SILVER STREAK
TODAY! DAREDEVIL
ALSO APPEARS IN
SILVER STREAK
COMICS

GET IT ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

**NOTHING
LIKE IT
EVER!**



**SWEEPING
THE
COUNTRY!**

IT'S TERRIFIC!